

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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Number VI

## THE MOST BRILLIANT DAYS OF OLD-TIME WASHINGTON SOCIETY

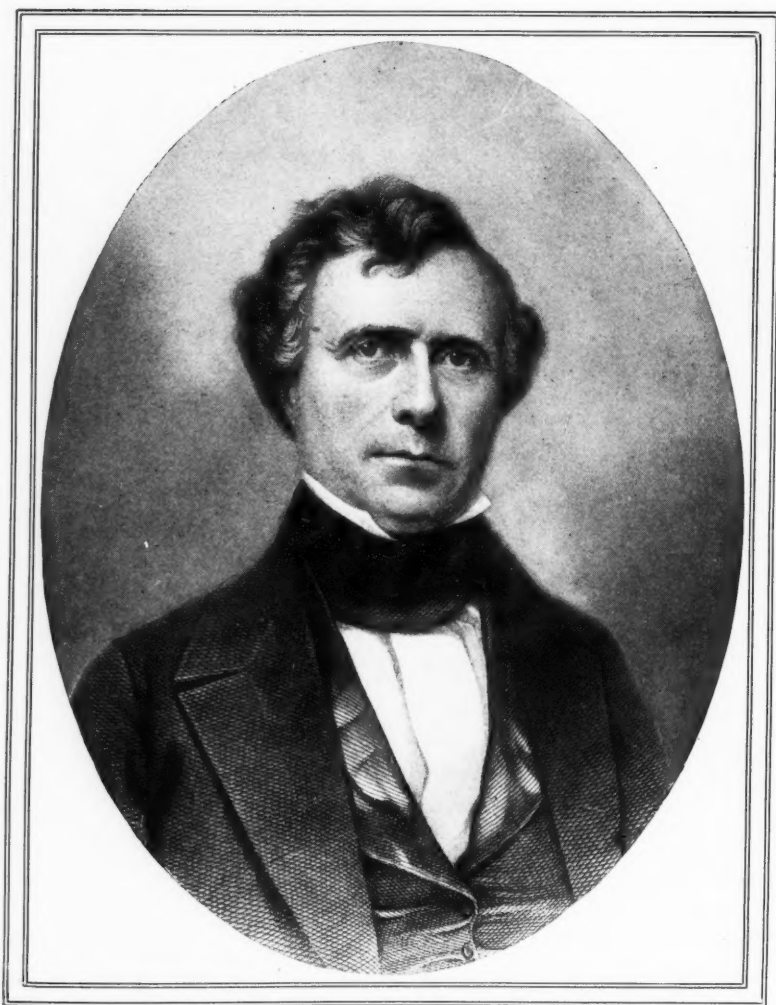
BY LYNDON ORR

**I**N the capital of any country, whether it be a monarchy or a republic, the social life must center around the household of the chief of state. This has been quite as true in Washington as in Rome, or Paris, or Vienna. In all these

cities there have been little cliques or coteries which have affected to despise "official" society and to regard themselves as representing the aloofness of superiority; but no one else has so regarded them. The ruler of a country is



MRS. ABRAHAM VAN BUREN (ANGELICA SINGLETON), PRESIDENT VAN BUREN'S  
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE FROM 1837 TO 1841



FRANKLIN PIERCE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE FROM 1837 TO 1842, AND AFTERWARD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

necessarily the center of interest. The diplomatic corps is bound to do nothing that shall clash either socially or politically with what for the time being is the source of power. In a word, society in a great capital takes its tone from the sovereign, hereditary or elective, and from his surroundings.

This is why society in Washington was reduced nearly to chaos during the Presidency of Andrew Jackson. That irascible old frontiersman and fighter had many admirable traits; but his administration almost wrecked Washington society.

Jackson himself could assume a dignity and courtliness which impressed both men and women as the bearing and manner of a gentleman. Even Mrs. Trollope, who saw everything American through jaundiced eyes, recorded in 1828 that he bore himself like a soldier and a man of the world. When he visited Boston, where he had been regarded as a half savage bushwhacker, he compelled a reluctant admiration. But, during his Presidency, the White House became a sort of extinguisher of social life. Jackson had grown old and feeble. He cared

nothing for display. While he could make the most favorable impression when he chose, he preferred to loiter about in

smoking a corn-cob pipe, and here he received the representatives of foreign powers, who, looking at him with Euro-



FANNY KEMBLE, THE ENGLISH ACTRESS, NIECE OF THE FAMOUS SARAH SIDDONS, AND MARRIED IN 1834 TO PIERCE BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

*From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence*

slovenly garb, hobnobbing with a set of cronies who flattered him and played upon his vanity.

He liked best to sit by the kitchen fire,

pean eyes, viewed him as an erratic, half civilized, and somewhat dangerous freak. When he went about the city, he wore an old fur hat circled by a mourning

band, and appearing more like a backwoods tavern-keeper than a President. He loved to potter about his stables, to talk of horses and cock-fights, and to feed on dishes which were more familiar in the log cabins of the West than in the mansions of the East.

Every one remembers how Jackson's

first inauguration shattered the formal etiquette which had been established by President Washington, and which to some degree had been maintained by all of his successors except Jefferson. The White House was overrun by a roaring mob. Men stood with muddy boots on the drawing-room chairs, and upset the tables

in a scramble for something to drink. Great tubs of punch were placed upon the lawn, and became the center of a yelling, whooping swarm of tatterdemalions. It was literally an orgy, and marked the decadence which Bishop Potter once described as a descent "from Jeffersonian simplicity to Jacksonian vulgarity."

President Jackson was a widower, and such rude social functions as the White House witnessed were usually arranged by Mrs. Donelson, the wife of his nephew, Colonel Donelson, who was also his private secretary. But these entertainments were very few. For the rest, the President was at war with society at large because he had taken upon himself the task of forcing on it the too famous "Peggy" O'Neill, the wife of his Secretary of War, General Eaton. This attempt of his proved to be an utter failure. As some one said: "Jackson could conquer the British, but he could not conquer the ladies of Washington." They absolutely refused to notice Mrs. Eaton, much less to receive her at their homes. This warfare extended even into diplomatic circles; and



MRS. "DOLLY" MADISON, WIDOW OF PRESIDENT MADISON, AND A PROMINENT FIGURE IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY DURING THE VAN BUREN ADMINISTRATION

*From the portrait by Chappel*





ALEXANDER BARING, LORD ASHBURTON, THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER WHO NEGOTIATED  
THE SO-CALLED ASHBURTON TREATY WITH DANIEL WEBSTER, VAN BUREN'S  
SECRETARY OF STATE

*From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence*

the President actually dismissed the minister from the Netherlands because his wife would not recognize the woman whom Jackson regarded as an angel of purity, but concerning whom many unpleasant stories had been told.

Hence it was that the White House, so far from maintaining a social order, actually disrupted it. The Executive

Mansion became a loafing-place for shady politicians and petty journalists. Its furnishings grew shabby and even filthy. The last touch was given by the famous episode of the mammoth cheese. Some of Jackson's admirers in New York State had made a cheese about five feet high, six feet in diameter, and weighing three-quarters of a ton. It was sent to the



FRANÇOIS FERDINAND D'ORLÉANS, PRINCE DE JOINVILLE—THIS FRENCH PRINCE, THE THIRD SON OF KING LOUIS PHILIPPE, TWICE VISITED WASHINGTON DURING VAN BUREN'S PRESIDENCY

*From the portrait by P. Girardet*

President, and was allowed to stand for a while in the White House, as a sort of curiosity. On Washington's Birthday, 1837, a reception was given to which every one was invited to bring a knife and cut the cheese. For hours, men, women, and children, white and black, slashed at the cheese, eating great hunks of it, and carrying still larger ones away, until the whole had vanished save for the fragments trodden into the carpet, which

was slippery with cheese and absolutely ruined. This was the last entertainment given by Jackson in the White House; and the nature of it was typical of all that had gone before.

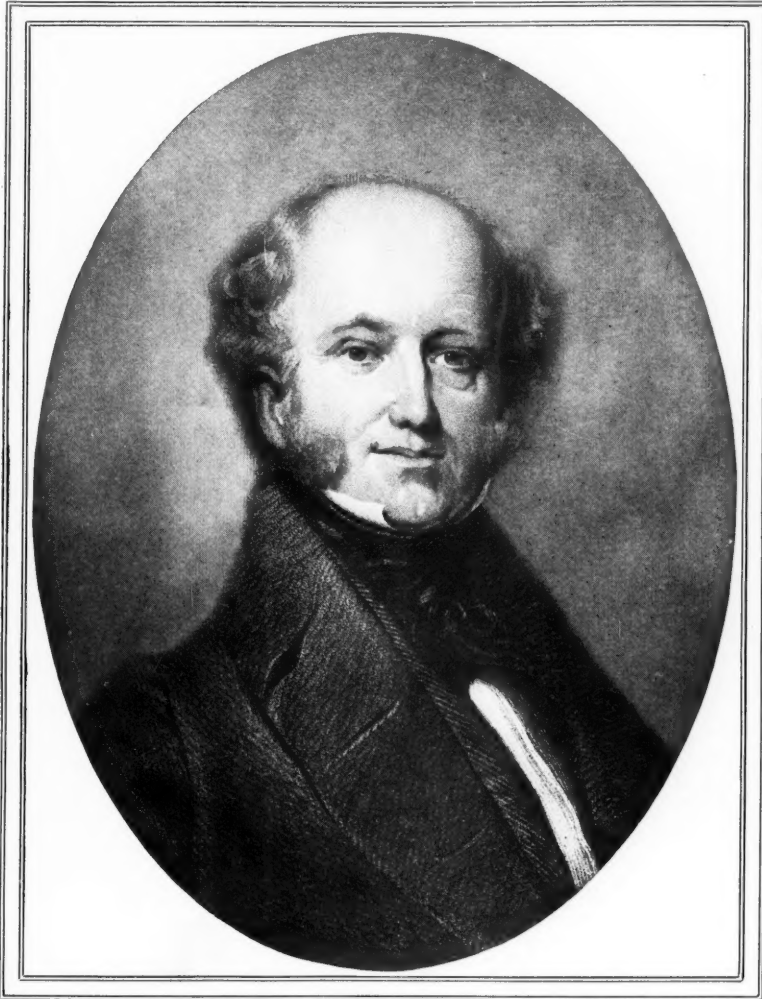
#### VAN BUREN AS A SOCIAL LEADER

A few weeks after the "cheese reception," Martin Van Buren, of New York, became President of the United States. Van Buren was in everything the exact

opposite of Jackson. Extremely affable in manner, tactful to a degree, urbane and smooth of speech, he made no personal enemies, though he was politically distrusted as insincere. He had a genius for small intrigue, as was shown by his

they discovered that his geniality was assumed, they still enjoyed his company.

Of his slyness some interesting anecdotes are told. During his earlier career he once surprised his wife in tears. At his approach she hastily endeavored to con-



MARTIN VAN BUREN, EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES (1837-1841), WHO REVIVED THE SOCIAL BRILLIANCE OF THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER ITS ECLIPSE DURING THE JACKSON ADMINISTRATION

two popular nicknames—"the Little Magician" and "the Fox of Kinderhook." He had lived in Europe, and had a large acquaintance among men of cultivation. Those who met him for the first time were always pleased with him; and even after

he discovered something which she was holding in her hand. He insisted upon seeing it. Sobbing, she explained:

"It is a most infamous personal attack upon you! I cannot bear to think that any man would write such things!"

"Ah!" said Van Buren. "Let me see it."

Reluctantly she gave a newspaper to him, and he read it through. Then he remarked, with unruffled blandness:

"My dear, I paid the editor of that

rooms were beautifully furnished. A fine silver service was purchased. A billiard-table—a wonderful innovation—was procured. Almost at once the President instituted a series of entertainments which were then considered brilliant, and



MRS. ELIZABETH SCHUYLER HAMILTON, WIDOW OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON,  
A LEADER OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY FOR FIFTY YEARS  
AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH

*Drawn from the portrait by James Earle*

newspaper a hundred dollars for publishing this article."

When President Van Buren took office, his wife had died; but he resolved to restore the social prestige of the Presidency. At his request a large appropriation was made by Congress for the repairing and decoration of the White House. The principal reception-

he urged the members of his Cabinet and the heads of the executive departments to give dinner-parties and evening receptions while Congress was in session. He himself broke through a precedent which had been observed since the time of Washington by accepting invitations to dinners given by members of his Cabinet.

The mistress of the White House was

the wife of the President's eldest son, Colonel Abraham Van Buren. Colonel Van Buren was a graduate of West Point, and had served on the staff of General Worth. He had had the good fortune to marry Miss Angelica Singleton, a charming and very wealthy girl belonging to an old South Carolina family, and related to Senator Preston of that State.

Mrs. Van Buren was graceful, accomplished, and highly educated. Even the French minister, M. de Bacourt, whose memoirs contain little that is complimentary to Americans, wrote of Mrs. Van Buren that she would have been admired at any European court.

President Van Buren was entirely successful in restoring good relations between the White House and Washington society. There were several very pleasant coteries which united to aid the President in his agreeable task. The family of ex-President John Quincy Adams was the center of one of these social microcosms. The widow of President Madison, famous for her vivacity, led another. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, though now quite aged, gave law to still another. Mrs. Hamilton had been a Miss Elizabeth Schuyler, of New York, and she presided over her establishment with the dignity and charm of a lady who cherished the traditions of an older and more courtly régime. It was she who introduced ice-cream at Washington dinners, and it was at her house that President Jackson first tasted it. It delighted him so much that he cried out, in his impulsive way:

"By the Eternal! I shall have this at the White House!"

Looking back over the social annals of Washington during the administrations of President Van Buren and President Tyler (for General Harrison's few weeks of office scarcely count), one is struck by the number and brilliancy of the names which enter into them. Of men in public life, there was Henry Clay, magnetic, witty, and full of personal charm. His great political associate, Daniel Webster, relaxed his lion-like gravity in private life, so that he made an accomplished host for the many guests whom he received in his spacious mansion. Mr. Webster's second wife, Miss Caroline Leroy, of New York, had been chosen by him less through senti-

ment, perhaps, than because of her social gifts and influential connections. The two lived in great harmony, and were conspicuous figures in the fashionable life of Washington. John C. Calhoun and William C. Preston were among the most famous of the Southern contingent in the United States Senate, while Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, was also an imposing personage in the drawing-rooms of the capital.

Franklin Pierce, a later tenant of the White House—a goal which none of his greater colleagues was destined to reach—was then a Senator from New Hampshire. Washington Irving, who had returned after years of residence in England, was a favorite at the White House. A popular young army officer was Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, who had just made an ideal match with the wealthy Miss Mary Custis, of Arlington. A débutante who was much admired was Miss Ellen Boyle Ewing, then fresh from the convent-school at Georgetown. She was the daughter of Senator Ewing, of Ohio—at one time Secretary of the Treasury—and was soon to become the bride of a young officer, Lieutenant William T. Sherman, who had still his spurs to win.

#### MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

The foreign diplomats also numbered many men whose names are not yet forgotten. Among them was Sir Charles Vaughan, a genial bachelor who represented England, and who was a general favorite because of his cheery manners and unflinching tact. Of this tact an instance is recorded which is worth repeating.

At that time the memory of the two wars with Great Britain was fresh in the minds of all Americans; and Fourth of July celebrations were always occasions for an outbreak of anti-British oratory couched in the vein which Dickens has caricatured in the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit." On one occasion the mayor of Washington invited Sir Charles to attend a Fourth of July banquet—an invitation which a surly diplomat might have construed as an insult. Sir Charles, however, wrote a most courteous reply, in which he said that it would give him great pleasure to be



present, but that he had a sort of premonition that he would be indisposed on the Fourth of July.

Sir Charles was succeeded by the Hon. Henry S. Fox, whose wit was heightened by his eccentricity. Although a very young man for an important diplomatic post, he chose to dress in such a manner as to produce the impression that he was nearly sixty. The Russian minister, Baron de Bodisco, reversed this process, being actually sixty, but managing to appear as young and brisk as a youth of twenty-five. He created much interest in Washington society by his marriage with a very young girl of Washington—a Miss Harriet Williams, a pretty blonde of sixteen years. The baron had been rather a loose fish, and many heads were wagged over the probable outcome of this marriage. It was celebrated, however, with great *éclat*, and the Russian legation became the center of many brilliant festivities. The marriage, indeed, falsified all predictions, since it turned out to be a very happy one.

The special assignment of Lord Ashburton to negotiate a treaty that should settle all difficulties between the United States and England was a good deal of an event. Lord Ashburton was a member of the great financial house of Baring, and had married an American lady—Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia. In his diplomatic mission he was pitted against Daniel Webster, who was at that time Secretary of State. It is interesting to read the private notes which passed between these two able men, and to contrast them with their courtly but very formal official communications. Lord Ashburton and Webster were congenial spirits—each patriotic, each seeking to do the best he could for his own country, and yet recognizing that both countries would be best served by arriving at a definite understanding.

Webster used to send presents of game and fish to his opponent, and would receive in reply witty little notes which showed that, behind the scenes, the two grave statesmen were quite at one. When their work was finished, each of them was much abused, Lord Ashburton in the British Parliament and Webster in the American Congress—a fact which is

tolerably convincing evidence that both of them had discharged their duties well.

#### OTHER FAMOUS FOREIGN VISITORS

Among other foreign visitors was the Prince de Joinville, the third son of King Louis Philippe of France. He came to America in command of the frigate *La Belle Poule*, in which he afterward conveyed the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France. The cause of his voyage to the United States was a curious one. He had previously visited the country in an informal way, and had passed a day or two in Washington. Calling upon President Van Buren, he had been invited to dinner. On the following morning, having changed his plans so as to leave Washington at once, he sent a member of the French legation to present his excuses to Mr. Van Buren, and then departed without any further ceremony. When he returned to France he artlessly told his father, the king, of this little incident. Louis Philippe at once rebuked him severely for such a breach of etiquette, and ordered him immediately to embark on the frigate and return to Washington to make his peace with the American chief of state.

It was during these years that Dickens visited Washington, and that Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, delighted the Washingtonians with his wonderful music, as did Fanny Ellsler with her dancing. Another visitor was Fanny Kemble, the accomplished actress—then a beautiful young woman with a fresh English complexion, great dark eyes, and a wealth of dusky hair. She married Mr. Pierce Butler, a rich planter, and soon after published her journal, in which she criticized pretty nearly everything and everybody that she had seen in the United States.

There were in Washington many old families possessed of much wealth, and with a pride that matched their money. A story is told of a lady who had a house with extensive grounds, next to which, at a somewhat later period, was built the Arlington Hotel. This was erected by the financier, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who gave to Washington the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Louise Home for impoverished gentlewomen. Mr. Corcoran

wrote to this lady a note which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR MADAM:

As I wish to enlarge the Arlington Hotel, will you kindly tell me what is your valuation of your house and grounds, and I will send a check for the amount?

To which Mr. Corcoran promptly received the following reply:

DEAR SIR:

As I wish to enlarge my flower-gardens, will you kindly tell me what is your valuation of the Arlington Hotel, and I will send a check for the amount?

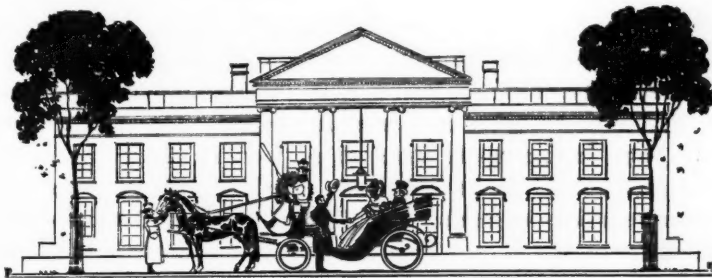
Indeed, so far as men and women went, there were in Washington all the elements of a brilliant and cultivated society. The city itself, however, did not tempt distinguished visitors to make any lengthy sojourn. Pennsylvania Avenue was a long, straggling boulevard, partly lined by a motley collection of houses representing every kind of architecture from negro cabins to mansions which in those days were considered palatial. At one end of it stood the White House, described by foreigners as "a pretty palace" with well-kept grounds. At the other end, the Capitol, though very different from the present Capitol, was an imposing structure. But for the rest, Washington was a scattered and squalid-looking village.

The streets were unlighted and unpaved—"a dust-heap in the summer and a common sewer in the winter." There were no police, and no hotels other than crowded boarding-houses, in which every sort of discomfort was experienced by those who lived in them. When an entertainment was given in the evening, the guests prayed that the night might afford a moon to light them home; since otherwise they must wander about in

the dark, plunging, on rainy evenings, into pools of water and miry pits. Furnished houses could not be had, and even the foreign ministers were very glad to find a suite of rooms in some building near an eating-house whence meals could be sent in to them.

Such descriptions as have come down to us of private dinner-parties are rather interesting. Only one sort of soup—a soup of vegetables—was served, followed by fish, a roast, and an extraordinary variety of pies and cakes and puddings. The host personally carved the meat, while the hostess dispensed the vegetables, the pickles, and the sweets. Champagne was never iced, but was served warm. When dancing followed the dinner, the carpet was removed and the floor was chalked in colors. At midnight a most elaborate supper was served, with a superfluity of wines, which the gentlemen discussed after the ladies had departed. Drinking was commonly carried to excess, and often, in the early hours of the morning, young men, excited by wine, would rove about the desolate streets, wrenching off door-knobs, breaking windows, and rioting unchecked, as did the Mohocks in London a century before.

It was a strange conglomeration, taken altogether—a mingling of much that was fine with much that was crude—men of great distinction elbowed by unknown boors, ladies of exquisite breeding side by side with hoydens and termagants, fine mansions placed next to ramshackle huts and cabins. It was all typical of a transition stage in American history. Even then the process of development was going on which was to bring not only national unity, but also that social decorum which makes the Washington of to-day one of the most charming of the world's great capitals.



# THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK AND SOMETHING MORE ABOUT INVESTMENTS

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

LAST month I said that money would doubtless get easy after the first of the year, and that with easy money should come an advance in the price of securities. That article was written on December 28, practically a month before the date of issue. It is regrettable that we must go to press so far in advance, but with the enormous edition of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE it is imperative. I am writing this article on the 27th of January, and what I say must be taken from that date, as what I said in the February number must stand as our view-point on the 28th of December. I want to make this clear, so that you may have a better understanding of what we say in these financial articles.

The first part of my prediction of last month, as to easy money, has already come true. In fact, the New York banks are now congested with money, and the price has fallen to four or four and a half per cent on long time loans, based on good bankable securities, while call money has tumbled down to one per cent and a fraction.

Call money, or money on call, means money borrowed from day to day, money used overnight. Loaning money on call is a big feature of New York banking, and it is the system that makes possible the enormous transactions in securities dealt in on margin. The broker puts up these stocks and bonds as securities with the bank for an overnight loan, and he regulates his borrowing from day to day according to his necessities. During the recent panic, call money was the only kind obtainable in Wall Street. Practically no time loans were made during November and December, but now both time money and call money are more than easy.

The second part of my prediction, as to an advance in the price of securities, has also come true, but in a modified degree. During the early part of January, and in fact up to the 20th of January, there was a very big advance in the price of stocks and bonds. But the last week has marked a considerable recession—the result, doubtless, of a concerted action on the part of the bears to smash prices. They have made effective use of all the vari-

ous rumors about business stagnation, and especially the bad showing of railroad earnings just at this time.

Railroad earnings could not be other than bad, for the present, and the earnings of all industrial corporations, and, in fact, the returns of every phase of business, are necessarily reduced. We have had a tremendous shake-up, which has paralyzed both courage and activities. Men could not get money with which to carry on their enterprises, and the fever panic had to run its course.

Wall Street is a battle-ground where two well-defined and well-organized forces wage desperate war on each other day after day. One of these forces is known as "the bears," the other as "the bulls." The former fight to break prices down; the latter to build them up. Just now the bears have had a week of uninterrupted victories. I am telling you about the methods of Wall Street so that you will have a little clearer understanding of the situation, you who are not financiers. I am not writing these articles for financiers, for specialists, for men who know all about finance.

Notwithstanding the fact that the bears have had pretty much their own way on the New York Stock-Exchange for the past week, prices of stocks and bonds are considerably higher than they were a month ago, when the bulls drove the bears sharply to cover and forced prices up. Except in times of panic, it is by this see-saw process that prices work up or down, when there is any decided movement one way or the other. That the trend of prices is upward, and has been upward for the last two months, is certain. And that this improvement will go on until higher levels are reached seems equally certain to me.

THE IMMEDIATE DIVIDEND ON A SECURITY IS NOT ALONE THE MEASUREMENT OF ITS VALUE. ITS PROSPECTIVE VALUE IS EQUALLY IMPORTANT, and the prospective value of stocks and bonds that pay, on present prices, five, six, seven, and eight per cent, and even more, is something to be reckoned with. This is particularly the case when we have easy money. With the money market congested with more funds than the bankers know where and how to place to advantage, money will naturally and inevitably go into bonds and other safe investments that will earn a good return. In fact, to-day has been the biggest bond day in years on the New York Stock-Exchange—that is to say, bigger sales and sharper demand.

I had hoped to begin a series of articles this month on certain great industrial and railroad properties—articles so simply and so clearly presented that by reading them you will get a pretty definite idea of the assets of these properties, their strategic importance, and their prospective values. I intended starting this series with the United States Steel Corporation, because in magnitude it holds the commanding position among all the corporations of the world. In fact, I had an article written, but it did not

present the subject so clearly and so completely as I wished to have it done. I hope I shall be able to begin the series next month.

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Have you ever stopped to think how easily and how often we deceive ourselves in our conclusions? Too many of us are like the ultra-impressionist painter who makes a few passes on the canvas—a scratch here, a mark there, and a sweep of the brush somewhere else, and presto, we have the picture complete, fancy filling in all details and covering the stretches of mere atmosphere. It is very much like this with us in times either of industrial depression or of great activity, or with anything on which our attention is focused for the moment.

Just now it is focused on depression, poverty, hard times, idle men and women seeking work. We read of a bank failure or the stoppage of some industrial concern, of the shutting down of car-works, steel-mills, glass-works, and other factories of one kind and another, scattered as they are over the vast area of the whole country. Straightway we see them as we see the impressionist picture—one great canvas stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific with closed mills here and there over its face, and we get a complete picture of awful gloom.

Yesterday afternoon I was talking with a man who furnished a good example of this tendency. He has been connected for more than a quarter of a century with one of the biggest industrial concerns in the world. I am referring to him because he is himself a man of affairs and one who associates with men of affairs—heads of railroads, bankers, and the men generally who make the wheels go round.

We had been talking for some time on the general business situation. He was eloquent in the present pessimism of Wall Street, and drew such a picture of inactivity and stagnation and gloom as would have delighted the soul of a brother pessimist.

"Why," said he, as a clincher to his argument, "there are over three hundred thousand freight-cars idle in this country at this minute. Think of it—three hundred thousand!"

"But that isn't so very terrifying," I replied; "and it does not mean, to me, that the country is drifting on the rocks and that all the railroads are going into bankruptcy. We have more than two million freight-cars, and these three hundred thousand idle cars represent only about fourteen per cent of the total. Fourteen per cent, it seems to me, isn't greatly, if at all, in excess of a normal safety margin for the busy season of the year. That no more cars are idle in the month of January, and following the business shake-up we have had, is emphatically reassuring."

After some further discussion of the railroad situation and the inactivity of business generally—utter stagnation, perhaps it were better to say, considering it from his view-point—I asked him how large a percentage of



money-earners, in his judgment, were out of employment. He answered promptly:

"Fifty per cent of them—people who want to work and can get nothing to do."

"Fifty per cent! What an astounding statement!" I answered. "I don't wonder you are blue. I should be blue myself if I indulged in such gruesome fancies. It is doubtful, however, if ten per cent of the money-earners of the country are idle at this minute, and I am convinced there will not be an average throughout the year of more than, say, seven per cent."

\* \* \* \* \*

I have been looking into the various classifications of labor according to the last census, that of 1900, with a view to making some kind of a rational estimate of the number of money-earners affected by the present recession in business. The census report gives these classifications in great detail, but to simplify them I have rearranged them in six classes. With only six classes, ranging from no recession to twenty-five per cent, in the very nature of the case some of the items in each group will be over-estimated and some under-estimated. If we were to have forty or fifty different classes we could get a finer shading, but the total shrinkage would be about the same.

#### CLASS A—PRACTICALLY NO SHRINKAGE

Farmers, Agricultural Laborers, etc.....	10,278,874
United States Army and Navy, Postal Employees and Public Officials.....	245,412
Teachers in Schools and Colleges.....	446,797
Policemen, Detectives, and Watchmen.....	116,615
Firemen .....	14,576
Janitors .....	51,226
Clergymen .....	111,942
Sextons and Undertakers.....	21,914
Total .....	11,287,356

#### CLASS B—SLIGHT SHRINKAGE; PERHAPS THREE PER CENT

Physicians, Surgeons, and Dentists.....	170,098
Lawyers .....	114,703
Keepers of Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Boarding and Lodging-houses....	244,200
Merchants, Wholesale and Retail.....	835,197
Business Men and Officials of Companies (exclusive of Merchants, but including Bankers, Brokers, Builders and Contractors, Publishers, Auctioneers and Manufacturers) .....	394,406
Sailors, Pilots, etc.....	80,024
Fishermen .....	73,810
Food Purveyors and Preparers (including Bakers, Butchers, Millers, Butter and Cheese-makers, etc.) .....	317,140
Street-Railway Employees .....	68,936
Telegraph and Telephone Employees.....	89,845
Oil-well and Oil-works Employees.....	24,626
Gold and Silver-miners.....	59,095
Hunters, Guides, etc.....	11,340
Livery-stable Keepers .....	33,680
Housekeepers and stewards.....	155,524

**CLASS B—continued**

Nurses and Midwives.....	121,269
Newspaper Carriers, Newsboys, and Bootblacks.....	15,147
Total .....	2,809,040

**CLASS C—ESTIMATED SHRINKAGE OF FIVE PER CENT**

Servants, Waiters, Bartenders, and Laundry-workers.....	2,041,390
Barbers and Hairdressers.....	131,383
Stationary Engineers and Firemen.....	224,546
Tobacco-workers .....	131,464
Liquor and Beverage-makers.....	34,675
Pedlers .....	76,872
Authors, Journalists, and Paper and Printing Trades.....	269,254
Total .....	2,909,584

**CLASS D—ESTIMATED SHRINKAGE OF TEN PER CENT**

Agents (Insurance, Real Estate, etc.).....	241,333
Store and Office Employees (including Salesmen and Saleswomen, Clerks, Stenographers, Bookkeepers, Porters, Packers, Errand and Office-boys, etc.)....	1,769,236
Commercial Travelers.....	92,936
Steam Railroad Employees.....	582,471
Coal-miners .....	344,292
Blacksmiths, Wheelwrights and Tin-workers.....	311,228
Leather-workers .....	298,984
Pottery, Glass, Turpentine and Chemical Trades.....	105,790
Textile Industries (including Cotton, Silk and Woolen Trades, Tailors, Dress-makers, etc.).....	1,480,070
Rubber-workers .....	21,866
Longshoremen, Hostlers, Foremen and Overseers.....	141,818
Miscellaneous workers in small trades and industries, covering a wide variety....	919,093
Total.....	6,309,117

**CLASS E—ESTIMATED SHRINKAGE OF FIFTEEN PER CENT**

Laborers .....	2,619,486
Furniture-makers, Upholsterers, Coopers and other Wood-workers.....	209,174
Brass, Copper, and other Metal-workers (including Gunsmiths, Locksmiths, Bell-hangers and Clock and Watch trades).....	107,572
Gardeners, Florists, etc.....	62,418
Lumbermen and Raftsmen.....	72,190
Mechanical and Electrical Engineers, Surveyors, Chemists and Metallurgists.....	29,351
Electricians .....	50,782
Photographers .....	27,029
Musicians and Music-teachers.....	92,264
Actors and Showmen.....	34,923
Total.....	3,305,199

**CLASS F—ESTIMATED SHRINKAGE OF TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT**

Civil Engineers, Architects, Draftsmen, etc.....	49,713
Artists and Teachers of Art.....	24,902
Quarrymen, Iron and Copper-miners, etc.....	167,608
Iron and Steel-workers.....	907,013
Gold, Silver, and Jewelry-workers.....	28,146
Building Trades (including Stone-cutters, Brick and Tile-makers, Masons, Carpenters, Painters, etc.).....	1,320,337

**CLASS F—continued**

Saw and Planing-mill Employees.....	161,687
Piano and Organ-makers.....	6,220
Total.....	2,665,626

**SUMMARY OF THE ABOVE TABLES**

	No. of Workers	Amount of Shrinkage
Class A—No shrinkage .....	11,287,356.....	.....
Class B— 3 per cent.....	2,809,040.....	84,271
Class C— 5 “ “ .....	2,909,584.....	145,492
Class D—10 “ “ .....	6,309,117.....	630,911
Class E—15 “ “ .....	3,305,199.....	495,779
Class F—25 “ “ .....	2,665,626.....	666,406
Total of Workers.....	29,285,922	Total Shrinkage..... 2,022,859
Average shrinkage on all classes .....		6.9 per cent

I am treating these census figures as if they were the figures of 1907 instead of 1900. They are, of course, not accurate as to the number of employees in 1907, but must be practically accurate as to the relative percentage of workers in each line of industry. They therefore serve as well for the purpose of this article as if they were the actual figures of 1907.

Without some such examination as the foregoing of the various classifications of workers it is quite impossible to form any reasonably correct estimate of the number of people in enforced idleness. I have made no allowance for a reduction in the great army of farm and agricultural workers—over ten millions of them, which means more than one-third of the total number of money-earners in the United States, including men, women, and children.

This vast industry is the great basic strength of our nation, and particularly of the industrial situation to-day. The earth has not been affected by this money scare. It has kept its head and its optimism, and will go right on doing business in 1908 as it did in 1907 and 1906. It will employ as many hands and yield up an equally big harvest. In class A, nine-tenths of which consists of the farm-workers, there will be practically no shrinkage because of the present recession in our business activities. In class B, we allow a probable shrinkage of three per cent; in class C, five per cent; in class D, ten per cent; in class E, fifteen per cent; in class F, twenty-five per cent, making an average shrinkage for this year as against last year of six and nine-tenths per cent.

There can be little reason, beyond a sentimental one, for any great reduction in the consumption of necessities on the part of the ninety-three per cent of our workers who are regularly employed. It may safely be assumed that they will follow pretty close to the habits they have formed in the indulgence of comforts and rational luxuries. The seven per cent, or slightly less, who are out of employment must also live—must have food to eat and clothes to wear, and a roof over their heads. And so, too, in their case, the consumption of the necessities of life must go on.

The answer, it seems to me, to the problem as to how long a considerable percentage of our factories and industries will be closed down is found in the fact that **OUR NINETY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE MUST BE FED, AND CLOTHED, AND HOUSED.** The only question that remains is how long it will be before the stock of materials on hand, if there be such, will be exhausted. If it be a fact, as I believe it is, that there was no great surplus when this panic occurred, and that there is no great surplus to-day, **IT IS CERTAIN THAT ALL, OR NEARLY ALL, OF OUR FACTORIES MUST SOON RESUME ACTIVE WORK.**

I myself am so thoroughly optimistic that if I were a manufacturer of staples, the necessities of the people, **I SHOULD RUN MY FACTORIES TO THE LIMIT OF MY ABILITY TO FINANCE THEM,** regardless whether for the immediate present I was selling the whole of my product or not. I believe that the men who do this—who have the foresight and the courage to do this—will find this year, 1908, one of the markedly successful years in their history. **THAT THERE WILL BE A DEMAND FOR GOODS IS CERTAIN. SQUARE THE PROBLEM TO THE NINETY MILLIONS OF CONSUMERS, AND YOU WILL GET THE ANSWER.**

That merchants are buying little or nothing just now is to be expected. They are cleaning up their stocks, and should clean them up before obligating themselves for further purchases. This lull in the shipment of goods, the closing down of certain factories, the special inactivity in the building trade, and the practical cessation of extensions and repairs on the part of railroads, naturally and unavoidably make a big reduction in the freight business of the country.

But the movement of merchandise will start up in another month or so, and from that time on there will be increased activity on the part of all the transportation companies, the railroads, and the steamship-lines. In fact, every day now records an improvement in the activities of business and in the movement of grain and cotton and merchandise. And when the heavy business of the fall is reached we shall find ourselves, as we found ourselves last fall, and several preceding falls, sorely crippled for lack of necessary transportation facilities to handle the vast products of the earth and of our industries. **THE WISE RAILROAD MANAGEMENT WILL RECOGNIZE THIS FACT.**

The following tables show the changes in prices of stocks and bonds since the date of our first financial article, November 23. With only one exception—that of the Western Union Telegraph Company—there has been a substantial average advance. The tables also give the high prices of the last two years, and the return that securities yield to the investor who purchases at present figures. **IF YOU BUY ANY OF THESE SECURITIES, BUY OUTRIGHT, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT**

# THE DAILY FLUCTUATION OF PRICES. DON'T BUY ON MARGIN. DON'T SPECULATE.

## RAILROAD STOCKS

	Highest price in 1906	Highest price in 1907	Closing price Jan. 27, 1908	Change since Nov. 23	Annual Dividend Rate	Yield to Purchaser
Atchison .....	110½	108¼	72½	+ 17½	6	8.3
Baltimore and Ohio.....	125½	122	87½	+ 9½	6	6.8
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul....	199¾	157½	112¾	+15¾	7	6.2
Chicago and Northwestern.....	240	205	148	+17	7	4.7
Delaware and Hudson.....	234¾	227½	152¼	+21¼	9	5.9
Great Northern .....	348	189¾	122	+ 8¾	7	5.7
Illinois Central .....	184½	172	131½	+13½	7	5.3
Louisville and Nashville.....	156½	145½	98½	+10½	6	6.1
New York Central.....	156¼	134¾	97¾	+ 3½	6	6.1
New York, New Haven and Hartford	204¾	189	138¼	+ 3¼	8	5.8
Norfolk and Western.....	97¾	92¼	66	+ 3¾	5	7.6
Northern Pacific .....	232½	189½	127¾	+19¾	7	5.5
Pennsylvania .....	147½	141¾	113	+ 2¾	7	6.2
Reading .....	164	139¾	101¾	+20	4	3.9
Southern Pacific .....	97½	96¼	74½	+ 6¼	6	8
Union Pacific .....	195½	183	122¾	+10	10	8.1

## INDUSTRIAL STOCKS

	Highest price in 1906	Highest price in 1907	Closing price Jan. 27, 1908	Change since Nov. 23	Annual Dividend Rate	Yield to Purchaser
American Car and Foundry (pfd.)...	105	103	88½	+ 7½	7	7.9
American Locomotive (preferred)...	120¼	111½	90½	+ 5½	7	7.7
American Smelting (preferred).....	130	117¾	91	+ 5½	7	7.7
American Sugar (common).....	157	137½	113½	+10½	7	6.2
General Electric .....	184	163	120¾	+11¾	8	6.6
National Biscuit (preferred).....	118½	117¾	106½	+16¾	7	6.6
National Lead (preferred) .....	106¼	103	90	+ 7	7	7.8
United States Steel (common) .....	50¼	50¾	28¾	+ 4¾	2	7
United States Steel (preferred) .....	113¼	107¾	92	+ 9¾	7	7.6
Virginia-Carolina Chemical (pfd.) ...	117½	108	90	+ 5	8	8.9
Western Union Telegraph*.....	94½	84¼	57½	- 3	5	8.7

\* Last dividend paid in stock.

## BONDS

	Price in January, 1908	Change Since November	Rate of Interest	Yield to Purchaser
American Tobacco.....	105	+15	6	5.7
Atchison .....	100¾	+20¼	4	4
Baltimore and Ohio.....	101¼	+ 9¾	4	3.9
Chesapeake and Ohio.....	101	+13½	4½	4.4
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.....	101	+ 2	4	3.9
Delaware and Hudson (convertible).....	98	+ 9	4	4.1
Illinois Central.....	100	+ 4	4	4
New York Central (four per cent).....	92¾	+ 6¾	4	4.3
Pennsylvania (convertible).....	94¼	+ 6¾	3½	3.7
Southern Pacific.....	86½	+ 9	4	4.6
Union Pacific.....	101¼	+ 6	4	3.9
United States Steel (sinking fund).....	88¼	+ 9¾	5	5.7
Western Union.....	94	+ 8	5	5.3



# THE OPEN TRACK

BY • GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "TIME—FORTY SECONDS," "MICHAEL," ETC.

"AND the semaphore was clear—clear as a crystal!"

He seemed quite anxious that the other man, though a stranger met casually at breakfast in the dining-car, should bear this seriously in mind, and he waited for a grave nod of comprehension before he went on.

"This is the first time I've been over the route in daylight since then, and that was ten years ago," he resumed. "When I have to come this way I always travel by night, but this time I couldn't help myself. When we hit the Edgarville curve, I'm not going to look out of the window. No matter how green the grass might be, I should see it splotted with red, where fifty-eight of them—men, women, and children—lay moaning, or worse than that, quiet. And it wasn't my fault; the company exonerated me after they had investigated. The semaphore was clear."

"It was this very train, too. They called her Number Eight then, and she's Number Eight now. I am not boosting myself too much when I say I was a good engineer in those days. A man had to be, to run Number Eight; for at that time she was the fastest in the world, and a man with a touch of yellow any place in him had no right to climb in the cab of her engine. Up grade or down grade, curve or straightaway or shaky track, she had to be pushed along with the throttle wide open, and my fireman—Jimmie Dale; he's running this train to-day—feeding her every jump. I hadn't a nerve in my body, those days, and I loved my seat in the cab just next to my love for the old wooden rocker at home, with the wife and the babies around me. I loved the sweep of the wind, the pull of the curve, the onward rush of the straight, level stretch, even

the very sway and rock of her, as old Four Hundred and Two spun over crooked beds and rotten ties and kinked rails—but all that was before I lost my nerve; in the days when I pulled her in on schedule to the split second.

"Jimmie Dale, up ahead there, is doing the same thing to-day, but he didn't see what I saw. He stuck to the cab, as I did, but he was lucky; he scarcely knew when we struck, and he never woke up until four weeks afterward in the hospital. All he remembers is that just around the curve three miles this side of Edgarville we saw the engine of Number Seventeen looming up before us, and seeming to swell in size until, in the two seconds that were left us to say our prayers if we had thought of such a thing, she seemed to be as big as Niagara, to tower over us, to stretch up into the clouds and then—to fall on us!

"As the crash came, I seemed to have a curious, soft sensation all inside of me, as if I were made of nothing but loose feathers. I remember, all right! I can't forget it; I wish I could. I—I sometimes wake up in the night thinking about it."

## II

THE ex-engineer looked about him curiously as he spoke, turning his somber eyes furtively from side to side as if in constant dread of what they might rest upon.

"It was a morning just like this, and about this time of year. We were three minutes late at Gordon Junction, waiting for the St. Louis connection, and that's why I didn't slow down much as we came to the Edgarville curve. It's a nasty bend just there, sharper than they make a curve now, with not enough dish to the road-bed, and with trees running

right up to the signal-tower, so that you couldn't see a foot beyond. That's why they had put a semaphore there. It was the semaphore that killed my passengers, not me, for that morning it was clear. We never heard of the semaphore man again; he cut right off across country, and I suppose he changed his name.

"His skipping out that way helped to clear me, and as soon as I got out of the hospital the company offered me my old job back; but I couldn't take it. I knew my nerve was gone. They shifted me to the St. Louis branch and gave me their best train, but I couldn't make schedule. I had my hand on the lever, trembling, ready to reverse her, all the time, and I couldn't even pull in a slow train within a half-hour of her time. I had a streak running through me the size of a telegraph-pole and the color of a banana, and I couldn't fight it down. I was all in, and I had to step down and out. The company was very kind to me; they gave me a good job on the ground, and I've held it ever since. I can't seem to leave the railroad entirely, though I could make more money outside; and perhaps, too, I could forget a little bit better.

"As I said, we were three minutes late that morning, and as we turned into the head of the grade I yelled across to Dale: 'We're all right this morning, Jimmie; the semaphore's clear—clear as a crystal!' and I threw her open to the last notch. We came fairly singing down that grade, old Four Hundred and Two rocking and tottering as if she were drunk, and I can see that stretch to the foot of the grade as plain as I could see it this minute. The sun was shining as brightly as it is right now; there was enough breeze to keep the green leaves waving gently, and out in front of his door, smoking his pipe under his clear semaphore, and looking up at us lazily, with both hands in his pockets, stood the semaphore man. I wish he had been in the middle of the track!"

"The next minute we hit the curve and swung around her, and then—we met Seventeen! Of course I tried to reverse her. I didn't even have to think to do that; my hand had grabbed for the lever even before my brain knew what was the matter, but I might as well have tried to reverse a cyclone. Death was there,

grinning and spitting at us, and there was no escape.

"It isn't the hissing of the steam nor the clang and clash of iron that I hear when I think of that awful minute, but the horrible *grind, grind, grind!* It was all over in a flash. The two engines seemed to heave up like a volcano, and then I was numb some place or other, I couldn't tell just where, and I seemed to float very gently down upon the ground, out in the field. I suppose I must have been unconscious for a minute or two after I lit, but it wasn't for longer than that. I think the shrieks and moans around me must have waked me up. I didn't know I was hurt. I didn't even wonder why I had so much trouble in getting to my feet, nor why, when I walked, I limped, and let my left arm hang straight down, and held my other hand upon my back; nor did I know that there was an ugly cut upon my forehead. All I thought about in that first moment was the semaphore, and I looked up. It was still clear.

"Have you any idea what it means to be responsible for the death of fifty-eight people? Of course you haven't. I hadn't even then, until I began to move among them. I am not going to tell you what it looked like. You may imagine it for yourself, and be thankful that your imagination will not reach.

"There was one woman who came up and screamed at me furiously because she had lost her hair—her false hair—while right at her feet lay men, all cut to pieces but conscious, who never whimpered. A great big brute of a fellow, with a brow not an inch high and a neck as thick as his head, one whom you would have picked out as a cold-blooded thug, had thrown himself face forward upon the ground and was sobbing like a child, though he wasn't hurt a particle, nor had he an acquaintance on the train. A dressy young fellow who would have been classed as a sissy turned out to be a doctor, and with a crushed leg and internal injuries that would have killed an ordinary man at once, he dragged himself around, with a white face and his jaws clenched, and bound up one wound after another until he died.

"But it wasn't the men that gripped me so hard; it was the women and chil-

dren. You see, I had my wife and three babies at home, and you know what that means, for I saw just such a group inside the lid of your watch a minute ago. Mine have all been taken from me since then, one at a time, all four of them, and as each one left me it seemed to be somehow connected with that terrible day out there in the field. I took it as a sort of punishment, although God knows I shouldn't have been punished more than this memory is a punishment, for it wasn't my fault. The semaphore was clear, and it wasn't my business to know what was beyond it. But it was my hand on the lever, just the same, and if the damned suffer worse agony than I did as I looked from one to the other of those poor, maimed, helpless creatures, we have a cruel God. It's the women and children that I can't get over. There was one little girl just the age of my Elsie, with the same brown curls, and—"

His voice choked and he stopped, but the stranger did not look at him. He knew that the tears were smarting upon the ex-engineer's lower eyelids, and his own eyes were moist. There was a little girl like that in the lid of the watch-case, and just now she was over a thousand miles away. There was quite a long silence.

"You are not to blame for losing your nerve," was the stranger's commonplace remark, after he had cleared away a certain huskiness that was in his throat.

"I lost it in one second," replied the other, unsteadily. "I, that had always been the coolest man of the crew in a wreck, was no use this time. Like a crazy man, I went from one to another of them where they lay on the ground, all the living and some of the dead, I guess, telling them over and over again that it wasn't my fault, that the semaphore was clear—clear as a crystal! I made them look to where both its useless arms, the red and the white, hung limp in the sunlight. One man laughed when I told him, then he cursed me, and died with the curse upon his lips. And it was his little girl that looked like mine!"

### III

MILE after mile sped away and the two travelers sat silently looking out of the window and thinking gravely. There

was a long stop by and by, and the stranger spoke of it.

"Yes," agreed the ex-engineer, "we ought to be out of here. This is Gordon Junction, and the St. Louis train is in ahead of us."

The conductor presently came bustling into the car.

"Lucky you're aboard, Billy," he said, mopping his brow. "Jimmie Dale has just taken sick in the cab, and you'll have to pull us in to the end of the division. I'll report to headquarters that you're in charge."

There was no vehement outburst of refusal, such as the stranger had expected. Instead, the ex-engineer sat silent for some time, moistening his lips alternately, with a curious, slow deliberation.

"You know where we are, don't you, Murphy?" he finally returned, and the conductor gave a smile of understanding indulgence. "Can't Jimmie last until we pass the Edgarville curve? I won't mind running her in from there."

"Last!" repeated Murphy. "He's in the baggage-car on a cot now, with a doctor that we got out of the Cincinnati sleeper. Acute gastritis, he calls it. Nothing to it, Billy—you'll have to forget that old affair and take the throttle."

Without a word the ex-engineer arose, and, compressing his lips, walked out of the car and toward the engine. The stranger noticed that as he went he was snapping the fingers of each hand alternately.

It was an engine of a new type, but the man who climbed into it had been for nearly ten years in the shops of the road, and he knew every lever, every cock, every device that confronted him. Slowly he opened the steam-way, slowly the ponderous wheels began to revolve, and all at once the old tingle came back into his finger-tips, into his hand, into his arm, into the muscles of his back, into his entire body. Once more, as it gathered speed, he was part and parcel of his engine; the breeze that came in at the cab windows swept across his face and ruffled his grizzled hair; the rock and the sway of the big machine struck him with a keen sensation as of one homesick but returned home.

Little by little he "let her out," and they spun past farmhouse and fields and hills, past woods and marsh and sandy waste, through rocky cut and across bridge and trestle and culvert, over brook and creek and sluggish river. There came upon him an exhilaration as if he had tasted of new wine. Even at the head of the grade leading down to the Edgarville curve he seemed to be half drunk with the joy of it all, and blithely he called across the cab to the green fireman:

"We're all right this morning, my boy; the semaphore is clear—clear as crystal!"

They were just nearing the signal-tower when suddenly he gave a scream that set his fireman aquiver, and, throwing himself upon his lever, he reversed. With all his might he gripped the steel handle, staring straight ahead with horror-widened eyes and tightly clenched jaws, his face gone as white as his hair. The momentum was too great to allow

the train to be stopped at the tower, but with a jerk it came to a standstill at the field just beyond the curve.

The conductor and the stranger were the first to come running on ahead, to find the engineer in the empty field, limping painfully with his hand upon his back and bending over, first to one side and then to the other, talking; and each time he stretched a trembling hand to where both arms of the semaphore, the red and the white, hung straight down in the sunlight.

"I can't find the little girl that looks like my Elsie!" he complained, as they approached him. Then he slowly raised his head and met their glance; his eyes were wide set, and there was in them the wild light which no man, having once seen, can ever forget.

"It wasn't my fault!" he exclaimed piteously, pointing his trembling hand toward the signal-tower. "The semaphore was clear—clear as a crystal! Look!"

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### THE STORM

An overture of whispering leaves,  
And on the roof a pattering fall;  
The music of the dripping eaves,  
And presently a darkened pall

That swept across the ether's blue  
And blotted out the smiling sky;  
And, long before you thought or knew,  
A roaring tempest's riotry

Took wild possession of the air;  
The earth was drowned on lawn and street,  
While, from the window, everywhere  
You saw the rush of hurrying feet.

At last the storm its force had spent,  
The scurrying clouds were seen to break,  
Though every field o'er which it went  
Seemed like the surface of a lake.

The distant, curtained hills arose,  
Bearing a fresher-tinted green;  
And, just before the sunset's close,  
A double rainbow crowned the scene.

Then, as soft twilight touched the west,  
The birds began—all else was still;  
And one sang long, with thrilling zest—  
The weird, reiterant whippoorwill!

*Joel Benton*

# A GLIMPSE AT THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS, THE TYPICAL AMUSEMENT-RESORTS OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS

BY HORACE BARNES

THE music-halls of the world's great cities afford a study of human interests and characteristics to be had in no other way. This is not so true of New York, where so-called "vaudeville" is not more than an incident in civic life, and its standards are never fixed and dependable, as it is of Paris, and above all of London.

In New York, the music-halls are by no means the foremost and most popular resort for amusement-seekers. In Paris, they are the French pulse. In London, they are the English heart itself.

In New York, the vaudeville houses are very much of a makeshift. In Paris, they are a recognized diversion of a known standard of excellence. In London, they rise to the dignity of an institution.

In New York, not one person in a thousand could tell you, offhand, the names of the head-liners at the vaudeville theaters—no, not even at one theater. In Paris, fully half the public can inform you where Fregoli is doing his wonderful protean turns; and any one, upon glancing at the nearest illuminated poster-pillar, can advise you what performers to see that evening, and why. In London, it seems as if every second person you meet can tell you not only who the stars are, but where they are playing—and that usually means from three to five appearances, in as many halls, each night—what new songs they are singing, and what the prices of the house are. As a rule, he can throw in choice scraps of gossip as to the "all hartiste's" home life.

In America, the vaudeville stage is at

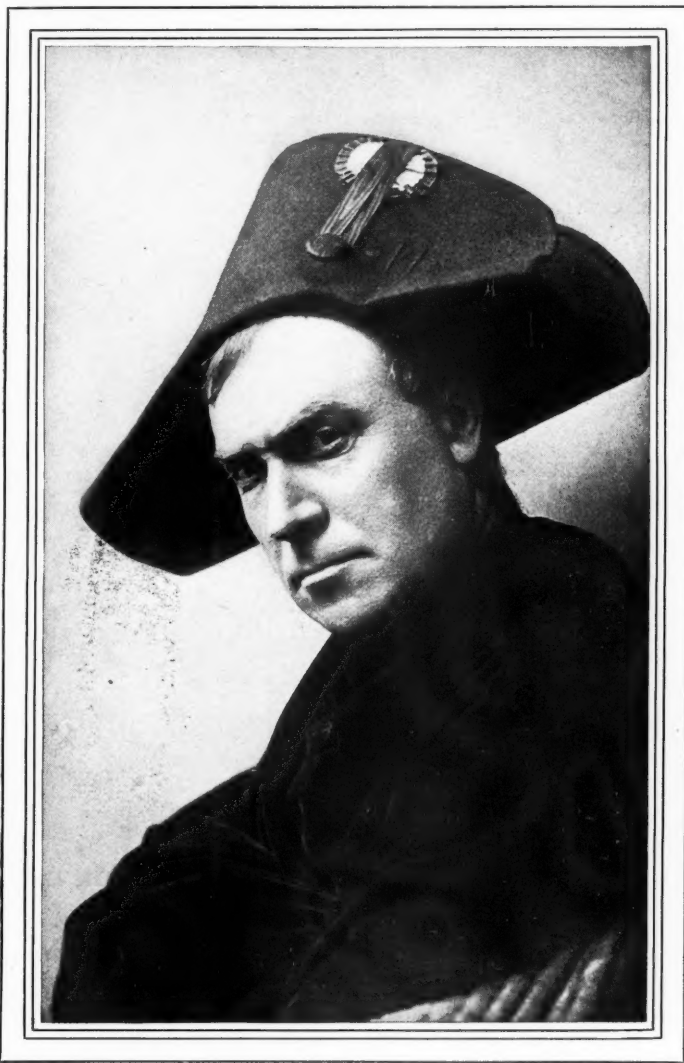
best a mongrel product—a cross between what is known by courtesy as "straight" drama, on the one hand, and the circus and prize-ring on the other. It is without standard either of effort or of talent. It is always fluttering between being good musical comedy and bad hod-carrying. For every true music-hall entertainer like Marshall P. Wilder, we are treated to a score of ex-prize-fighters and barroom waiter-singers. And when a "big" name does appear on the American vaudeville posters—a name that stands for fifteen minutes or a half-hour of real artistry—whence has the wonder come? Either from the London halls—like Albert Chevalier, or Harry Lauder, or Vesta Victoria, or R. G. Knowles (once American)—or from the American "legitimate" field.

Do these waifs and strays from the "legitimate" come over to the vaudeville stage because they recognize it as a worthy avenue to earnest effort and permanent plaudits? Alas, no! They come because Lillian Russell, or Mrs. Langtry, or somebody else, didn't have just the play they wanted for the minute, and were dragged "on the circuit" for a few weeks by a big cash offer. The minute a play comes along—good-by to the makeshift vaudeville!

The one redeeming feature of vaudeville in New York, and throughout America, as contrasted with Paris and London, is its comparative freedom from vulgarity. The Americans are careful to relegate downright indecency to the cheapest grade of touring burlesques, whereas in Paris the finest music-hall stars are not above employing it, and



in London there are few who are not more or less guilty of it. If one medium of music-hall expression in England were to be taken as the most ent, harmless, and non-riming word shoved in the place of the naughty one. Chevalier, in late years, has lost much of his grip upon the British public. They



ALBERT CHEVALIER, ACTOR, MUSIC-HALL SINGER, AND ENTERTAINER, WHOSE "COSTER SONGS" ARE FAMOUS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

*From a photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London*

characteristic type, it would probably be the song containing at regular intervals a word most obviously riming with some other word impossible to speak in decent company, and having some totally differ-

assign it to his long absences from home. In my opinion, there is another reason—he is too clean for them. Vesta Victoria is another of the rare exceptions to the general tendency toward vulgarity.



VIOLET LLOYD, ACTRESS AND SINGING COMEDIENNE

*From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London*

The London public carries its admiration for the music-hall star almost to the extreme of hero-worship. During the last quarter century there have been few men in any branch of English public life who have enjoyed more universal admiration than the late Dan Leno. To the mass of Londoners, he was a national hero. His was the reward of taking his music-hall mission seriously. He brought to his audiences such caricatures of well-known types that they became snap-shot

classics of character. Such, for instance, was his impersonation of the "Beef-Eaters," those scarlet-clad relics of ancient times before whom the American tourist stands in such wonderment at the Tower of London.

#### THE MUSIC-HALLS AND PUBLIC OPINION

The influence of the music-halls of London upon the minds of her citizens can best be compared to the influence of the popular newspaper cartoonists upon the

mind of the average New Yorker. Just as we of New York get our wit second-hand from the Sunday "comic sections," so does the Londoner get his from the halls. But the influence of the halls goes deeper still. It combines the vogue of the caricaturist's humor with the force of the editorial writer's reasoning. Thirty years ago, when a Russian army was threatening Constantinople, and a British fleet, with decks cleared for action, passed through the Dardanelles, the late G. H.

Macdermott sang a song in the London music-halls containing the famous refrain:

We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if  
we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men,  
we've got the money, too!

This little verse—which is said to have been the one thing that James McNeil Whistler was ever known to sing—gave the word "jingo" to the English lan-



ADELINE GENÉE, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE EMPIRE MUSIC-HALL IN LONDON, AND NOW AT THE HEAD OF A MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY IN AMERICA

*From a photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London*

guage, and put a whole political creed into two effective lines. A few years later, when Home Rule became a burning issue, Macdermott did more than a hundred political orators to swing the vote

Londoner betakes himself, night after night and year after year, to the halls. The costermonger of the Mile End Road tightens his dirty crimson muffler about his throat, dons his voluminous cap, and



MRS. LANGTRY, A FAMOUS FIGURE OF THE "LEGITIMATE" STAGE WHO HAS ALSO APPEARED IN VAUDEVILLE

*From a photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London.*

of London against the separatists with his ballad:

My dear Sister Erin, your Shamrock so green  
Must still with the Rose be entwined.

Where the average New Yorker turns to his every-other-minute afternoon newspaper for his humors and his ideas, the

lugs his "lydy," bedraggled feathers and all, into the London, Shoreditch—one of the three halls controlled by the London County Council. The young West-End clubman has his man put him into his evening things, and drops around to the Empire, Leicester Square. From the lout to the lord, there isn't a Londoner who



VESTA VICTORIA, A FAVORITE "CHARACTER COMEDIENNE" OF THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS, ORIGINATOR OF THE SONGS "WAITING AT THE CHURCH" AND "POOR JOHN"

*From a photograph by the Otto Savony Company, New York*





HETTY KING, A LONDON MUSIC-HALL FAVORITE  
WHO HAS RECENTLY APPEARED IN AMERICA

*From a photograph by the Rotary Photograph  
Company, London*

doesn't look upon the halls as his very own—his solace when all others fail, his comfort in darkest gloom, and—accordingly as he picks his London or his Empire—the chosen club of his caste.

For the cosmopolitanism of London ceases when it comes to the halls, taken individually. Each hall has its specific audience, its quota of regulars, its own peculiar feeling and atmosphere in keeping with its environment.

Marie Lloyd—"Mahrie," Londoners pronounce it—may sing a song to-night

at nine o'clock at the Oxford, Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. We'll say that it's her pet, a typically English one, "She Didn't Like to Tell Him What She Wanted." If you take a cab, when you have heard her, and follow her brougham to the London, you will hear her sing the same song, in all its suggestiveness, to the sweltering mob of Shoreditchers. But she is not the same; her song is not the same; the applause is not the same. For the character of that steaming, pipe-puffing houseful has dominated the "star"—has absorbed her to be part of the local class-club. The "great Mahrie" will most likely "do" at least two more halls before the evening is over, and if you follow her you will find that in each instance, strong as is her personality, it has been merged, chameleonlike, into the overpowering personality of the hall.

#### THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE LONDON MASSES

Here is a significant announcement from the bottom of a music-hall program:

On wet evenings the doors are opened earlier than the advertised time.

As a clubhouse for the poorer classes the music-hall is rivaled by only one other British institution—the public-house, known as a "pub" for short, and by Americans as a barroom. In the lower-class neighborhoods the hall surpasses the "pub" in popularity because it holds a bigger mob, furnishes entertainment of a fixed type, and winds up by turning itself into a "pub" as well. For every hall, of every class and price, has its bar, and allows smoking throughout the house. In the days of the music-hall "chairman," who sat in state in an arm-chair, with his back to the stage, and kept his house in order by force of authority, principle, *avoirduois*, and lung-power, each seat had its individual rack for holding a glass. Nowadays individual ash-trays still obtain, but one must rise and go to the bar to get liquor.

If you would see just how another world-power stands in the eyes of Great Britain, see first how it stands in the eyes of the Londoner; and to learn that, see whether unofficial representatives of that power—such as a detachment of

men from a war-ship, or an athletic team—are invited to some prominent music-hall as guests in a body.

Then observe how the audience treats

Longworth was put on exhibition, upon the occasion of her trip to England last year, in the very hall to which Togo's men were invited, and she passed muster



R. G. KNOWLES, AN AMERICAN WHO HAS MADE HIS REPUTATION IN THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS

*From a photograph by Cavendish, London*

them when they get inside. This ceremony of putting foreigners on exhibition—as were Admiral Togo's men at the Alhambra and the Coliseum—is the barometer of English sentiment. Mrs.

with flying colors. Her bearing, her appearance, her manner of taking the audience's demonstration, meant more, in the popular eye, than her success at a royal drawing-room; for the music-hall



MARIE LLOYD, ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN AND MOST TYPICAL  
MUSIC-HALL ARTISTES OF LONDON

*From a photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London*

is the drawing-room as well as the club of the London masses.

The friendly way in which the London music-hall people put visitors through a course of sprouts is equaled only by the blandness with which they appropriate American successes unprotected by legal representations in England. The critics along Broadway tell me that there is much to be said on the other side of this question, and that we do at least our share of the stealing. But when, two years after America had been desiring the vast outdoors in general to "Give My Regards to Broadway," I heard "Give My Regards to Leicester Square" caroled forth as one of the successes of the season

in London, the English version seemed to have been inspired, to say the least.

On another evening I went to the famous Palace—which was built as an opera-house for D'Oyly Carte, and which claims to be "the handsomest music-hall in Europe"—to hear a so-called musical comedi-etta entitled "Mme. Lingerie." Before the show had gone very far, I concluded that I was listening to an official report of the Society for the Benevolent Assimilation of American Music. No composer's name appeared on the program, but such popular bits as "Just My Style," the hit of "Fantana," were sung with the air and accompaniment unchanged and the words slightly altered.

An entire article might be devoted to the subject of these international plagiarisms. The history of the migrations of the popular songs of the past decade is a curious and amusing one; but it is a long story, so many are the instances in which authors and com-

posers have been willing to strut in borrowed or stolen plumes.

A description of the amusement palaces of the world's metropolis would be incomplete without a word as to the brazen promenades of the unaccompanied and much overdecorated women in the Leicester Square type of hall. The most notable exhibition of all is at the Empire, where a broad, carpeted balcony is almost entirely given over to it. Here the display surpasses even the notorious Folies-Bergère and Alhambra of Paris.

#### THE STRENGTH OF TRADITION

How the reputable family-folk whose patronage is the backbone of all the Lon-



ALICE LLOYD, A PROMINENT "SINGING COMEDIENNE," SISTER OF MARIE LLOYD

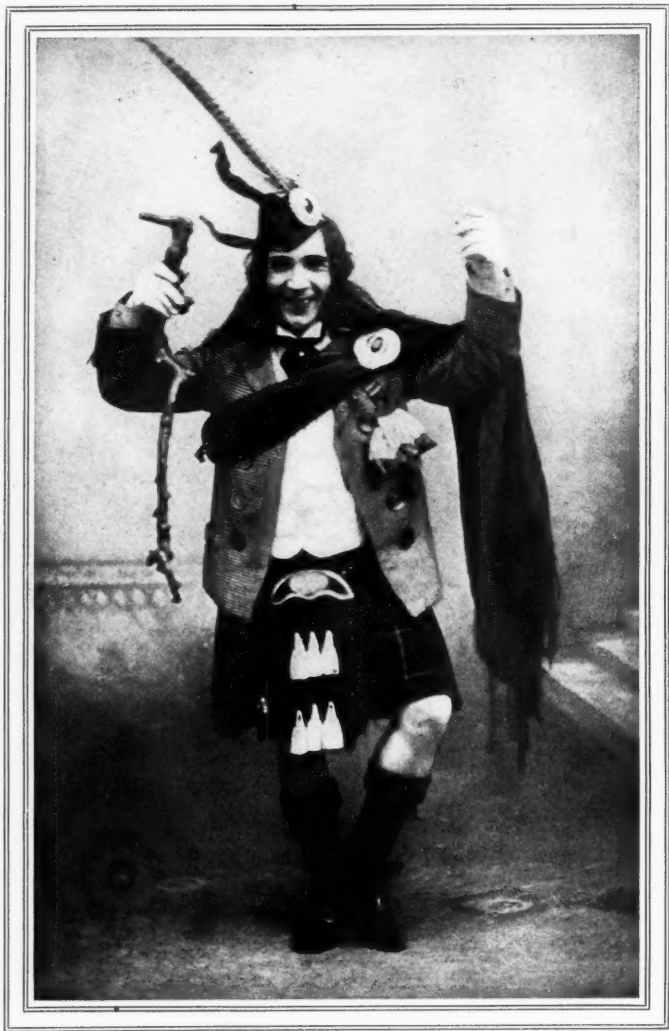
*From a photograph by White, New York*

don music-halls tolerate this condition, I never could understand. Yet the only hall, so far as I know, that ever tried to get along without the overdecorated promenades, and later without a bar and even without allowing smoking in the

house, was the Coliseum; and the Coliseum went bankrupt. It had combated solid old British tradition. People came in droves at first to see the beautiful building, a marvel of gorgeousness; to see the royal box, with its luxurious "lounge-car" anteroom, which ran by electricity, sliding along brass rails from the auditorium to the curbstone, to receive a royal party; to see the two "lifts," the only ones in any European theater; to see the

great revolving triple stage. And then, having seen once, they never came any more. It was not their hall. It was not part of the institution.

Furthermore, its prices were ridiculously low. The British public insists upon paying a traditional rate for everything. It has for years been paying seven shillings and sixpence—only a fraction under two dollars—for a good seat at the better halls. Here was a hall asking this



HARRY LAUDER, A VERSATILE ENTERTAINER FROM THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS WHO HAS RECENTLY MADE A HIT IN AMERICA

*From a photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London*





VESTA TILLEY, WHO IS FAMOUS FOR HER IMPERSONATION OF A YOUNG "MAN ABOUT TOWN,"  
AS SHE APPEARS IN FEMININE AND IN MASCULINE COSTUME

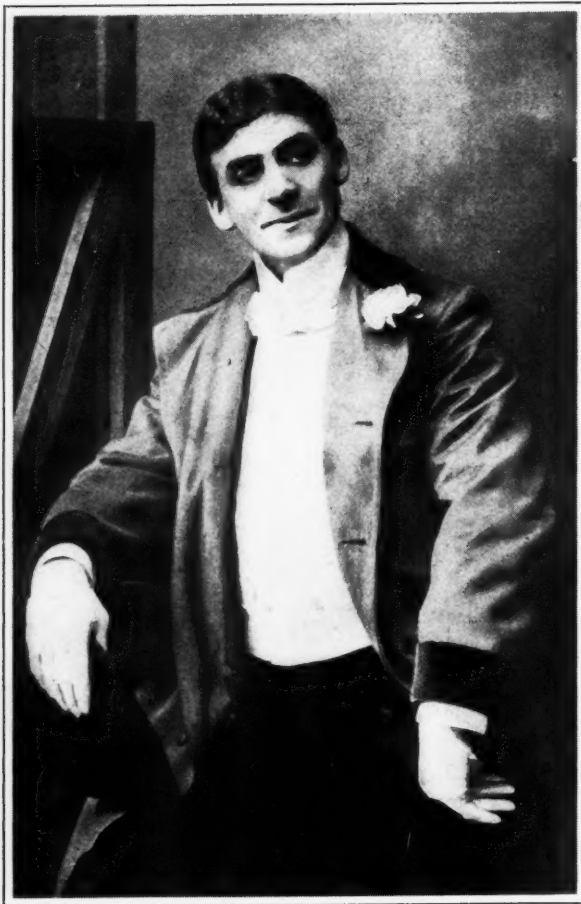
*From photographs by Windeatt, Chicago, and the Rotary Photograph Company, London*

price for very few of its seats, with places as fine as any one could wish for three shillings—seventy-five cents—or even less. The Londoner had been paying twelve cents for his program, and the Coliseum charged only two.

Charles Frohman says that the only reason he has succeeded in London is that he has respected British tradition. He has charged for programs, spelling them "programme"; he has employed female ushers; he has installed no elevators, and,

in short, has refrained from all modern improvements.

The strength of British tradition is also exemplified in the bills of the London music-halls. Let us take, as an instance, the popularity of one George H. Chirgwin, "the White-Eyed Kaffir." This gentleman has for goodness knows how long been strolling on to the stage garbed in a complete suit of black tights, looking like a negro who has forgotten to put on his clothes. One of his eyes peers



ARTHUR ROBERTS, FOR THIRTY YEARS A WELL-KNOWN PERFORMER  
IN THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS

*From a photograph by Ellis & Walery, London*

forth from a lozenge-shaped splash of pure white. This struck the British public as funny—goodness knows how many years ago.

The white-eyed gentleman does nothing more than tell a few stories—which were new goodness knows how many years ago—and play an odd instrument or two. This last he does remarkably well. But do you know that if he tried to change his make-up now, after goodness knows how many years, he would be “booed” off the stage? So he will go on in the same way, no doubt, for goodness knows how many years more. His get-up was sufficient for the Londoner’s

father, so it is sufficient for the Londoner, just as you still have a quill pen handed to you in many London banks, when you are cashing a draft, and are being regarded by the bank men as either an American millionaire or an American swindler—two of our national types that have impressed themselves most strongly on the British imagination.

Chirgwin bears witness to another London music-hall principle—that the make-up’s the thing. There are only three first-grade entertainers that I can recall who have the courage to appear in “neat” make-up—in evening clothes, or frock coats, and without grotesque-looking faces; and those three have had a long, up-hill fight to get away from the battered top hat, red nose, and balloon trousers of the English “patter” comedian.

The American negro has long been popular in the London halls. There is practically no race prejudice in Eng-

land. The sight of a full-blooded negro, top-hatted and frock-coated, riding atop of a London ’bus to his work in some clerical position, occasions no comment.

It seems to be the earnestness with which the negroes go at their singing and dancing that so completely captures both Briton and Frenchman. The “coon song” is immensely popular in England, although the curious way the darky dialect is rendered by native performers, and their sublime ignorance of the meaning of much of the slang, are a source of frequent amusement to visiting Americans.

And now a final word as to that most harrowing of ordeals, the “trial-turn”

matinée in the London halls. Every once in a while some rebellious Briton rises up and makes loud cry, through one of the London dailies, that "latent tal-

Such a trial-turn matinée I witnessed in April, 1906, at Sir Henry Irving's old Lyceum, then serving a season as a music-hall. Fifty "artistes" appeared—and



Mlle. DAZIE, AN AMERICAN DANSEUSE WHO HAS APPEARED IN THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS

*From a photograph by Bangs, New York*

ent" is kept away from the boards of the halls by the standard antiques known as "old favorites." Thereupon some manager with an eye for free advertising holds a "trial-turn" matinée.

disappeared. How the audience did "boo" and caterwaul the poor misguided creatures off the stage! For a spectacle affording so much of the ludicrous and so much of the pathetic that your throat

is bursting with laughter while your heart is bursting with pity, the trial-turn matinee in London could scarcely be equaled the world over.

I heard one Londoner put it, "Wot a nahsty draht that bally curting does myke!"

Yet despite the scanty supply of fresh



SUZANNE ADAMS, AN AMERICAN SINGER WHO WENT FROM GRAND OPERA TO THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York*

Trial-turns are given almost every week to some stray aspirant at the second-rate and third-rate halls—such as famous old Sadler's Wells, where Irving saw his first dramatic performance. The extinction of the budding genius is usually accomplished by the speedy descent of the curtain before his astonished eyes; and, as

talent, forty halls thrive in London, keeping open all the year round, as against fifty theaters. It is a wonderful British institution, the music-hall, and to write its laughs, its passions, its favorites, its customs, is to write of English life in towns and cities as it expresses itself in the mass to-day.

# THE LINCOLN AND GRANT FAMILIES

AS THEY APPEARED IN TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD

THE period of the Civil War was also the period of "family albums." The daguerreotype had only a short time before given way to the photograph; and in those days a photograph meant a small card affair, which was known as the *carte-de-visite* from its size and shape. On the table in every sitting-room was sure to be found the family album, full of these card-photographs. About half of the book would display likenesses of the father and mother, the grandfathers and grandmothers, and the collateral branches of the family. The remaining pages would be adorned with portraits of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, Signor Brignoli, Edwin Forrest, Mme. Ponisi, or other celebrities who happened to be selected by the owners of the volume.

These celebrities varied, of course, with individual taste; but pretty nearly every American album contained one or both of the photographs which are here reproduced—President Lincoln and his family, and General Grant surrounded by his wife and children. The Lincoln portraits varied most; but the one oftenest seen represented Mr. Lincoln as seated and reading from a large book, while his favorite son, "Tad," stood beside him. But very often the whole family was given—the President and Mrs. Lincoln, young Robert T. Lincoln, and "Tad."

Robert Lincoln—the only one of the President's four sons who lived to maturity—was at Harvard during the early part of the war, graduating in 1864, when he was at once appointed to the staff of General Grant. This fixes the date of the photograph here given, as it shows him in uniform. The President once said of him:

"Bob is 'short and low,' and I expect he always will be. He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear he is one of the little *rare-ripe* sort, that are smarter at about five than ever after. He has a great deal of that sort of mischief that is the offspring of animal spirits."

Lincoln's son Willie, whose full name was William Wallace Lincoln, had died in 1862, at one of the darkest periods of the war. The blow was almost crushing to the father, who was already burdened with a thousand



A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN WITH MRS. LINCOLN AND THEIR TWO SURVIVING SONS, ROBERT (IN UNIFORM) AND THOMAS ("TAD") LINCOLN





A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT GRANT WITH MRS. GRANT AND THEIR FOUR CHILDREN, FREDERICK DENT (IN UNIFORM), ULYSSES S., JR., JESSE, AND NELLIE GRANT

cares and sorrows; but he received real comfort from his little son Thomas, whom he familiarly called "Tad," and who resembled his father more than any of the other children. It was said of him that "he gave to the sad and solemn White House the only comic relief it knew." The whole country came to know this irrepressible boy, who would often burst into the council-chamber when the President was discussing some weighty matter with his Cabinet. No national crisis, however, could quench the boyish spirits of "Tad." He would insist on telling his father about the woes of some petitioner who had taken his childish fancy, or, as on one occasion, would demand a written order that his favorite turkey

should not be killed and eaten.

"Tad" used to wear a small military riding-cloak of gray. When his father visited the army, "Tad" would accompany him, scurrying about upon a pony, and greeted everywhere with uproarious cheers from the thousands of blue-coated men who were far away from their own small sons. He lived until 1871, dying at the age of eighteen.

The Grant group was taken at the end of the Civil War. It shows the general in uniform, with his devoted wife beside him, and his eldest son, Frederick Dent Grant, in uniform between the two. Fred Grant, who is now Major-General F. D. Grant, in command of the Department of the East, was then a mere boy; but he had accompanied his father during the Vicksburg campaign, and was already destined for West Point. The other two sons, Jesse Grant and Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., are seen at the right.

Leaning against Mrs. Grant is their only daughter, Ellen Wrenshall Grant, afterward known to the country as "the Princess Nellie." During her father's Presidency she was married at the White House to Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, in 1874. Mr. Sartoris was an Englishman who had met Miss

Grant on a steamer while she was returning from Europe. President Grant disapproved of the match, partly because of her extreme youth, and partly because he disliked to have her make her home abroad; but at last he yielded, and the wedding was a brilliant social event. It is said that at the end of the reception which followed upon the ceremony the impassive soldier was found in a distant room with his head buried in his arms, and shedding tears, perhaps for the first time in his life. His forebodings were justified, for the marriage proved unhappy.

These old-time photographs call up many remembrances, and from the sentiments which they awaken they are far more interesting than most of the modern collections.

# BARRY GORDON\*

A STORY OF MODERN AMERICAN LIFE

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "JOHN VYTAL," "DEBONNAIRE," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

**B**ARRY GORDON, the hero of the story, is a young Southerner, the son of an old Virginia family, at school in the North, at St. Clement's. He is suddenly summoned home, where he finds that his father, Colonel Gordon—commander of Gordon's Raiders in the Civil War—has been seriously hurt. A still more terrible revelation awaits the boy. The veteran soldier—a strange mixture of gallantry and weakness, but always an idol to his son—tells Barry that his ancestors, whose portraits stand proudly on the walls of the old dining-room, were not the spotless heroes the boy has venerated; that there has always been a fatal strain of devilry in the Gordons, and that he himself is a drunkard—is, in fact, drinking himself to death. And, indeed, that very night, after deep potations—of whose probable result his old friend Dr. Burke had warned him—the colonel falls in a mortal seizure.

Colonel Gordon's will makes another old friend, Frank Beekman, a New Yorker, whose summer home is in Massachusetts, trustee for his two sons, Barry and Tom. The lads go back to St. Clement's, where the next scene takes place. Tom Gordon is playing cards with another Virginia boy named Meade, and has lost money to him. Barry, who has been watching the game, suddenly tells Meade to put his left hand on the table.

## VI (continued)

**M**EADE brought up his hand. It was empty.

Hicks, now wide awake, stooped under the table, and they heard a scuffle. Hicks, bobbing up, said angrily:

"He had his foot on it!"

He threw an ace on the table. Barry's eyes blazed.

"Cheat!" he said. "You get them drunk and then cheat them!"

The boys stared up mutely, some at Barry, some at Meade, who had also risen, and who now came out from behind the table. His face was indescribably ugly, his manner full of sneering revenge.

"Drunk, eh? You're a fine one to talk, you confounded stuck-up! Your father Colonel Gordon, eh, who commanded Gordon's Raiders in the Civil

War? I know things! So does every one in the South. Your father drank himself to death. He—"

Meade staggered backward and fell to the floor, hit full in the face by Barry's fist.

Barry, at once relaxing, stood limp and stupefied, staring into vacancy. Tom, awed, came and slipped a hand through his arm. Others, badly scared, tried to revive Meade. They got a pitcher and towel from a wash-stand and bathed his forehead.

Hicks was guarding the door.

"Barry," he said desperately, "quick! What are you going to do?"

Barry passed a hand across his eyes, nerved himself, and got his brain working.

"Do you think I'd stay here another minute after what's been said?" he exclaimed. "No; we'll get out." He went and glanced down at Meade to

\*Copyright, 1907, by William Farquhar Payson

make sure he was recovering, then turned to Tom. "Hurry, Tom! Dress!"

He was nearly crazed now by his passionate desire to escape—to escape, not from the consequences of his act, but from the shame Meade had brought on him and on his brother. Anything but this he could have stood—anything but the consciousness that people knew!

He and Tom hastened to the chairs beside their beds, scrambled into their clothes, and caught up their shoes under their arms. Hicks cautiously pulled the door ajar.

"Good-by, Barry! Quick!"

The brothers slipped out. Along the dark corridor they stole in their stockinged feet, then down the rear stairway and out into the night. They paused, and, hopping each on one foot, pulled on their shoes.

"Where shall we go?" asked Tom.

"To Mr. Beekman's," said Barry without hesitation.

"Is he at home yet?"

"He may be."

"What if the train's gone?"

"Then we'll beg a ride on a freight. Come along!"

They made a bee-line for the station, running headlong through the dark.

"What if Pierce gets there first?" said Tom as they ran.

"Then it's all up," said Barry, and set a killing pace.

They plunged across country, stumbling through plowed fields, vaulting over stone walls.

"Barry," said Tom, panting, "father was really a good man, wasn't he?"

Barry, too, breathed hard as he ran.

"Yes," he said, with difficulty; "the best man that ever lived."

But Barry's heart was like lead. The weight of it seemed to impede his speed. Though Tom would never believe the truth, others would. As they stumbled on through the dark, a dead singsong in him kept repeating the refrain:

"People know—people know!"

## VII

A SLOW train, and afterward a long, tiresome walk, at last brought Barry and Tom to their destination—a farm in the heart of the country. Half the night had slipped away, and they were too late.

The house was dark and shut against them.

They stood on a driveway at the edge of a moon-lit lawn, gazing across at it blankly.

"Do you think they've come yet?" asked Tom.

"Yes. The windows are open. Shall we climb in?"

"No. We might get shot. Lord, I'm tired!"

Tom was too much disappointed to risk further speech. Barry tried to laugh contagiously. To him the disappointment meant less and more. Though by birth only a year older than his brother, he felt a lifetime older in experience. Tom wanted any home in which to hide, curl up, and sleep; Barry wanted friends. Tom wanted a bed; Barry a home. Tom wanted shelter, Barry sanctuary. Tom's body was disappointed, Barry's soul.

And so, while Tom felt a lump in his throat and swallowed in secret, Barry felt a weight on his heart and tried to laugh.

Suddenly a clock far off in the little Massachusetts village struck two. Barry shifted uneasily. That meant that if Mr. Pierce had driven from the school, he might arrive at any moment. The lad's eyes bade the house a reluctant good-by.

"I suppose," said he, "we'll have to keep on going."

Tom frowned.

"Where to?" he managed to ask.

Barry laughed. It was a very practical and sensible question. They had no friends in the world except Dr. Burke, down in Virginia, and Barry felt that the South was forever a closed country to him. Moreover, they had no money. Wherever they went, they must go on foot.

For a moment this thought revived Barry's earlier romantic mood. They would wander like tramps. He put it to Tom, who shook his head dumbly. Though plucky enough and hardy enough, Tom lacked the spirit. Unlike his brother, he had never known the rare delight with which youth pictures itself vagabond. His mind's eye was blind to the nomadic joys now conjured up by Barry—camp-fires, a lean-to in the

woods, the open road. And so, while Barry stood there roving over the world, Tom, fagged and sleepy, shook his head.

"There must be some hotel in the village," said he. "Let's go back there. Mr. Beekman will pay for us in the morning."

"Then Pierce will see him first," objected Barry.

"Let him. Come on! There's nothing else to do."

Barry hung back. The phrase nettled him. He had always rebelled against that inevitable conclusion—"there's nothing else to do." It invariably meant a tame climax. He peered about, far and wide, frowning. Suddenly his eyes lighted up with resource.

"Wait!"

He was gazing at a distant barn that loomed big in the moonlight. The building lured him. It looked hugely hospitable. He loved barns—the cattle, the horses, the sweet smell of hay, the very cobwebs and rafters. The boy in him, which of late was so often overshadowed by the man, rose to the surface.

"If we can get in there," he whispered, "we're all right. Come, let's try it!"

"No," said Tom. "Listen!"

They hesitated. The deep baying of a dog boomed forth ominously from the direction of the barn.

Barry chuckled. The danger delighted him. The barn appealed to him now more than ever.

"Come ahead!" he commanded recklessly.

They started, Barry spiriting Tom along. Stealing from tree to tree to dodge the moonshine, they skirted the lawn and followed the drive to the farmyard. Here, at a gate, they paused. Peering through the shadows, they saw a big St. Bernard and heard a clanking.

"Pooh!" said Barry. "Chained!"

He opened the gate and they passed through. The dog growled, crouched, and sprang at them as they crossed the barn-yard. The chain held, and the sudden clutch of his collar choked him. Its grip doubled his gorge. He tugged at the chain and barked—barked so loud that his voice seemed to flood the night with alarms. In the distance other dogs

from all directions began to answer, till the whole countryside rang with a wild barking, and the two intruders stood stock-still in alarm.

Tom felt sick, and Barry tingled with anxiety. The dogs would wake the world. Men would come running. There would be lanterns, guns, a hubbub, questions, angry Beekmans—and Tom and he the guilty cause, the storm-center of the worst bother ever known. A fine way to introduce themselves to their guardian!

Impetuously he started for the dog.

"Don't," cried Tom. "Don't be a fool! He'll eat you alive!"

He tried to catch Barry's coat, but missed it.

As Barry approached the dog he spoke low, calling him "good old boy," with a note so at one with animal nature that it sounded almost brotherly. His voice was like his father's, full of tone and magnetism, full of creature sympathy.

"Good old boy, what's the matter?"

Instantly the dog relaxed, settled to all fours and waited. Barry went to him open-hearted, stroked his majestic head, and clapped him on the ribs in a rough, hail-fellow way.

The touch won. The dog quieted, and began to wag his tail with a sort of tentative dignity. Gradually the other dogs, lacking incentive, ceased their din, and the night was still again.

The brothers looked up at the barn. The main doors, wide and double, were closed. Barry tried them. They held. He led the way around a corner. Above an old stone wall the glass of a window reflected the moon. He mounted the wall and reached up. As luck would have it, the window gave.

In another moment he was sprawling across the sill, straining his gaze into a great void. Save where the moon-rays slanted across a whitewashed wall and shadowy farm-machinery, he could see nothing; but he heard a stirring in straw and the breathing of many cattle.

He straddled the sill, and, dropping in, landed on a mound of hay. Righting himself, he went to the big doors, shot back the bolt, parted them, and whistled. Tom came around into the barn.

Pulling the doors nearly shut, Barry stood at the crack and looked toward

the dwelling-house. His gaze was on the main gateway.

"We'll have to take turns keeping an eye out for Pierce," he said. He pulled out a large gold-faced watch which had been his father's. "You're tuckered, Tom, so you go to sleep first. I'll wake you at three. Then you keep guard till daylight. Whichever sees Pierce coming lets the other know. There's a pile of hay under the window."

"All right," said Tom, and started for bed. Half-way to the window, he hesitated. "Barry!"

"What?"

Tom returned to him.

"Barry, you're a brick, and I'm not. I'm no good at this kind of thing."

Barry smiled. That was like Tom. He had faults, but he acknowledged them. He had a sort of courage that seemed to Barry greater than his own. He was open, transparent, white, without shadows, without mysteries of nature and experience.

Barry turned and looked at his brother affectionately, in silence. Tom's hair shone in the moonlight like pale gold. It suggested their mother—the image of her that had been graven on Barry's mind by his father. He remembered the description—"with hair as much like daytime as yours is like night." He turned away again.

"You needn't be sorry," he said, gazing up wistfully. "You're worth dozens of me."

Too sleepy to protest in words, Tom shook his head, sought the hay, and in a moment lay asleep.

Barry stood long at the crack, then paced to and fro in the darkness, with only the breathing, stirring, and cud-chewing of the unseen herd to break the silence of his vigil.

In moments of waiting, his thoughts had a way of roving far afield, even while he stuck alertly to his post. It was as if he were split into two selves—the under self, keen and ready; the upper self, tossing on a sea of dreams. So it was tonight. While he watched he dreamed, imagined himself a sentinel in war, peopled the night with opposing forces, dotted the lawn with friendly bivouacs, and filled the outlying darkness with hostile ambuscades.

Then action. The camp seemed to awake. He heard bugles call, horses stamp, musketry rattle, shells explode. And now the old terrors, mixing with these, began to riot in his brain. The imaginary battle took on a more terrible significance. It became historic, a battle in the Civil War; and the friendly troops were Gordon's Raiders, and there in the thick of it all, towering on a charger and fighting gloriously, rode his father.

Then suddenly the scene dissolved. He saw a man with a glass, drunkenly confronting a vicious portrait on the wall. Sick at heart, he tried to regain his first phantasm. He had a swift, fierce desire to see the battle-horse rear as in old-fashioned paintings, and his father fall mortally wounded—a martyred hero of the Civil War.

How much better! How much better than this orgy of portraits, capering monkey-like around the crazed figure that he had once worshiped and still loved!

He staggered against the door and clenched his fist. As he did so, the bite of his nails on his palm seemed to awake him. Though his eyes had not once been closed, he thought he must have been asleep—he, a sentinel! He deserved to be drummed out of camp, his sword broken. What a way to start on his life struggle!

At three he woke Tom, and, throwing himself down on the hay, sank into a troubled sleep.

Tom kept guard methodically, reliably. Discovering a bag of meal, he dragged it to the door, and, seating himself at the crack, pinched himself at regular intervals to keep awake. He thought about nothing but breakfast, and cocked an eye now and then at the main gateway.

When finally the gray light rose and spread across the lawn, he went and touched Barry, who sat up and muttered inaudibly. Believing him awake, Tom lay down beside him, famished for forty winks, and again slept.

Barry, slightly disturbed, as if in a dream, also lay back again and slept—slept till at last he heard a sound, and a gradual light stole across his eyes. He woke slowly and looked up. The doors were wide open, admitting a flood of sunshine to the barn. Outside stood a



young girl, gazing in at him as though from the heart of the dawn.

### VIII

BARRY sat up, noticed that Tom was still asleep, and rose, dazed. He had dimly seen the girl somewhere before.

They stood awkwardly silent for a moment, the girl wondering, Barry apologetic and shy. Then he instinctively began to feel that though he must have seemed little better than a tramp who had stolen a night's lodging, she was neither afraid nor unfriendly.

He raised his eyes and looked, and while he looked self-consciousness fell utterly away. He lost himself in a dumb gaze. The impression she made on him came swiftly and struck deep. The mere sight of her seemed to suggest that if she only would, she could supply some need within him. She possessed him as the sight of a clear stream might possess some one parched with thirst, or a fire some one chilled, or a light some one long shut in the dark.

Through the black months since his father's death crying needs like these, but far more poignant because spiritual, had tortured Barry, awake and asleep, up to this very moment. And now came the dawn of a spring day, not vaguely encouraging like all spring days, but embodied in a girl—a girl of his own age—a girl who, he felt, was in accord with him.

As for her looks, he could not have described them definitely. Her image merely floated on his retina. He was not yet old enough to be conscious of the details of his impression; but later on, when again and again he repictured to himself this first meeting, he interpreted it so vividly that the moment never died.

She stood in a lake of sunshine, her figure against the sky. He saw that she was small and slender, and knew vaguely that the sunlight was in her black hair, shining there with a dark, cool luster as he had seen it in pools in the woods. Her features were irregular, but so delicately drawn, or rather sketched, and in such harmony with the piquant littleness of her person, that her face had a rare magic. Her skin was very fair, and fine as rose-leaves; her lips were red as a cardinal flower; her little

tip-tilted nose was the perfect symbol of a whim.

Yet her piquancy was not conscious, but natural; not of body only, but more of spirit; not a pose, but a poise. In the girls he had known among the sisters of his schoolmates this sort of thing had hinted of high-heeled shoes, but in her it suggested wings.

The elusive quality in her seemed to strike the very keynote of his nature. He had a feeling as of rising from a pit into infinity; as of an actual winged ascent into an ether of cool light. Shame and horror were falling away, and all ugliness. He was being drawn up into sheer purity. He did not seem to live. He saw nothing save her eyes; knew nothing save that they drew him to her. They were not large eyes, and not very dark, but their slight almond shape, long lashes, and finely etched brows imbued them with an elusive mystery. What their color was he did not know, did not wonder. They were transfused, perhaps, with gray and green and hazel lights; but he knew only that they were looking at him.

After a long moment of silence he saw them brighten, and she spoke.

"I know who you are," she declared with sudden delight. "You're Barry Gordon!" Her glance sparkled at the bundle on the hay. "And there's Tom!"

Her voice was so like her gaze that Barry felt as if the light in her eyes had welled into speech. He heard in it the spirit of this April morning—laughter bright as tears.

"How did you know?" he asked faintly.

"I've seen you before," she said.

His eyes were perplexed. He moved nearer to her across the threshold into the sunshine.

"So have I seen you," he told her. Then suddenly his face cleared. "Ah, now I know—at the game. Jove, that's queer! Are you Muriel Beekman?"

She nodded, and lightly held out her hand to him.

Coming close to her, he clasped it shyly, and the friendly contact sent so warm a balm through his veins that he forgot to release it. As their recognition deepened he became bolder. His grasp grew so fervent that at last he hurt her,

and felt her little hand fluttering in his palm like a caught bird. Shame-struck, he let it slip away, and stood so forlornly downcast that Muriel laughed.

"You funny fellow!"

Hurt, he raised his eyes.

"Why am I funny?"

"Because you're so sorry." Her face fell serious, but was still kind and natural. "If you weren't sorry, it wouldn't be funny at all."

Her lashes did not droop; she looked at him with a quiet candor more tantalizing than any coquetry. Barry suddenly felt a new power in him—something dynamic and amazing—something capable of conquering the world.

"I'm *not* sorry," he said deliberately. "I'm glad!"

He did not quite know what Muriel did then, but it seemed like the closing of a flower's petals or the flickering of a light. Then again she laughed, and her laugh made everything happy and real.

"How long have you been here?" she asked simply.

"All night," said Barry.

"Why didn't you come to the house?"

"We arrived too late."

"Poor Barry, you must be hungry!"

Now that everything was so enchantingly practical, her voice, which had before dissolved him into vaporous soul-stuff, restored his body and suddenly gave him a huge appetite.

"I am!" he exclaimed ardently.

"Come," said Muriel, "let's wake Tom."

Barry demurred. It was nice to be entranced by these cheery prosaics, far better than to risk losing her in air; but he balked at waking Tom. Tom, much as he loved him, would be one more fact too many. Wake him, and there would be a general collapse of airy visions.

"I think," said he, "Tom really needs sleep."

Once more Muriel laughed at him. She looked down at Tom, and affectionately spoke his name.

"Don't!" Barry besought her.

But his plea seemed only to spur her on.

"Tom, wake up!" she said with exasperating interest. "It's time for breakfast, Tom. Wake up!"

Barry felt that she was bending over

and gently touching the bright, fair boy in the hay. He turned forlornly to look. As Tom sat up and rose, wondering, those two seemed a pair to him, both made of the sunlight and the spring day—and he a superfluous shadow.

He stepped out into the farm-yard, trying to assume a strolling air, an interest in the trees and in a small, far cloud that drifted like a puff of smoke across his vision. But this painful excursion, robbing him of their words, filled him with imaginings still more unhappy. Their voices and laughter were eloquent of greetings so mutually pleasant that he felt lonely. And when they came from the barn into the farm-yard, talking intimately, and he saw the girl's hand resting on Tom's shoulder, he felt lonelier still. Nevertheless, he kept a calm front, joined them, as if he had momentarily forgotten them, and politely asked Tom how he had slept.

Tom, conscious of nothing but the hand on his shoulder, was not even puzzled by this punctiliousness. He replied pleasantly that he had slept well; and they started for the house, Muriel sandwiched between them.

"Are you very hungry?" she asked Tom.

"You bet I am!" he exclaimed, carefully keeping step with her so as not to lose her hand from his shoulder.

"It's very early," she said, "but we'll have breakfast right off. It doesn't matter as long as father's away."

"Away!" exclaimed Barry, taken aback, and Tom whistled.

Muriel looked perplexed, and was about to ask leading questions; but Barry began talking volubly.

"What a bully old house! How long have you been here? You live in New York in winter, don't you? It must be fine in New York—so many theaters and people and things to do." His words were racing with the thoughts he imagined she was thinking. "I've decided to live there myself some day."

For a moment she made no reply to this loquacity, but when she did she caught him up into the seventh heaven of delight.

"Yes," she said bashfully, "you are going to live there with us."

His eyes brightened. Suddenly across

the inscrutable future there stretched a rainbow.

In the few minutes of their walk to the house Muriel afforded the two brothers quick glimpses into the present condition of her little world. They learned that her father, who was the president of a railroad and a man of affairs, had returned from abroad the week before. Since then he had been kept in New York on business, and she had come to the country ahead of him, to open the house. Her mother, who seemed to be a scholarly woman, very unusual and independent, was still in Europe, and might stay there for several months, or even for years.

This was all elicited and conveyed almost without conversation, without a single completed sentence. The intercourse of bees could scarcely have been more impalpable. It was all in the gossamer language of youth. Muriel darted from fact to fact as lightly as a humming-bird touches flowers, though so vividly that Barry and Tom already felt at home.

When they came to the quaint old house Muriel went ahead into a long, low-studded hall, rang for a servant, and told her to show them to certain guest-rooms. Tom, impatient for breakfast, hurried up-stairs, but Barry hung back on the porch. Muriel looked down at him inquiringly from the door-step.

"Aren't you coming, Barry? What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I don't think I've any right to. If your father was here, it would be different; but, you see, if Pierce comes, you won't know what to do. It will be an awful bother for you."

"Who's Pierce?" she asked, with a pretty frown of bewilderment.

"Pierce is a fish! He's the principal of St. Clement's." He hesitated. "I say, Muriel, don't go back on us, will you?" Then the whole story burst from him honestly. "The fact is we had to cut and run. A fellow said something I couldn't stand, so I knocked him out; but it wasn't the fight that made me leave. It was the thing he said. I couldn't bear to stay there another minute."

As he looked up at her his dark face, not handsome but very striking, was

strained with appeal; his dark, variable eyes seemed to crave her good-will.

"Muriel," he said, "I don't care a bit about Pierce if only *you* won't go back on me—I mean on *us*. Or if you do go back on me, I hope you won't on Tom. Tom didn't do anything."

She looked at him with more interest then than she had shown before, and her eyes, though bashful, were kind. From her father she had learned that Barry and Tom were slightly older than she; but her summers alone with him here, while her mother restlessly traveled abroad, had developed her beyond her years. In New York, where she went to a fashionable day-school, it was all very different; but here she lived a life within herself—a life of dreams and books and thoughts that seemed to her very deep and wonderful. So she felt both younger and older than these bewildered newcomers.

She spoke at last with a clear, sweet earnestness, a wave of color rising from her neck even to the tips of her little ears.

"Barry," she said, "I don't like many people. I think I'm too reserved. I never talk to any one about my true self, or the things I dream about, or anything very serious, because—oh, I suppose it's just because I am *I*. But I do want to tell you that my father loved yours very dearly. The other day, when he spoke of his death, his voice was unlike any voice I had ever heard. When he spoke of you and Tom, he said: 'Muriel, those boys are left to me as a sacred trust. I appoint you cotrustee.' She smiled. "Father, you see, is a business man, and he often talks to me like that. I didn't know at first what he meant, but he said he meant"—she paused, her color deepening—"he said he meant that he and I must take care of you as we do of each other."

Barry's heart rose to his eyes and seemed to outpour to her. She timidly drew back.

He stepped up to the threshold, as if longing to surrender himself, soul and body, to her. Now she felt as if she had suddenly become much younger than he, and she was vaguely disturbed. But she had a light and casual way with her that seemed to Barry a sort of impalpable

armor. She turned toward the dining-room.

"Barry, if you don't hurry, you won't be ready for breakfast!"

### IX

SOON after breakfast, Peter Best, the gardener, brought in an armful of flowers. Muriel was arranging them in bowls and vases, and Barry and Tom were helping her with awkward eagerness, when wheels crunched on the graveled drive. Muriel flew to the door. Through the window, the two boys saw a groom jump from the side of the dog-cart to the horse's head; then a tall gentleman, dropping the reins, stepped down to the porch, and Muriel, on tiptoe, threw her arms about his neck. They saw her whisper in his ear, saw him nod and pat her, and heard him laugh.

As Mr. Beekman entered the room, he wore a frown with a smile playing under it. Tom saw only the frown, and lost his sturdy look. Barry felt the inner smile, and quickly returned it.

Mr. Beekman frowned the more at this. He shook hands in silence, first with Tom. Then he drew back a step and studied him.

"Your mother's son," he said at length, half to himself, and his strong, impressive face seemed to soften as Barry had seen his father's face soften under the spell of some gentle memory. "If looks count," he said slowly, "you're a safe risk."

Tom smiled up at him, reassured. He did not quite understand, but the remark seemed encouraging.

Barry was lost in admiration of Muriel's father. Peculiarly enough, the first thing he noticed about him was the part in his hair. It looked so exactly straight that Barry thought he must have been at great pains to contrive it. From that admirable part over one temple his iron-gray hair lay like a sword-blade across his forehead. What with this and his autocratic eyes and erect carriage, his good clothes looked so much a part of him that the fact that he dressed well seemed to go without saying.

Altogether Mr. Beekman had a strong, fine finish about him, like a model dynamo or well-made rifle. And when he talked, his vibrant voice seemed not only

to be speaking, but to be recording truths as little to be disputed as the Ten Commandments. Each word seemed to speed through his mind and come out like minted gold, stamped with authority and ringing true.

Turning from Tom, Mr. Beekman waited, and when Barry came forward he bent an ironical gaze on the lad as if challenging him to show in a look what stuff he was made of.

The challenge was accepted unflinchingly. Barry's eyes narrowed and gave back as good as they got. Then Mr. Beekman smiled and Barry smiled, and they seemed to warm to each other.

"A chip of the old block," said Mr. Beekman to himself.

"A magnificent gamble!" He turned immediately and led the way to another room. "Come, Barry, we'll talk business in the library."

The interview was short and pointed. Mr. Beekman did not even seat himself. He stood with an impenetrable look, facing his ward. This made it incumbent on Barry to speak first—a necessity that seemed cruel at first, but soon began to stimulate his courage.

"Mr. Beekman, I'm in a mess."

Mr. Beekman nodded, as if in recognition of a perfectly self-evident fact.

"Then you've heard?" asked Barry.

"Yes."

"I suppose Muriel told you. What did she want you to do—send me back? If she did, I'll go like a shot."

Mr. Beekman slowly lifted his eyebrows.

"What if I want you to go back?"

"Then I'll have to."

"Yes. You understand your position perfectly. And whatever Muriel's immature views may be, they are overbalanced by those of Mr. Pierce."

Barry started.

"Then you've heard from him?"

"Yes. I found a telegram waiting for me at the station."

"I'll bet he's hot!"

"Yes, he advises stern measures."

"Hang old Pierce! How about the cad I struck? Did I hurt him much?"

Mr. Beekman kept evasively silent, knitting his straight iron-gray brows. He was lost in thought so long that Barry, with sudden impatience, dropped

the whole troublesome matter from his mind. As this left him care-free and more observant of externals, his glance again lit on Mr. Beekman's head.

Mr. Beekman frowned uneasily.

"What are you thinking about?"

The question caught Barry back into the whirlpool.

"Nothing. At least—I'd rather not tell. It might seem rude."

"Out with it! I've got to fathom you."

When Barry confessed, he did so whole-heartedly.

"I was thinking," said he, "that I wished to goodness my hair would lie down as flat as yours."

Without the slightest change of expression Mr. Beekman gazed at him. Finally he said:

"Barry, you're as hard to guess on as the wheat crop. I suppose all wild-oat crops are, but I'm bullish on you. I'm going long of wild oats. The yield may not be large, and the price is always high. You'll find that out when you have to pay it."

Barry looked puzzled but somewhat encouraged, and replied to these vague oracles specifically and to the point:

"Then I didn't hurt him much?"

"No," said Mr. Beekman.

"And you're not going to send me back?"

Mr. Beekman drew from his breast-pocket a silver case, took out a cigarette, neatly went through a like process with a match-box and match, and was soon exhaling films of smoke.

"Why did you hit that fellow?"

Barry hesitated. Deep reserve and the remembrance of Meade's soul-stinging exposure kept him silent.

"What had he done?" urged Mr. Beekman.

Barry's face flushed. When he answered, he spoke low and bitterly:

"He said things about my father."

Mr. Beekman started, looked as if he had inwardly sworn, and, tossing his cigarette into the fireplace, put his hands on Barry's shoulders.

"Then I don't blame you! I don't blame you! Barry, you defended the memory of my best friend." Then, with a sudden change to briskness, he added: "You go to college next autumn, don't

you? That was your father's plan, I believe. I understand you took your preliminaries last year and go up for your finals next month. Can you pass them?"

"I usually slide through my exams."

"Then I shall write to Mr. Pierce and say you will not return to school. For the next few months we want you here. We want to absorb you into the family."

Barry moved closer, full of gratitude; but all he could say was:

"Thank you, Mr. Beekman, I want to be here."

"Remember two or three things," said his guardian, seeking refuge from the moment's embarrassment by gliding into generalities. "Life's a business, and we're all employees of the Owner of this business. At the end He wants a clean balance-sheet. Your duty may be to work. If it is, work hard. If it's to play, play virtuously. Your wages may be high, they may be low; but whatever you do, don't join the ranks of the unemployed cynics. Don't complain and send the business to the demnition bow-wows. In other words, don't go out on strike!"

He paused. To his surprise, his homily seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. Barry's gaze had drifted past him to the window, and was now held by something in the outer day. Puzzled by the look of loneliness in his eyes, Mr. Beekman turned to the window. Far in a meadow Muriel was wandering with Tom.

Mr. Beekman turned back to Barry.

"Go out to them," he said kindly.

"You and Tom are Muriel's brothers."

## X

At first, Barry and Tom were content to share Muriel's comradeship. From morning to night, walking or driving or picnicking in the woods, both were with her. On stormy days the three often foraged through the book-shelves, and for hours Muriel, curled up in a big arm-chair, read aloud.

Those were happy days for all of them—half lived, half dreamed. But then the pent-up life of spring burst into summer, and the world blazed, and sparks from the conflagration lit on the two brothers and started their earliest fires.



They began to chafe in their double harness. Getting wilfully out of step, they strained away from each other like fractious colts, until Muriel was at her wits' end for a way to manage them. At last there was nothing for it but to take them singly, which she tried.

Near the house stood a grove of pine-trees, their lower boughs lopped off to the height of a room. The grove was carpeted with the trees' aromatic needles and roofed by the branches patched with sky. On warm nights this was their favorite haunt.

One evening Muriel was lying in the hammock, idly gazing up between two pines whose peaks, like tall, black spires, pierced the heavens. For a long time she had not spoken, but when at last she did speak it was like the kindling of a little light in the dark grove.

"What stars!" she mused. "What stars! They are hanging on the pines just like candles on a Christmas-tree."

Tom, starting up, was plainly baffled.

"I don't see what you mean," said he. "They're so far away."

Muriel smiled dreamily.

"No, they're not. We could shake them off the tree like fruit, and pick them up and eat them. How do you think they'd taste?"

"Sour," gloomily replied Barry, whose stars were still unripe.

"No," said Muriel, "sweet. Wouldn't they, Tom?"

Tom's brows were puckered.

"What are you both driving at?"

"I don't know," she responded idly.

"What do you think they seem like—guardian spirits?"

Tom glanced up for a trial flight.

"More like—like diamonds," he concluded helplessly, with dragging wings.

"Oh, no! Did you ever see diamonds look at you?"

Drawing closer to her, Tom crooked his neck to gaze at them from her viewpoint. His tone was so full of awkward eagerness to understand her whimsical fancy that Muriel laughed at him. Tom rose and withdrew to a distance, much hurt.

Then, for the first time since the beginning of this star-gazing, Barry made a show of studying the heavens.

"I know what they're like," he said,

"just because sometimes they do seem to look at me."

"What are they like?" asked Muriel with hushed daring.

"Eyes," he said.

"Of course—eyes," she replied lightly. "Look up there. Do you see those two close together?"

He had moved his chair nearer to the hammock, and was gazing down at her.

"Yes," he said almost inaudibly. "I see them."

Her lashes fluttered, and she set the hammock swinging gently.

"Oh, Muriel—"

"Well?"

"Won't you be kinder to me?"

"Yes, Barry, if you'll be good."

"If you were kind, Muriel, I couldn't help being good."

"Oh, I don't mean that," said Muriel, still swinging. "I mean, you must be less"—her voice was very low—"less frightening. To tell the truth," she added quickly, "I think you're a spoiled boy."

"If I am, it isn't you who've spoiled me. Besides, I'm not a boy."

"Oh, aren't you?" This with a note of supreme indifference that exasperated him, as she meant it should.

Before he knew it, he had grasped the edge of the hammock to stop her airy swinging.

"No, Muriel, I'm not. You don't know all I've been through. And, Muriel, you don't know how desperately I long—"

What he longed for, he had no chance to name. As it came to the tip of his tongue she tried to swing, but he held the hammock motionless, and this so angered her that she was up in a second and had flitted past him, speaking to Tom.

"Tom, I can name more stars than you!"

Tom was instantly hers again. He saw she was making for the wide lawn, and jumped hastily to his cue.

"I'll bet you can't!" and he went out with her into the evening.

As the two drifted away, Barry rose and went heart-sick to bed.

After that there was a change. Barry, unselfish, sensitive, and passionately considerate of those dear to him, began to

efface himself for her sake and Tom's. She was happier alone with Tom, he felt, and Tom alone with her. Down deep he loved Tom with an elder brother's love, and as for Muriel—already her happiness was his first law.

Then, to his surprise, she suddenly seemed to like him better than before; seemed even to take pleasure in his companionship. When he wandered off alone into the woods, she sometimes sent Tom to search for him. Then she and Tom came together. Once she came alone, and when she found him she laughed at him, calling him an owl, an old hermit.

Then again, just when she seemed to feel fonder of him, and he took heart and showed his feelings, she became as indifferent as before.

And so it went. Though with Tom she was always equable, and grew constantly more dependent upon his stanch good spirits, with the impetuous Barry her moods were so variable that in the end he was like a flame played on by all the winds of heaven.

He was not blind. He saw that she had vanity, and inwardly delighted in his worship. He saw that she was nervously sensitive and timid, although when the case demanded she came to the scratch with a pluck which made him feel a coward by comparison. He saw, too, that she was not always pretty, and he wondered why her magic worked—why he was always, always, irresistibly drawn close to her. At times she was without a ray of beauty. When she was tired or the day very dull, or some village caller bored her with stupid gossip, Muriel looked almost plain. And yet this very changeableness, even this fleeting plainness, somehow fascinated his soul more than her most radiant moments.

## XI

THE years immediately following that first summer passed like a light sleep, and the morning of life broadened.

At college, Tom, inspired by Mr. Beekman, had taken a course in civil engineering. The future lay bright before him. He was to serve his apprenticeship in the West, on one of Mr. Beekman's roads. Later, if he proved competent, and if certain plans matured,

there might be an excellent opportunity for him abroad. A syndicate of French and American capitalists, headed by Mr. Beekman, hoped to obtain certain large concessions in Africa, and Tom was to take part in the surveys and construction-work.

"When a railroad first goes to a place," Mr. Beekman had said to him, "go there ahead of it, and if you're awake your fortune's made."

Barry's career at college seemed less promising. He made a name in athletics; but in studies, as he himself put it, he only slid through. Yet the classical course he took was not without results. Though it did not appear to prepare him for any definite pursuit, it vastly broadened his outlook on life.

Under the influence of all that he read, he began to grow restless. The wandering and adventurous spirit of his ancestors slowly but surely awoke in him, and he longed to see the world. Often he would surround himself with books of travel and maps, ancient and modern, and go roaming in fancy over all the earth.

His enthusiasm was so warm and contagious that even Jim Hicks, the least imaginative of his classmates, caught the fever. Jim's father, it seemed, was a Senator of much influence, and could surely get him a post at some consulate or embassy.

"Barry, you're right," said Hicks one night, fired by the *wanderlust*. "No coop of an office here will do!"

Barry nodded.

"Humdrum money-getting," he said, "is all rot. If you've got to add two and two all your life, what's the use of being born? I'd rather subtract one," he added whimsically.

They sat and smoked their pipes with slow, ruminative puffs. At last Hicks said:

"By thunder, Barry, I wish we could cut loose together!"

Barry nodded. He was too kindhearted to suggest that all his hopes centered on a traveling companion even more desirable than Hicks. In every imagined journey he included Muriel. When the time came—if by any chance she should choose him instead of Tom or any one else—he would take her far away with him to all the old-world cities

he had dreamed of. He and she would go down to tideless seas and classic shores. They would wander into distances as yet unmarred by railroads.

He had built his dream so graphically that it almost seemed reality. Yet of late his visits to the Beekmans' winter home in New York had been less frequent. He believed Muriel preferred his brother. Tom's unimportant devotion seemed more acceptable to her. She was not so much disturbed by it. She was at an age that demanded enjoyment as its right. Her mother had returned from abroad, and Muriel was soon to come out in society. This kept her busy with milliners and dressmakers, wholly engrossed in a perfectly natural and healthy interest in the coming gaieties of her first season.

Barry's love had little to feed on, save the dream. Yet Muriel unconsciously influenced him in many ways. His maturing love for her inspired not only dreams, but a very practical code of living. And the memory of his father's confession and death gave him strength to live up to this code rigidly.

That memory was no longer bitter and distracting. As time went on it fell into true perspective, and he knew in his heart that Colonel Gordon had done him as good a turn as ever a father did a son.

They say nearly every one in college loved Barry Gordon—a fellow in mind and spirit older, than most, but in buoyancy, dash, and innocent recklessness as young as any. He had many moods, and was sometimes very reserved; but when, after a game or race, his youth surged to the surface, they knew he did not keep straight merely because he was tame by nature. And so they forgave him his virtue, and though he was steady, he was popular.

But this code of his was limited more or less to questions of morals. He kept the Ten Commandments, and several others into the bargain, but there were commandments that he did not keep. He had an impetuous disregard for the mandates of the faculty. As Hicks put it, a man like Barry had to let off steam.

In his final year a breach of the lesser law got him into trouble, and a ready observance of the higher law left him there.

Meade, after repeated attempts, had at last entered college. Meade was a cad, and a ready mark for energetic sophomores. There were stories of certain shady practises. He had welched on a bet and dealt queerly in a game of poker.

One night there came a secret, but hot fracas. The freshman class was the target of the sophomore class, and Meade, so to speak, the bull's-eye. To the aid of the freshmen came many juniors; to the aid of the sophomores many seniors—among them Hicks and Barry.

The next day Meade was a sorry sight—not seriously hurt, but soundly punished. The thing caused a great commotion. The president was up in arms. He had but just put a ban on hazing. Who had done this outrageous thing? Who were the ringleaders?

Meade said he was not sure, and that was true. It had been too dark, the affair too whirling and quick. He said he had recognized no one except a senior named Barry Gordon, and that was not true; but the random shot hit the mark.

Barry was summoned at once before the president and several members of the faculty.

Had he been in the row of the night before?

Yes, more or less.

Who else in his class?

That was telling.

Yes, and he must tell.

Not at all! What did they take him for?

They took him for a student subject to the rules of the college and the expedient dictates of the moment. The president was determined to stamp out hazing. If Mr. Gordon did not name his fellow-hazers, he would lose his degree; he would be expelled. That would also mean his exclusion from other colleges.

They gave him his choice, and he took it without question.

Very well, then, he would lose his degree and be expelled and blacklisted.

That morning Barry left college, never to return.

## XII

SEVERAL intimate friends had come to see Muriel dressed for her debut. First at one mirror, then at another, in her white bedroom, she watched the process

with dreamy interest, while her French maid hooked, pinned, and deftly pecked at her, and the critics made feverish suggestions.

Two of these ladies-in-waiting were the Morrison sisters—a pair of fair-haired worshipers at Muriel's shrine. Drooping girls, rather anemic and quietly adoring, they looked like a couple of Preraphaelite angels, and few, save Muriel, could tell them apart.

Another of Muriel's attendants was Kitty Van Ness, a cousin, who from the first had assumed undisputed command. Between her and the rest lay the immeasurable years of wisdom-getting that stretch between the late teens and the early twenties. Practise had made her perfect at the feminine game. Experience—bitter experience—had taught her many things. Marriage and divorce had doubled for her the ordinary schooling of a young woman. And yet nothing really objectionable in the way of scandal clung to her. She had merely been unlucky in the choosing of a husband—too buoyantly sanguine of the male sex. So she held up her head and laughed at life, and, backed by a free conscience, made herself out far worse than she was—merely to appal the gossips.

Her twenty-five years fitted her as becomingly as her clothes—without the trace of an undesirable line or a worn look. It was, in fact, as if she had just put on the years like her dress, and by the innate art that goes with a dashing carriage had hidden the seamy places under an air as decorative as her ribbons.

This air was in full play while Kitty directed the dressing of Muriel. It was nice, for once, to have a chance to be enthusiastic and see taste shown. She would present to society a prize bud, a perfect débutante.

No jealousy clouded this ambition. She loved Muriel—and a bud's a bud but once. Then let her have her little radiant day! Only the meanest of womankind would deny it to her.

Moreover, Kitty was a past master of the art of dressing, and the artist at the moment transcended the woman in her. She was working at the thing she loved best—a serious, nerve-racking business. Her chatter rippled incessantly.

"Suzette, the scissors! Here! Let

*me* do that! You're too French. You Parisians have none of the bud instinct." Suzette lifted her eyebrows cynically, shrugged, and handed over the scissors. "You *will* suggest coquetry," said Kitty, snipping the air with her scissors preparatory to attacking Muriel. "Coquetry comes later. To-day—dreams, an atmosphere of dreams—and Mlle. Muriel stepping out of them into the world. Here, throw these away!"

She ripped off a tiny butterfly-bow from each of Muriel's shoulders and tossed them aside impatiently.

"They're too piquant," she declared. "You have enough piquancy, Muriel, without them. That's not the keynote of to-day. The keynote is vague simplicity. The dreams are still clinging to you, Muriel. Here, Suzette, help me with this gauze."

Kitty kneeled, and with her own hands smoothed down and stroked into place the filmy material that lay like a white mist over the skirt. As she rose, she stepped back and viewed the picture. Her eyes lighted up and she smiled.

"Hello, Psyche!" she said. Muriel blushed. "Psyche to the life," observed Kitty. "That's what you are—Psyche with clothes on, the modern interpretation. Given a Cupid, he would fly to you through the air."

Muriel seemed preoccupied, as if by something remote.

"Then you think I'll do?" she asked, as unaffectedly as if speaking of some one else.

The Morrison twins stood side by side devouring her with their eyes.

"Muriel, you're a love!" murmured one.

"You're a dream!" murmured the other.

Kitty pursed her lips and arched her brows. She had a way of salting insipid compliments.

"And yet," said she, "yesterday you were quite unnoticeable, and to-morrow you may be hideous. I never saw such variability in all my life."

At this moment in came Muriel's mother, a tall, high-bred woman, angular and sharp-featured. On the crown of her head Mrs. Beekman's silvery hair was reared in a majestic pile; but despite the glacial severity of her coiffure, and

the lines of care on the brow beneath it, her skin was still soft, and her thin, hard lips suggested the merest ghost of a Cupid's bow.

Kitty, who until now had not seen Mrs. Beekman since that wandering lady's long absence, went nonchalantly to her and welcomed her back from Europe. Mrs. Beekman responded with a polite kiss.

Kitty stood off and surveyed her admiringly.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed. "I always think of you in brocade, and maroon is certainly your color."

Mrs. Beekman began to melt visibly. Kitty drifted to the window, and looked out across Fifth Avenue and Central Park.

It was an afternoon late in November, and the trees had already lost their leaves. The fretwork of the branches looked like the scribbling of a giant pencil. Just beyond the wall was a pond where in summer children sailed toy boats. To-day the water was still and gray. Kitty glanced up at the sky.

"Too bad," she said. "It's clouding over."

As she lowered her glance and looked down the avenue, she suddenly brightened. Barry and Tom were approaching the house. Kitty turned to Muriel.

"Here come the rivals," she said; and Muriel joined her at the window. "Tom's a dear," Kitty went on, looking down fondly at her favorite. "He walks like a soldier on the march."

"And Barry," said Muriel, "like a soldier on a holiday."

"Yes; but they both look pretty serious," said Kitty with meaning. "They have a determined air. Muriel, which is it to be?"

Muriel, without answering, gazed off wistfully over the park through the complex tracery of branches. Her mother uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Kitty," she said, "please don't put silly ideas into my daughter's head!"

Muriel, smiling, turned from the window.

"I wish I could wake up!" she mused aloud. "I know just what a caterpillar feels like when it is turning into a butterfly."

Then the front-door bell rang, and they

saw her flush and quiver like a spray of sweet peas in a breath of air. Turning, she moved slowly from the room, with her eyes down.

### XIII

BELOW, on the ground floor, the large ballroom had been made ready for the reception. From their ormolu sconces scores of electric candles, backed by small mirrors and softly shaded, diffused a faint radiance over the white and gold woodwork and the old-rose damask of the walls. In the center hung an immense cluster of starry bulbs and crystal prisms, spreading abroad a sort of magical effulgence, like icicles in moonlight. Against the wall, at the edge of this enchanted circle, a gilt-framed French mirror, festooned with roses and flanked with palms, reflected the light and the soft coloring as if in deep vistas through which one might drift endlessly.

As Muriel entered the room from the main doorway opposite this great looking-glass, she saw coming toward her out of the long vistas a figure which, though it was herself and strikingly vivid, seemed so unfamiliar that she stopped a minute to consider it.

Within an hour she would be standing there, quailing under the gaze, as it seemed, of the whole world.

For a moment she had impulses positively cloistral. Girl-like, she had before this passed through the nun phase of feminine youth; and now she reverted to it. To abjure the world and all the vanities thereof, including man and his unknown powers; to yield oneself to spiritual things—the higher life—a vague transcendental seclusion! Why all this dressing up, this show, this palatial room, and the crowd that would fill it? Why this almost public debut? She had a wistful little longing for a nook she knew near a stream in the woods on the old Massachusetts farm.

She gazed into the mirror as if into dim distances through which her image floated impalpably. It was as if the future lay hid there—a mystery that lured her. But gradually she became conscious of a second image, and then of a third, both of which drew near to her out of the far vistas of the looking-glass. Turning,



she saw Barry and Tom waiting, as if in touch with the spell. Immediately the mystical mood left her. She threw off the imaginary grim garb of the convent, and became in a moment as full of life as a bud bursting into flower.

As she greeted them, Tom's honest face fairly beamed with admiration. She heard him exclaim in a bluntly complimentary way that delighted her; but Barry, avoiding her eyes, turned off to the window, and looked out dumbly at the distant park.

The moment would have been awkward but for an immediate interruption. The bell again rang, and presently Burridge, the butler, passed the doorway carrying two white boxes, one very long, the other square and smaller. Tom impetuously went out into the hall, captured the boxes, and brought them back.

"That Burridge," said he, "is too high-handed. He was told to bring these direct to you."

Muriel's pulses quickened. She glanced at Barry. He was still at the window, looking out into the November grayness.

For lack of a table in the bare ball-room, Tom crossed to the grand piano that stood in a corner, and set down the boxes on it. As Muriel joined him, he pulled off the strings. She opened the larger first.

"I hope you will like them," said Tom humbly.

As she looked into the box her eyes shone. It was filled with American Beauty roses—bursting buds and regal, full-blown flowers—the conventional big gift of a conventional big boy. She regarded them with sparkling admiration.

"Tom," she said, "you're a dear! What wonderful roses! They are almost as tall as I am."

"I suppose," said Tom, "they ought to

be arranged with all the rest; but, Muriel"—his voice fell lower—"won't you wear one or two?"

She was still looking at the roses.

"It seems too bad," she said tactfully, "to cut the stems."

With eager haste, Tom took a bud from the box and broke the stem off short. Then he held the bud out to her, ready and wearable; but she was looking at Barry's back.

"Barry," she said gently, "why are you unsociable? What's the matter? There's a box of flowers here I haven't opened."

Barry, turning from the window, came over to her. Tom, hurt, drew away a little with his rose, while Muriel opened the box that Barry had sent. It was full of white violets—not in a bunch, but strewn loose on a bed of maidenhair fern.

Catching up the box, Muriel buried her face in the frail blooms and drank deep drafts of their fragrance. When at last she looked up at Barry, her face was as pale as the violets, and something akin to their delicate moisture trembled in her eyes.

Barry took out a few of the little flowers and fingered them tentatively. Then Tom, his honest soul troubled, came forward again with his rose, and said quite openly:

"Muriel, which will you wear?"

At this moment, as luck would have it, Kitty Van Ness appeared in the doorway. Pausing, she smiled at the tableau.

"What a picture!" she cried vivaciously. "The maiden's choice! What symbolism! A red, red rose *versus* a bunch of white violets!"

They looked at her and laughed awkwardly, Muriel coloring to the tips of her ears.

(To be continued)

#### LOVE'S SCORN

BECAUSE Love greeted me with scorn,  
And mocked me sore but yesterday,  
Shall I, like one forespent, forlorn,  
Follow my melancholy way?

Nay, for to-morrow Love may smile,  
And speak me low and tenderly,  
And life seem like an Eden isle  
Set in a paradisaal sea!

Sennett Stephens

# THE FLOWERING OF VENGEANCE

BY HARRIET L. SMITH

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

AMELIA ANDERSON'S linen-chest was filled and her wedding-gown was bought when Jim Parker's letter came.

"Forgive me, Milly," it ran, "or forget me, anyway. I am married to Polly."

Amelia tore the letter slowly into bits, while her mother stood by and wrung her hands. She did not heed either injunction. She neither forgave nor forgot.

The village was puzzled. It was sorry for Amelia, but she flung back pity in the faces of those who offered it. She tilted her chin defiantly as she walked the street, the target of curious eyes; and in course of time the tide of sympathy turned. The people who were sorry for Amelia grew tired of being snubbed.

It was much more comfortable to sympathize with Polly, who went about shedding tears of contrition and saying she knew it was awful, but she and Jim loved each other so. And when the baby came, the young father and mother had the good wishes of the entire community, while the wronged Amelia, in her proud loneliness, scorned the world's injustice as she had scorned its pity. She grew silent and forbidding, and kept much to herself.

When her cousin Ezra died, and she took his boy, the neighborhood drew a breath of relief—not so much that the little orphan had found a haven as for Amelia's sake.

Ezra had been the shiftless one of a capable family. He had married a black-eyed seamstress from the city, who had never conquered her homesickness for the crowded tenements and who had died when the boy was two years old. Ezra had struggled on weakly, getting farther and farther behind every year. The farm was mortgaged to its full

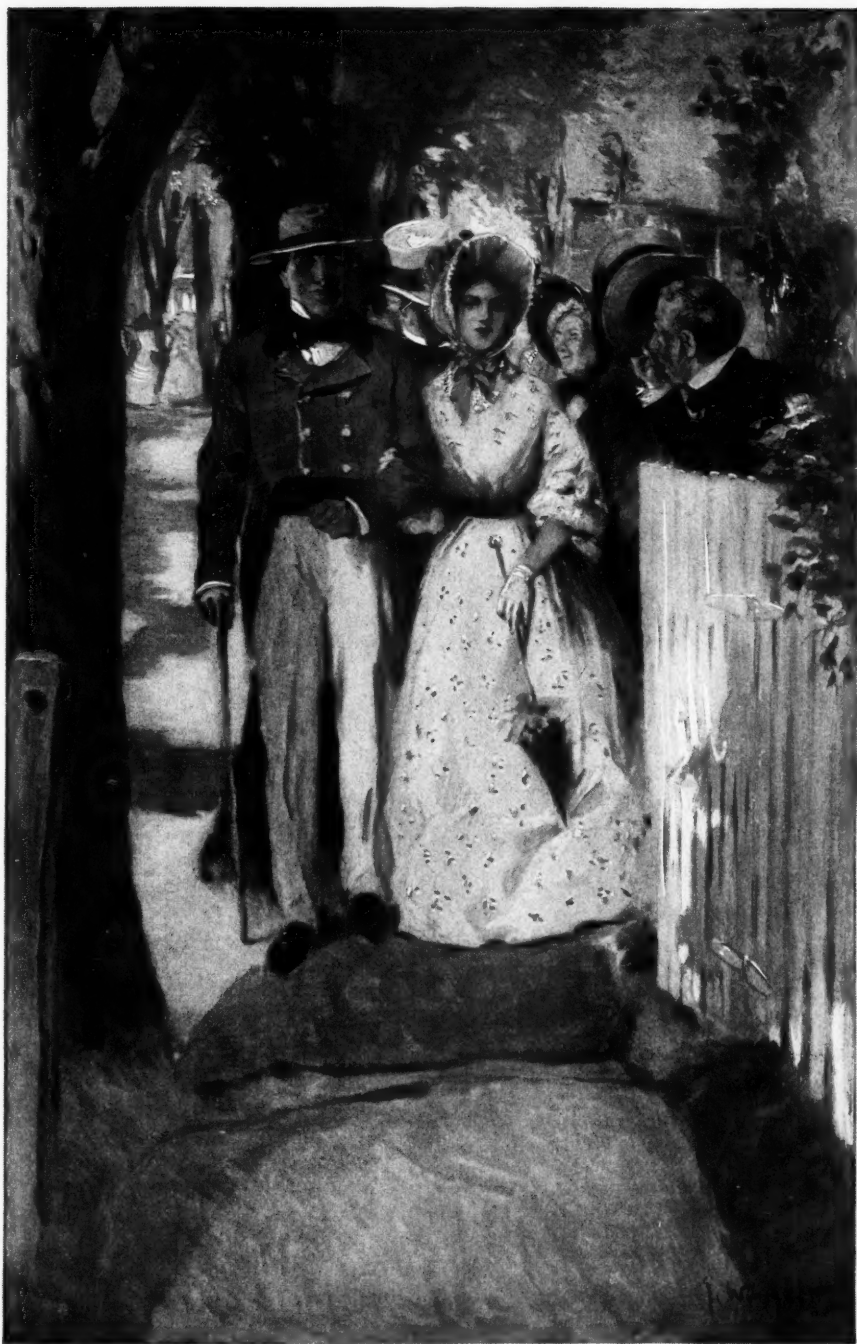
value. He was glad to close his eyes on a world that had been too much for him, since he felt sure that Amelia would not let his son want.

The boy, Richard, had little of his father in him, though he had inherited his mother's beauty. He was big and strong, with brown eyes that always laughed, and dark curls of which he chose to be ashamed. In the village school he looked like some rare tropical plant growing in a field of daisies. Jim's daughter, Elizabeth, shy, sweet, and shrinking as her mother had been, watched him with fond admiration over the top of her spelling-book.

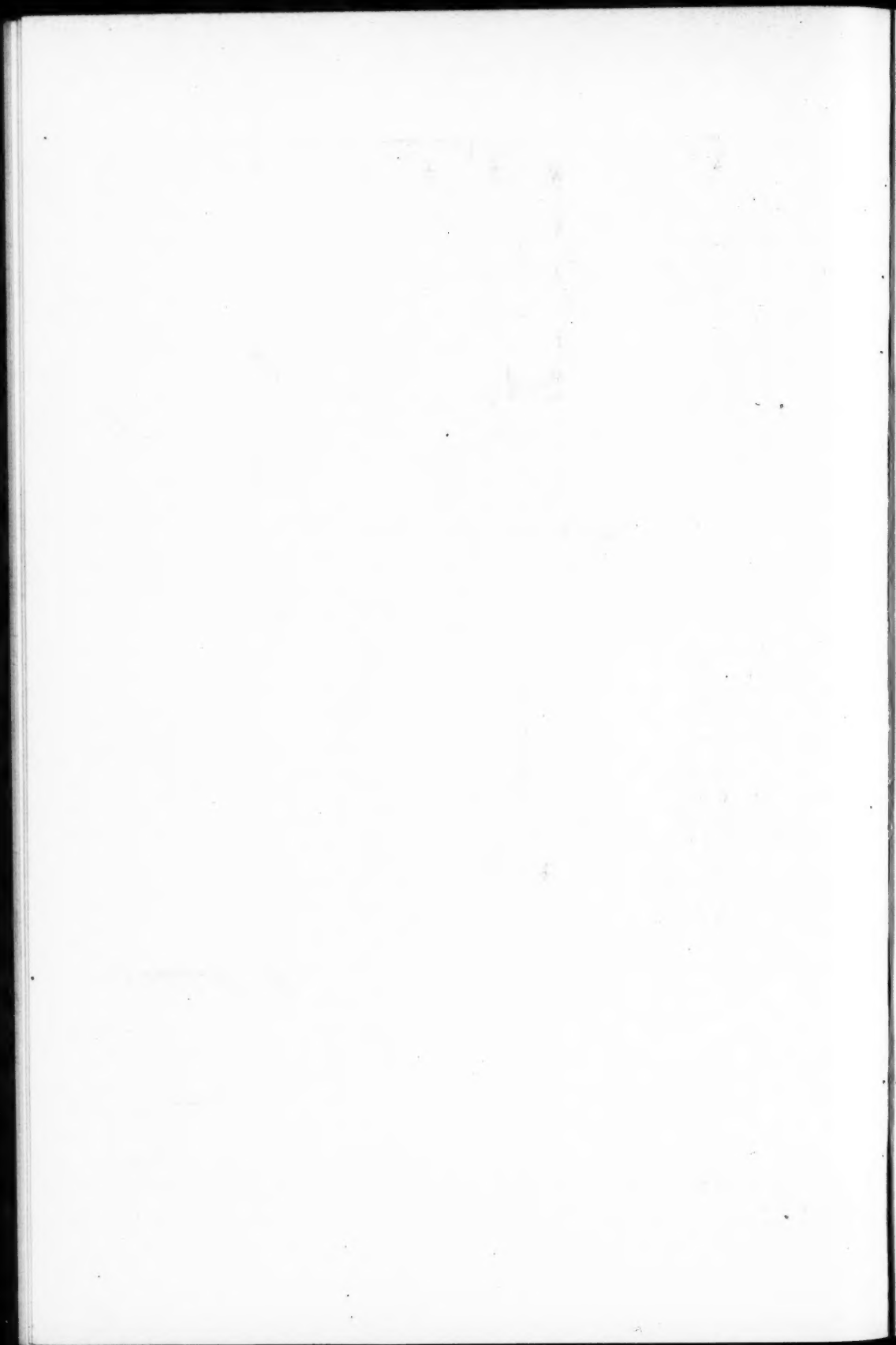
Gossips wondered how Amelia would accept the evident attraction between the two children. It was a great relief to have Aunt Mehitable report that she was taking tea with Amelia when Richard came home bruised, blood-stained, and in high spirits. He had fought with three of his schoolmates, and had vanquished the trio.

"They were teasing Elizabeth Parker, an' making her cry," Richard explained as Amelia brought out the liniment. Aunt Mehitable waited for the storm to break; but it did not come. "She smiled kind of queer," said Aunt Mehitable, in telling the story; "an' says she, 'Elizabeth Parker ought to think a lot of you, for looking out for her.' I guess she thought it time that bygones was bygones, though the Andersons mostly hang on to their grudges till the last gasp."

When Richard was twenty and Elizabeth eighteen, the young people were looked upon as lovers by the whole community. Nothing had been said; but Dick's handsome face was aglow with adoration when the girl came in view,



WHEN RICHARD WAS TWENTY AND ELIZABETH EIGHTEEN, THE YOUNG PEOPLE WERE LOOKED  
UPON AS LOVERS BY THE WHOLE COMMUNITY



and Elizabeth's downcast eyes were more eloquent than even her shy glances.

Amelia had bided her time. Now the moment had come for speaking.

"Dick," she said one day, "I'm afraid that little Elizabeth Parker's getting to think a great deal of you." The boy turned his face away, flushing to the roots of his hair. His strong young body trembled; a sacred confidence was on his lips. Amelia saw it and spoke on quickly. "I want you to stop going there."

Richard looked at her blankly.

"Why, Aunt Amelia, you don't understand! I *want* her to like me."

"And I want you to give her up," said Amelia.

Her eyes met his like steel. She braced herself for the conflict. Richard laughed aloud.

"Give her up? Why, I love her, and she loves me. You don't know what you're talking about, Aunt Amelia."

He had begun with a laugh, but at the close his voice had taken on an almost terrified appeal. He put his hand on hers, but Amelia shrank back from his touch.

"Dick, it's twelve years since I took you from the home where your father lay dead. I haven't ever thrown up at you what you owed me, but now I ask you to remember it. I paid his funeral expenses and his doctor's bill. He hadn't a cent to call his own. I had to get you a new suit, so you could be fit to go to the funeral."

"Yes, Aunt Amelia, I know—"

"Wait—I'm not through. You've been like my son, and I leave you to say whether or not I've been a mother to you. I've gone without to give you what you wanted. I've cared for you when you were sick, and brought you back to life when the doctors thought you were past saving. I sent you to school when other folks had their boys in the fields, saving the wages of a hired man. I want to know if you owe me anything."

"I owe you everything," said Richard Anderson. "You've been father and mother to me."

Again he tried to take her hand, and again she drew it away.

"I've never asked you to sacrifice anything for me. I wouldn't even let you stay away from a party when I was sick.

You've fretted often because I wouldn't let you do enough for me. Now I ask you to do this one thing in return for twelve years' sacrifices. Will you give up that girl?"

Richard got to his feet. In the twilight his young face looked gray.

"Aunt Amelia, if you put it that way—I guess you've a right to ask me anything you like—my life, if you wanted it. I wish you had!" he cried, his voice breaking.

"Oh, you'll soon get over feeling that way," said Amelia, and he wondered at her cruelty, not knowing that her bitterness was not for him, but for the faithless lover of her bygone youth.

## II

Gossip rioted in the village for the next few weeks. What had happened? Had the lovers quarreled? No one knew; but certain it was that the genial Richard had suddenly become a recluse, and could not be seen away from the haying-fields, while Elizabeth was like a fading lily, white and wan and pathetically sweet. Her father raged helplessly, her mother wept, and Amelia Anderson lay awake at night to think over the completeness of her triumph.

Her enjoyment was disturbed, sometimes, by strange, muffled sounds from the room across the hall, where Richard sobbed on his pillow. Then she sat upright, a gaunt, gray figure in the dark, till all was silent again.

"Thank God, it won't last long," Amelia would think, wiping her damp forehead. "It ain't in men's nature to care long!"

One afternoon she persuaded Richard to go to town. The change would do him good, she told herself. Perhaps he would see some pretty face that would capture his fancy. She even arranged an errand to take him to the doctor's, where there were four attractive daughters.

She was in the midst of plans in which the doctor's second daughter figured largely, when there was a sound of wheels in the yard. Richard was back again. He threw the lines upon the mare's neck, and ran into the house. There was a look upon his face which she had never seen there before—a look of desperation. Her knitting dropped



in her lap, and her hands rose appealingly at the sight.

"Aunt Amelia," he said, standing very straight before her, "I'm going away."

"Going away!" she repeated blankly. She took hold of her chair to steady herself, trying vaguely to realize what a life without Richard could mean.

"Yes, I'm going away. I've done as you asked me. I've played coward and traitor. Every decent man must want to cowhide me, and every girl with a woman's heart in her would cross the street to avoid me. But that isn't the worst. I saw Elizabeth to-day!" Amelia moved involuntarily in her chair, and he burst out furiously: "No, I didn't go to her house. I saw her on the street by accident. She's as white as a ghost, and her eyes will haunt me as long as I live. Oh, I'll keep my word to you. I'll break her heart and my own, but I won't stay and look on while she suffers."

He broke suddenly into helpless weeping; and what appalled her most was that he did not even try to hide his tears.

Amelia Anderson arose and put away her knitting. She folded the gingham apron she wore, and laid it carefully aside. Then she came and touched Richard lightly on the shoulder.

"I'm going out for a little," she said. "Promise me you won't do anything till I come back."

Richard's head was down on his arms now, and he did not lift it as he answered, "Very well." Then, as she still lingered, he spoke fiercely: "I promise. What are you waiting for? Don't you know you can trust me?"

She took her sunbonnet from the rail and stepped lightly into the buggy Richard had just vacated. Then, to the surprise and disappointment of Sorrel Nell, she turned to the road.

Amelia Anderson had the reputation of being a considerate horsewoman, but the mare was in a lather when she stopped before the comfortable white house where Richard had so often driven. Elizabeth sat on the porch—a frail, pale Elizabeth, who fluttered to her feet and then ran down the walk at the sight of Amelia's beckoning hand.

"Elizabeth," said Amelia, "will you come home to supper with me?"

The girl looked doubtfully toward the house.

"If I was you, I'd get right in," Amelia said cunningly. "If your pa sees you, like as not he won't let you go."

In an instant Elizabeth was up beside her, and Sorrel Nell was off with a bound.

"Perhaps I ought not to go, dear Miss Amelia," Elizabeth cried, seizing the older woman's arm. "He just stopped coming, and when I wrote and asked him what was the matter, he sent me a little note and told me to forget him." She sobbed over the cruelty of it.

"Did you really want to see him so much?" Amelia asked, and then a slender form collapsed against her shoulder. "Child, child, don't take on so," said the older woman, clearing her throat. "That's my driving arm. Besides, he was just as bad as you were. There ain't many men that can love as women do, but he's one."

Apparently Richard had not stirred since she left him.

"Here, Dick," said Amelia, patting the brown head, "I've brought home company to supper. Suppose you young folks step into the next room and talk things over while I stir up something."

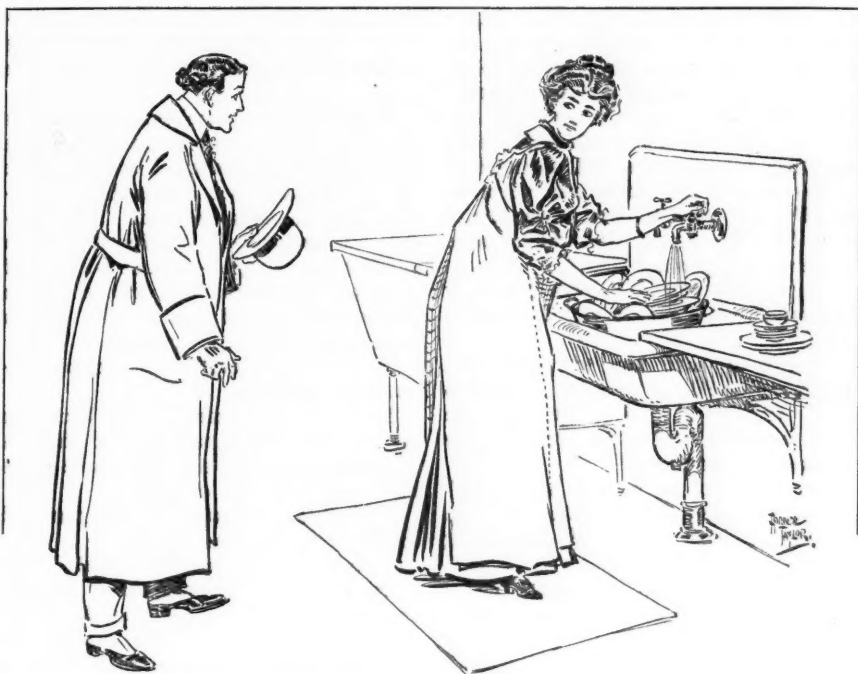
She waited till the door closed upon the two, and then, dropping into her armchair, she sobbed for very joy. The bitterness of twenty years was gone, and in its place was a strange new happiness.

"It's all nonsense sacrificing my broilers and bringing out the fruit-cake," thought Amelia, listening to the sound of low voices in the next room, followed by still more eloquent silences. "They won't know what they're eating. But I hope I've got a sense of what's due a betrothal supper, if they haven't!"

Later, when she was slipping her biscuits into the oven, she smiled over a new idea that had flashed upon her.

"I guess I've got even with Polly Parker at last. She stole Jim from me, and now I'll steal her daughter, for of course they'll live here with me!"

The thought of their happiness swept over her like a wave, drowning the last remnant of bitterness in her heart. Amelia's vengeance, watched and tended for so long, had come to blossoming, and had flowered into forgiveness.



"I HEARD SOMEBODY SINGING, AND I THOUGHT MAYBE I'D FIND ONE OF THE AMERICAN BEAUTIES I'VE HEARD ABOUT"

## MISS FARRAWAY EXPLAINS

BY E. MIRRIELES

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST MESSAGE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

"AND so she left!" Mrs. Farraway emphasized in her pretty, high English voice. "Just went!"

Her sister-in-law nodded.

"It's a way they have in America, Bess. Besides, if she really was sick—"

"Oh, of course! But she didn't look sick. And I said to her, 'If you'll just stay during Lord Robert's visit—'"

"Everything's in order," Miss Farraway interposed. "Why should you care, Bess? You didn't have an establishment at home."

Mrs. Farraway flushed appealingly.

"I know, Nan. But Cousin Robert's the first of my home people, and since they felt my coming away so—"

"In other words, since they didn't approve of George," Miss Farraway substituted. "Never mind; I'll take my horse this afternoon and find somebody, and if I can't—now, just what are you going to do?"

"He's to come on the three-forty. George and I meet him, and we'll have an early dinner. That part will do, because Nieta can serve before she begins putting Polly to bed. But after dinner

I'll have to go in with them and to service at seven. Cousin Robert may not go himself—he very often doesn't—but he'd never get over it if a rector's daughter stayed away. And I can't ask any more of Nieta, so the dishes will stand. And then after service he'll demand to be shown over the place, and when he sees I've no servant—you never could make him understand that things were different at any other time."

"A pleasant person!" Miss Faraway commented. "What do you do to-morrow?"

"We're to take him to town, and George said he'd get you and mother to lunch with us at Tait's. It won't be hard, once he's used to it. And if only he takes to George—"

"George will be in love with him," scorned George's sister. "But we'll do you proud, Bess. Now, if I'm going servant-hunting!"

She strolled toward the door, but at the outer entrance a gust of driven sleet sent her cowering back to refasten her furs, and by the end of her walk home all thought of an expedition had been abandoned.

"For I can do those few dishes," Miss Faraway argued. "Better take an hour this evening than waste the afternoon hunting." With which time-saving resolution she settled down to a half day of reading.

Titled Englishmen are rare in western Pennsylvania. She was at the window when the closed sleigh crunched past from the three-forty train, and she dressed and wrapped herself when dinner was over with a pleasurable sense of excitement. After all, if he had not gone to church—

"But I hope he has," she reproved the thought. "I'd rather meet him at Tait's and be able to say I met him."

Her brother's house was entirely quiet. After listening at the drawing-room door and rattling a furtive dish or two, she fell zestfully to work. The dining-room came first. She scraped and piled and straightened with laudable energy. Then, having borne the results of her scraping in weighty tray-loads to the sink, she closed the door leading into the butler's pantry and turned on the hot water.

She had disposed of the glassware and

silver before there happened the inevitable. Outside the closed door of the pantry there sounded the scraping of a foot.

Now adventure imminent is seldom as attractive as adventure prospective. Miss Faraway's song broke off in the middle of a note and her hands hung halfway between cups and pan. The footstep was undoubtedly furtive, and for a moment she thought—almost with relief—of housebreakers; but soon the door behind her pushed slowly ajar, and a head appeared at the opening.

"It's no burglar," the newcomer announced, smiling.

In spite of herself Miss Faraway smiled back. Bess had not said that his lordship's eyes were as merrily blue as his hair was black and curly.

"What do you want?" she managed to ask with some severity.

"Just a look round the place. I heard somebody singing, and I thought maybe I'd find one of the American beauties I've heard about out in the kitchen. But I see I've interrupted a lady friend who's dropped in for the evening!"

There was frank curiosity in the look that examined her slim hands and appraised the worth of dress and boots. The would-be maid gasped. This would never do. Fortunately most of her toilet was safely hidden under checkedingham, and for her looks—

"Sure I do be here every evenin'," she lied in glib brogue, "an' all day besides. But it's no American beauty I am—jus' two year over from Ireland." She was overdoing it, she was sure, and to lie and be found out was worse than to tell the truth. "An'—who might you be?" she ended rather lamely.

His lordship regarded her genially.

"I—" he began, and stopped. "I'm nobody you ever heard about," he ended after a moment. "But I'm from Kerry myself, an' hungry for the sound of a home voice. If you'll not take offense, I'll be listening to your singing a while."

The touch of brogue in his speech had appeared as abruptly as her own, and Miss Faraway's face burned again at the sound of it. For pure confusion she turned back to her dish-mop, burying her telltale hands in the water. The

stranger picked up a towel and posed himself against a near-by wall.

"I'll be paying my way," he observed amiably. "Now you'd not turn cross at my staying, an' me so lonesome an' both of us so far from home?"

He smiled down meltingly, with a look

ward. The laughter in them was not to be hidden. What a story! What a glorious retort to his lordship's possible criticisms! The mirth in her eyes flashed to his, and unexpectedly they laughed in chorus.

"I'm—not much used to the gentle-



"IF YOU ARE PLEASED TO THINK THAT BECAUSE OF YOUR POSITION—"

which sent little shivers of excitement chasing up and down Miss Farraway's spine. Was it possible the wretch was going to make love to her? And Bess with her stiff English ideas of respect for the head of the family!

"If he does, I'll go to Tait's and I'll tell the story at the table!" she promised herself with inward heat. "I'll give him a chance now, too—if he means to."

"You won't sing?" the intruder punctuated her meditation. "Now, aren't you the cruel one? An' you couldn't look up for a minute?"

Miss Farraway forced her eyes up-

men," she confessed through her laughter. "But what shall I sing for you?"

"You will be used to them," her audience prophesied. "D'you know you've the eyes like sunshine on water, an' the man that looks into them— Sing me something about eyes like yours. There was a song I heard out of a phonograph the day we got to New York—'There are eyes of blue, there are brown eyes, too.' Do you know that one?"

"I don't believe I do," Miss Farraway regretted; "but there's something about eyes in 'Annie Laurie.'"

She began softly on the opening line



"PLEASE, MA'AM, HE'S HELPIN' ME WITH THE DISHES"

of the old ballad, and he joined her, but, somehow, the verse languished before its completion.

"I could sing better if it wasn't for watching all the while, thinking a robin's coming out of your throat," he complained. "How do you do it—that sound that makes you think of spring mornings?"

Miss Faraway glanced up in gratified surprise. It was a phrase that she had needed in listening to singing.

"It's home it makes you think about, too," he went on judicially. "Do you recollect the mornings before you come over—how the birds'd come out, with the rain coming down, and you at the door with your face turned up to the sky to see if 'twas clearing? What part did you come from, my dear?"

"From—outside of Dublin," Miss Faraway ventured. She had been abroad the year before, and this scrap of territory was comparatively her own.

The man nodded. "Two years you've been over. I was there last spring on a visit, and you could see the place had lost something. Now, if somebody was to ask you to go back again—"

"He *is* making love!" flashed through Miss Faraway's mind. "He must make a business of flirting with maids. Now, if he only proposes to take me—"

"I've sure missed it," she answered, not certain of her idiom, "with all the good friends I left and the little brown cabin—"

"And the peat-smoke on the hearth and the smell of the cooking," cried the man.

He had moved closer to her, and was looking down with smiling lips and eyes memory-shaded. It came over her suddenly how perfect was his acting; came over her, too, that she also could act. She was thrilling with genuine longing for a past she had never known.

"And—the childer," she played back.



"And the good old mother in the corner, and the dancin' in the square at night! Oh, what did we get for the leavin' of it? Just nothin' but the sight o' new pl-aces and longin' for the ones we've left! Are you ready yourself for the ol' sod?"

"I—I," murmured Miss Farraway helplessly. What on earth was the proper kitchen-maid answer to unexpected romance? "I don't think—"

"Not for a little brown cabin of your own, and a fire on the hearth, and your own pig and chickens? Sure, you'd not need to call them," the man urged. "They'd come for the looking at you." He was very close now, and suddenly, as she drew back, his arm slid around her and his lips brushed against her own. "Not for *that* along with it?" he questioned.

"You—cad!" gasped Miss Farraway.

No bog-trained limbs could have rounded the table more quickly to put its safe deal surface between them. On the farther side she stood panting, rallying her shaken dignity to one superb denunciation.

"If you think," she quavered, "if you are pleased to think that because of your position—"

"And beyond is the butler's pantry and then the kitchen. Shall we see those?" interrupted a voice—the high,

sweet tone by which you could always tell when Bess was being nagged.

There was no time for an answer, there was no time for flight. The door swung open, and—husband and wife in uneasy background—Miss Farraway watched the advance of a stout, fair, stolid Briton.

"Very compact! Really very cozy!" he was condescending amiably. Then, as there reached to him some current of the kitchen's electric air, he became for a moment conscious of its human occupants. "Hope my man hasn't been making love to your maid, Elizabeth. He's bad that way. Just ask her, will you? Has he been annoying you, my girl?"

Miss Farraway raised her head. In a flash she took in the group—her brother's astonished face, the bravery of Bess's smile. The culprit's glance was upon her, unabashed, gleaming with satisfaction. Tell? Of course the brute would tell—a good story over the shaving. And as for his lordship's comprehension—

She had weighed the chance of it before the "Why, Nan!" of her brother's greeting had time to reach completion. But it was to Bess she spoke.

"Please, ma'am, he's helpin' me with the dishes. I heard somethin', an I called him in for the company," explained Miss Farraway with flaming cheeks.

#### THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL

ONE lazy day, when Time was yet a youth,  
And Greece was all the world, and fable truth,  
The gathered gods—some jest had stirred the thought—  
Decided that a jewel should be wrought;  
A jewel fairer than the fairest flower,  
Unknown, unthought, undreamed-of, till that hour.

The sun-god first, Apollo, gave one ray,  
Fresh plucked from off the glowing orb of day;  
Chaste Dian gave a moonbeam, matching this,  
As faintly fragrant as a mother's kiss;  
A purple aster then Dame Ceres gave,  
And Neptune snatched the foam-crest from a wave;

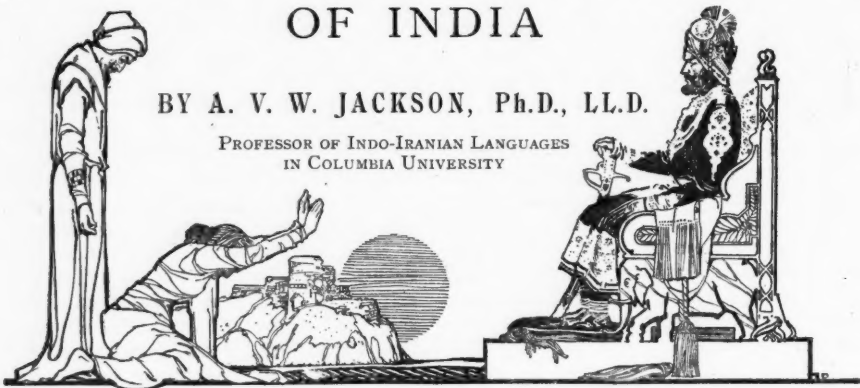
All-thundering Jove, benign in majesty,  
Gave next a patch from out the bluest sky;  
And Vulcan added, last, a tongue of flame—  
And so the blushing, blinking opal came;  
And from that day, the fair who wears the stone  
Has made the gifts of all the gods her own!

Warwick James Price

# THE WEALTH AND POWER OF THE NATIVE PRINCES OF INDIA

BY A. V. W. JACKSON, Ph.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF INDO-IRANIAN LANGUAGES  
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



**J**EWELS, wealth, luxury, pomp, and regal state—such is the picture we are prone to frame of India's native rulers. Yet this is not by any means a complete representation. The Indian raja who wears the gem-decked turban of sovereignty bears no light burden if he wears it conscientiously. The ancient Sanskrit law-code of Manu, which has been handed down since ages before the Christian era, has a special division dealing with the duties of kings, and drawing, for future rulers, a portrait of the ideal monarch. Fear of God and devotion to the Brahman priests are the first obligations of the sovereign, but it is also prescribed that his life must be one of unceasing toil in behalf of his faithful subjects.

The same section of this ancient code enumerates the virtues that a king should possess and cultivate, and it describes in due order the eighteen cardinal vices which he should avoid. Even if not lived up to, then or nowadays, some of the elements in this early "Mirror of Princes," if I may so term that part of the Manava-dharma-śāstra, can never become antiquated, because of the high standard they established. In like manner the Hindu youth is still taught to look back upon Prince Rama, the beau-ideal of kings in the days of India's

legendary lore, as the prototype of all that is noble and exalted; and it is from the Solar Dynasty founded by that perfect prince that the present Maharaja of Udaipur proudly traces his descent.

So much may be said, by way of introduction, with regard to the ancient standards and examples prescribed for the guidance of Indian potentates. Nor can it be charged that these lofty precepts have never been put into practice. The Buddhist king Asoka, in the third century B.C., and the enlightened monarch Akbar, who founded the Mogul empire in the sixteenth century A.D., were princes of the blood to whom the title "great" rightfully belongs.

## THE NIZAM OF HAIDARABAD

Chief among the native rulers of to-day, with respect to the number of subjects that he governs and the extent of territory that he controls, is the Nizam of Haidarabad, in southern India. His kingdom, which is twice as large as Ohio or Kentucky, and has eleven million inhabitants, first became conspicuous two centuries ago, at the time when the Mogul Empire crumbled; and this Moslem ruler is acknowledged to-day to be the most powerful of the feudatory lords of Hindustan. Great Britain recognized his dignity by investing him with the Grand Cross of



THE JEWELS OF AN INDIAN PRINCE—THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA, WEARING A SCARLET VELVET CLOAK EMBROIDERED WITH PEARLS VALUED AT MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS, BESIDES SEVERAL COSTLY NECKLACES AND A TURBAN DECORATED WITH ROPES OF LARGE DIAMONDS

*From a photograph by Herang & Higgins, Mhow, India*

the Order of the Bath, when he came to Delhi, in 1903, to attend the durbar and swear allegiance to Edward VII, the newly crowned Emperor of India.

rule of this sovereign has done more than that of any other raja of Hindustan to promote education and to further the welfare of his people. It needs but a



THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR, RULER OF A SMALL NATIVE STATE IN NORTHERN INDIA—THIS PRINCE, WHO IS OF THE PATHAN RACE, ALSO POSSESSES PEARLS

*From a photograph by Cowell, Simla*

Probably the most enlightened of all the rulers of the native states is the renowned Gaikwar of Baroda, the Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao. The beneficent

few minutes with this progressive prince to discover that one is in the presence of a remarkable man. His searching glance but kindly eye, his quick, incisive speech,



FOUR YOUNG PRINCES OF PATIALA—PATIALA IS SECOND IN SIZE OF THE NATIVE STATES OF THE PUNJAB, IN NORTHWESTERN INDIA, AND THE RULING FAMILY IS OF THE SIKH RACE

*From a photograph by Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta*

his frank and open manner, his logical, clear-cut thought, the eagerness that he displays in seeking new ideas, and the wise judgment that he shows in his estimate of men and matters, are in keeping with the restless energy that springs from his high spirit.

The Gaikwar was the first native prince to introduce free and compulsory education throughout his domain, and his lead is now being followed in other states. So impatient is he to further the public good that he seems, at times, to chafe under the obstacles that impede the progress of his well-devised measures. And yet, with all his busy life, he has found time not only to govern his kingdom admirably, but also to travel in foreign countries in search of broader views. Two years ago he even visited America. Some leisure has likewise been reserved

for writing scholarly essays, among which is a short critical treatise on "The Education of Indian Princes." One of his young sons is at present studying in the United States, while a brother of the Gaikwar has emulated Western examples by founding a public library in the capital city of Baroda.

#### THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE

By the side of the Gaikwar and the Nizam of Haidarabad stands the young Maharaja of Mysore, descended from a line of kings that have ruled since time immemorial in this rich province of southwestern India. Because of a rebellion in 1831, the British government deprived Mysore of its privileges as an autonomous state for fifty years; but in 1881 its rights were restored, and it is now one of the best-administered feudatory governments





THE LAKSHMI PALACE, RESIDENCE OF THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA, A HUGE MODERN BUILDING WHICH DOMINATES THE CITY OF BARODA, THE GAIKWAR'S CAPITAL

in the whole Indian Empire. As a mark of his honor and dignity, the Maharaja of Mysore, like his two compeers already mentioned, is entitled to the full military salute of twenty-one guns on state occasions. The Maharajas of Gwalior, of Indore, of Jammu and Kashmir, of Kolhapur, of Udaipur, and of Travancore are among those whose approach is heralded by nineteen pieces of ordnance; while other princes are honored by corresponding salutes on a decreasing scale down to eleven guns.

#### THE RULER OF KASHMIR

Impressive among the figures at the grand durbar in 1903 was that of the Maharaja of Kashmir, in whose veins flows the blood of the Hindu Rajputs. He rules over a state almost as large as the Nizam's, the jewel of his realm being the beautiful Vale of Kashmir, whence came the rich draperies and antique Kashmir shawls that decorated the snowy tents of his temporary encampment near Delhi. A transport of three hundred horses and a hundred wagons, together with eight elephants and as many camels, conveyed his retinue of fourteen hundred attendants from the mountains of the

north to the plains around the historic city of the Mogul emperors.

The opulence and splendor of India's native royalty was also well represented by the chieftains of Rajputana, and by the sumptuous retinue that followed in the train of the Maharaja of Gwalior, with his score of superb elephants and nearly three hundred horsemen. The garden that was laid out with fountains and palm-trees to be the center of his royal encampment almost rivaled the beauty of the palace-courts of his own ancestral capital.

The grandeur and magnificence of the palaces of the Indian rajas is generally on a par with their wealth. In some of the petty principalities no great ostentation is to be expected; but in the royal abodes of the greater native rulers are to be found the art and luxury of East and West, combining to lend perfection in appointments and decoration, and to recall the bygone glories of the Grand Moguls. Retinues of servants stand ready at command, and troops of richly caparisoned horses await the royal summons at any moment. On festival occasions, ponderous elephants, gaily painted and laden with heavily embossed trappings that are

only less resplendent than their gorgeous howdahs, march forth in solemn state. At other times, these huge creatures are pitted against one another in savage combat, to the delight of some royal gathering—a barbaric sport that was the favorite pastime of the Mogul emperor Jahangir, three hundred years ago.

#### A RAJA ON HIS TRAVELS

A good example of Indian magnificence was furnished by the Raja of Jaipur when he visited England in 1902, to be present at King Edward's coronation. The raja chartered a special steamer to convey him and his large suite of followers and attendants. The ship was especially fitted up with six different kitchens. It contained a temple paved with marble for the family idol, and carried a plentiful supply of water from the holy river Ganges, so that the Hindu prince might receive no contamination from partaking of the waters of Europe. The expense of the entire undertaking is said to have been more than thirty lakhs of rupees, or a million dollars; but the raja's prodigality was mingled as well with princely generosity, for he gave more than twenty lakhs of rupees in donations to charity as an incident of his royal journey. The Raja of Jaipur's capital city is modern, as cities go in India. Its first building was erected less than two centuries ago, and it is laid out in the checkerboard fashion of Chicago and Philadelphia. Kipling calls it "a pink city, to see and puzzle over."

#### THE TRAINING OF AN INDIAN PRINCE

The education of the young native princes is an important and serious problem, as will become clear from a perusal of the tractate written by the Gaikwar of Baroda, mention of which has already been

made. Some of these youths are trained at home by special tutors, some are sent to England for instruction, and some are educated in the schools and colleges of India, like the institutions established at Ajmir, Rajkot, and Indore, expressly to give a fitting education to scions of the royal stock. In each of the three methods of procedure there are advantages and disadvantages, as the Gaikwar specifically states; and he does not hesitate to criticize the curriculum of the



SIR SAYAJI RAO, GAIKWAR OF BARODA, A MAHRATTA PRINCE  
WHO IS THE MOST ENLIGHTENED AND PROGRESS-  
IVE OF ALL THE NATIVE RULERS OF INDIA

*From a photograph by Langhew, London*

specially founded colleges as not sufficiently high in standard for the purpose they have in view, and as inadequate for

There can be no question that education in athletic exercises and physical culture is not neglected in India. I remem-



THE NAWAB OF BAHAWALPUR IN HIS STATE DRESS, WHICH IS RICHLY DECORATED WITH PEARLS AND DIAMONDS—BAHAWALPUR IS THE LARGEST OF THE NATIVE STATES OF THE PUNJAB, AND ITS RULING DYNASTY IS MOHAMMEDAN

*From a photograph by Johnston & Hoffmann, Calcutta*

the training that might best fit young princes for their future duties. But progress will be made with time.

ber, for instance, seeing a young prince, a lad of about six years of age, going through his morning's régime at day-



A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THE MAHARANA OF UDAIPUR, WITH CHAIRS AND TABLE OF CUT GLASS—UDAIPUR IS ONE OF THE RAJPUTANA STATES, AND ITS RULER PROUDLY CLAIMS DESCENT FROM THE GREAT BUDDHA HIMSELF

light, as I was on my way to Bodh-Gaya to visit a scene made sacred by Buddha's memory. When the little prince had completed his matin devotions under the direction of the Brahman priest, who was his spiritual preceptor, he was handed over to his gymnastic teacher, who put him through a course of vigorous exercises. It reminded me of the daily routine that formed part of the training of the youthful Prince Siddhartha—afterward the Buddha—in Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."

The effect, moreover, of outdoor sports, as cultivated by young Hindu nobles, is exemplified by the renown won by Prince Ranjit Singh, now ruler of the little state of Nawanagar, who for several years played with the Sussex county cricket team, and proved himself one of the very best batsmen in England.

A welcome opening in a somewhat kindred field of activity for the sturdier sons of chiefs and kings has in recent years been made by the creation of an

Imperial Cadet Corps to serve as a body-guard of honor for the viceroy. The establishment of this corps has met with general favor, and the fine appearance made by the princely troop, mounted on curveting steeds, and attired in handsome uniforms of white and sky-blue, capped off by turbans crested with a rich aigret, was one of the noticeable features of the *darbar* of 1903.

#### ENGLAND AND THE NATIVE PRINCES

In conclusion, it may be said that England's treatment of the native princes and principalities has been marked, as a rule, by wise judgment, just liberality, and diplomatic skill. Her control, which is largely exercised through example, influence, and guidance, but sometimes by restraint, has its severe critics, but the preponderating opinion is that it has been a beneficent one.

To preserve at least a partial oversight over the affairs of each feudatory state, the British government maintains a resi-



THE RAJA OF JAIPUR, WHO GOVERNS THE MOST POPULOUS OF THE RAJPUTANA STATES—THIS HINDU PRINCE WENT TO ENGLAND TO ATTEND KING EDWARD'S CORONATION, AND SPENT MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS ON HIS JOURNEY

dent, or political agent, whose duty is to represent the British crown, and to exercise a general advisory control over the course of the local authorities. In "The Naulakha," Rudyard Kipling has given a curious picture of the manner in which a native prince of the lower type chafes under the restraining hand of the resident.

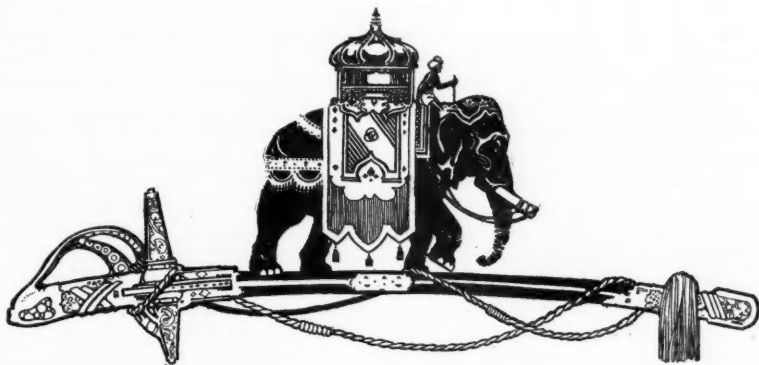
Through these British functionaries, or ultimately through the viceroy, the principalities must deal with one another and with the imperial government; nor may they engage in war or conclude terms of peace, or enter into any negotiations with a foreign power, or even have a foreigner employed in their service, unless it be with the sanction of the power



behind their thrones. On the other hand, and by way of return, their ancestral rights are supported by Great Britain's rule; and they enjoy the justice, safety, and protection that are guaranteed them by her dominion.

The assertion is commonly made that if Britain's strong hand were withdrawn, anarchy in India would at once ensue, and that the rival princes would soon betake themselves to internecine wars.

Many of the more enlightened natives, however, strongly combat this view; and as the world knows, a vigorous movement is now afoot to secure, if not independence, at least a greater measure of self-rule for the three hundred million inhabitants of the great Asiatic subcontinent. Any discussion of the prospects and probable results of such a movement belongs to others than the student of Sanskrit.



#### A LUTE SONG

I KNOW not whence it came  
To haunt the twilight hour—  
A ghost of song without a name,  
There in the garden bower—  
A melody that seemed to be  
The fragrance of a flower.

*Softly, my lute! The strings dispute;  
They say, "Sweetheart—a flower!"*

I know not where it went,  
Low quavering afar—  
A breath of music like the scent  
Of rose-leaves in a jar—  
A melody that seemed to be  
The whisper of a star.

*Lightly, my lute! The strings dispute;  
They say, "Sweetheart—a star!"*

I know the song was sweet—  
So tender that it drew  
A captive down to Beauty's feet,  
To be her lover true;  
A melody that seemed to be  
The very voice of you.

*No more, my lute, the strings dispute;  
They say, "Sweetheart—'tis you!"*

Frank Dempster Sherman

# STORIETTES

## A Quiet Path to the Pierian Spring

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

ON the morning of the class election the situation began to seem desperate. Even the girls who had had sisters in college and knew all about the college traditions had never heard of such a disorganized state of things. The class was so evenly divided on all points that it looked as though neither side could ever succeed in electing its nominee, especially as there was no enthusiasm for either of the candidates.

The class of the year before had carried out of college all the dashing, popular-with-everybody, brilliant sort of girls. In fact, there seemed but little material available for any of the usual college activities. It was decidedly an "off year." The seniors stood about the hall of the dormitory, discussing affairs with hectic intensity. Lobbying and combinations had all failed; somehow there was no leader. They were going to class-meeting that afternoon like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, actually to vote by chance on whoever happened to be put up.

Suddenly a sophomore dashed up the steps, her face glowing with importance. "What do you think?" she cried to the first group she encountered. "You remember Annette Walker, who was to graduate with last year's class, and went home at the end of her junior year to come out in society? Well, I was down at the station just now, and I saw her get off the train, and, sure as I live and breathe, it looked as though she was coming back to graduate! She had a trunk and suit-cases and her tennis-racket and things!"

The news ran along the corridor like an electric shock. Annette Walker! Was it possible that she was to be a classmate—she, the darling of the college, whose disappearance at the com-

mand of wealthy and worldly parents had been such a blow to the class before them—Annette Walker, who was regarded as the type of the girl of their college, the girl who *could* do everything, and did? As though every one had spoken out, there rose a unanimous sigh of relief at a problem solved. Thank Heaven that she had come before the class election. The very finger of Providence pointed her out as the class president. She was the most expert wire-puller in college, her politician father's own daughter; she could instantly devise some scheme for fusing into one harmonious whole the disunited class. And more than this, all the other things she could do! In a momentary pause, every one thought of that particular accomplishment of Annette's which meant leadership in her own pet activity, and then with one concerted movement they all turned toward the door.

As if making a stage entrance for dramatic effect, this was the moment when up the steps ran lightly a tall, athletic girl with an alert, aquiline face, already marked by drawn lines of nervous concentration. Behind her came a man, evidently her cab-driver, who carried two suit-cases, a pair of *skis* over his shoulder, and a bag of golf-clubs. The girl herself carried a violin-case, a tennis-racket, a pair of snow-shoes, and over one arm a sweater with a letter on it. She swung along with a firm stride of familiarity with her surroundings and looked about her masterfully. In an instant she was the center of a throng of girls whose brown and black heads hid all of her but her sandy hair and dashing little hat.

The first really articulate question which rose above the clamor came from Gretchen Hartmann, and it was articulate because her deliberate, Teutonic

speech forced attention. "Why, Annette," she asked with an unimpassioned interest, "how did you happen to come back?"

Annette turned her head to answer, but she was overwhelmed in the chorus from the others. Without even the most momentary council of war both parties of the seniors were asking her to be their candidate for the class presidency.

"Sure!" said Annette crisply, "I'm with you!"

"And, oh, Annette, won't you be *Cyrano* in the spring play? One of the girls' sisters played in that in the Boston production, and she thinks maybe she can get us the use of the original costumes, but we thought we couldn't do it because there wasn't a soul who could do *Cyrano*. But now here you are, with your perfect French accent and just *made* for the part!"

Annette flashed a humorous eye at the speaker. "Is my nose as bad as that! *Merci pour le compliment!* Yes, I'll do it. I'm in for everything this year. It's my last chance."

At this declaration there was a stir among some younger girls on the other side of the circle. "Oh, then you'll be president of the *Deutscher Verein*, won't you? You know so many distinguished Germans, from your father's being in that steamship line, you can get just everybody here to address us. And we'll give a play, too. We'll give 'Maria Stuart,' if you'll be *Maria*."

Annette's gray eyes sparkled. "Bully!" she cried. "Won't I, just! It'll be the first chance I've ever had to act in skirts, and do the heavy feminine. I've got a bet up that I couldn't if I tried."

The leaders of the seniors had withdrawn for a hasty rearrangement of their plan, and now the college-play committee and the German element fell away, also discussing possibilities—all but Gretchen Hartmann, who roused herself from her rosy calm long enough to ask again unhurriedly: "Oh, Annette, how did it happen that you could come back to college?"

Annette opened her mouth to answer, but the words were drowned in a sudden onslaught from a fresh group of girls in outdoor costume, who arrived breathless. "Why, Annette, you old dear! You *are*

back! We wouldn't believe it. Say, will you be candidate for the captain of the basket-ball team? We've got a ripping team this year, and if you'll captain us we've got every team in New England beaten, hands down."

"Who's playing?" asked the girl, and listened with a shrewd and calculating attention to the names and positions rapidly reeled off. At the end she nodded with a man's quick decisiveness. "I'd be a fool not to captain a team like that. If you can elect me, I'll take it."

She turned to the man with the suitcases, who was sunk by this time into a semi-comatose condition of dazed bewilderment. "Bring those along this way," she commanded briskly, and, followed by a trail of girls, she moved down the hall and up the stairs. "I've got a room engaged right here in the center of things," she told her satellites. "It's funny nobody happened to drop on to my coming."

Gretchen Hartmann stirred to action again. "Say, Annette, *why* did you come?" she queried. "I thought your people wouldn't let you. I thought you had to—"

She was interrupted by the arrival of a middle-aged woman with a manner of great dignity, who advanced upon them with an outstretched hand. "I'm very glad to see you back, Miss Walker," she said impressively. "I've been thinking of you lately, and as I am on my way now to a meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association I should like to know if you will act as leader for that organization this year, and represent the college at the Silver Bay conference. We expect to have a year full of varied activities, and your talents as an organizer would be of great service to us."

Annette's thin face flushed with pleasure. "Indeed, I will, Professor Morton," she said earnestly. "You know my brother has just decided to go into the ministry, and we are all so much interested in everything of the sort."

She turned away into the little room, opened and full of girls by this time, and sank down on the couch. Her dauntless young eagle-face showed haggard lines.

"Why, Nettie, you don't look a bit in good condition," cried one of her ad-

mirers anxiously. "You seem fairly ragged! You've been living indoors too much. Up here you must get out more. Oh, I say, won't you help me to start a hockey club? There's going to be a bully place for it on the new pond."

Annette's thin body straightened itself with a snap. "I'll *do* it!" she exclaimed resolutely. "All last winter I used to get fairly cross-eyed with rage at a man who said that women couldn't play a decent game of hockey. We'll get up a series and show him."

Gretchen Hartmann sat down by the American girl and took her thin, dry hand in her own plump one. "Annette, you haven't told me yet why you came back to college."

"I know it, Grettie. I've started to a dozen times, but somebody keeps putting in. Why, you see, the *mater* got worried about—"

A girl dragging a cello passed along the hall in front of the open door. As she caught sight of the occupants of the room she gave a loud cry of amazement.

"My sainted mother! If it's not Annette Walker dropped down from heaven in our hour of need! Annette,

are you real? Are you flesh and blood? Glory be! Our first violin is provided for! Herr Radelheimer has been tearing his hair. He'll drop dead of joy! Just wait till I tell him!"

She had disappeared before she finished speaking, trailing after her the heavy instrument and a comet-like shower of exclamations.

Gretchen Hartmann turned again to her friend, but Annette's face contracted into a petulant grimace of nervous fatigue.

"Grettie Hartmann, if you ask me that again, I'll shake you—and I won't promise not to bite you! You know I'm as nervous as a witch, anyhow, and you've been asking me that one question just like a clock ticking. Now listen and I'll tell you!" She spoke with a tired emphasis of exasperation, the lines about her mouth twitching. "I was allowed to come back because the *mater* got worried about me, and a doctor told her I'd break down if I didn't have another year of perfect quiet and retirement before I really go into society. I'm all knocked out nervously, and so it's me for the quiet life, don't you see!"

## Miss Trench and the Twins

BY MARTHA WHEELER

THE cold November downpour had continued all the morning, and at one o'clock, when the pupils were dismissed from Miss Trench's School for Girls, the outlook was discouraging.

These were the early weeks of Miss Trench's venture, and she had need of all her courage. As yet there were only three boarding pupils in the family, and these three were desperately homesick. They wept copiously, refused to eat, and between lachrymal showers wrote long letters home, whose pitiful appeals the young principal surmised.

Miss Trench stood watching the day pupils as they rapidly disappeared in the rain-swept vistas of Fifth Avenue, when her dreary meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the butler, presenting a card.

"Mrs. William Raworth Wilberforce

Cronyn!" Miss Trench read the name aloud. "I never heard of her!"

"Let me see her for you," begged Helen Seaton, a friend who rejoiced to act as buffer in the new *ménage*. "She is probably some person who wishes to supply the marmalade."

"That name is certainly a mouth-filling label for the marmalade, but"—Miss Trench brightened visibly—"perhaps she is the mother of prospective pupils. The card looks more like that."

"Whoever she is, she is no lady," interposed Miss Agatha Hinkel, aunt of the principal. "She is no lady to call at this hour, when you ought to have your luncheon."

"Aunt Agatha, you're not a business woman! Luncheon must wait when one deals with mothers, and be given up entirely if one hasn't them *to* deal with!

Yes, Nell, I wish you would take a look at the lady with the lingering name."

"This is no case for me," declared Miss Seaton, returning a moment later, wreathed in smiles. "You yourself must see Mrs. Cronyn at once. She is charming—an Englishwoman, the daughter of the Bishop of Dolchester!"

"My dear Miss Trench," began the exquisitely modulated voice of Mrs. William Raworth Wilberforce Cronyn, "eagerness to place my daughters under your instruction caused me to brave the elements—and ruin a new gown! I was sent by an old pupil of yours—Margaretta Dalmeron was her maiden name, she tells me—now the wife of our family physician, Dr. Meriden, in Newark."

"Yes, indeed, Margaretta Dalmeron was one of my first pupils. I trust she is very well?"

"Feeling quite fit, she told me yesterday, when she advised me to entrust my daughters to your care. They are twins, Miss Trench, and passed their fourteenth birthday two weeks ago."

"Oh, twins! How interesting!"

"We think so." The mother smiled indulgently. "All my life has been spent in England till a year past. My father is the Bishop of Dolchester, Miss Trench, and I am more or less familiar with the trend of scholastic interests in the United Kingdom; but I understand you are much more progressive on this side, and we—my husband and I—are anxious that the twins shall profit by the larger opportunities. They are entirely unlike. Mildred is petite, a blonde with much talent musically; she is impulsive and impatient of control, but you will know how to deal with that. Muriel is an overgrown brunette. She needs to be spurred on. They are both good children, and have never given us one moment's serious anxiety. Have you two small rooms vacant?"

"I have, and shall be happy to show them to you if you will not mind the stairs."

"Not in the least. I wish to inform myself of the details of your home life to-day, for I should like the twins to begin school on Monday, if you can be ready for them then."

"We are ready for them now," Miss Trench answered, with a laugh. "One

is not overcrowded in the opening weeks, I find."

"The dear children have already lost so much time that I am delighted at the prospect of their being with you Monday next. By the way, may I ask if you are a relation of Canon Trench in England?"

"Not to my knowledge," the principal replied with a trace of wistfulness.

"It is an unusual name, and I believe you must be related. Canon Trench is a family friend whom I have revered from childhood." Laying a caressing hand on the younger woman's arm, she continued: "Your name brings you very near to me."

Mrs. William Raworth Wilberforce Cronyn was a careful mother. She left no stone unturned, no stair unclimbed, in the pursuit of her investigations. As the two women were descending the staircase, they met Josephine Ingerton, the most homesick of the trio of boarding pupils. Mrs. Cronyn seized both of the young girl's hands. "You *will* be good to my daughters in their strangeness and loneliness at first, Miss Josephine?" she begged.

"I reckon we *will*, Mrs. Cronyn." Josephine now had something to live for; twins were in the air.

In the lower hall Miss Trench added a few well-chosen words of welcome for Mildred and Muriel, and ventured to express the hope that their progress in the school might be what not only their parents, but also the Bishop of Dolchester and Canon Trench, would heartily approve.

As the visitor was opening her umbrella in the confidential shelter of the vestibule, Miss Trench voiced her deep regret that the rain still fell in torrents.

"It doesn't matter about me; I'm neither sugar nor salt," the bishop's daughter said, "but I had planned to do some shopping before going home. I brought a check to cash, but"—glancing at her tiny jeweled watch—"by this time the banks are closed. However, another day will serve the purpose."

"Haven't you accounts with the shops down-town?"

"With several of them, yes—but this is Warnold's, where I have never had occasion yet to shop. They import some



special fabrics which I intended to purchase to-day for school frocks for the twins; but it isn't of the slightest consequence."

"Perhaps I can cash your check," Miss Trench suggested, "if it isn't too large."

"I believe it is for twenty pounds—one hundred dollars, I should say," Miss Trench gasped her helplessness, and the other said: "I must simply make another trip, that is all."

"I have forty dollars in the house," the principal explained. "I'm sorry it isn't more, but you are welcome to it if it is sufficient for your purpose."

The bishop's daughter made a gesture of refusal, but Miss Trench had already started up-stairs. When the young woman reappeared, Mrs. Cronyn once more waited in embarrassment:

"If only I hadn't talked so long about the twins, I could easily have reached the bank before closing time!"

"I'm very glad you were explicit," Miss Trench replied. "I shall understand the children so much better, and yourself as well. I believe, you know, in the fullest cooperation between the parents and the school. If all mothers were like you"—she thrust the forty dollars into Mrs. Cronyn's hands—"our burdens would be easier."

Mrs. Cronyn tucked away the money in her dainty purse.

"I shall accompany the twins on Monday, and of course"—she blushed becomingly—"the first post to-morrow will bring you my check."

"Don't speak of it," said the principal. "I'm only too happy to be of service to the mother of the first twins in the history of the school."

Bowing repeatedly, she watched Mrs. William Raworth Wilberforce Cronyn signal to a cabman and drive away smiling. It was interesting to observe that she did everything well.

In the meantime Miss Agatha Hinkel was fuming with futile indignation. Her niece's luncheon was so long delayed that she had visions of acute indigestion, culminating in a marble angel on a broken column in Woodlawn. Miss Trench was compelled to season her belated meal with choice morsels from the two-hour conference.

"Such a careful mother! Why, she

even arranged the hours for the twins' shampoo."

"All Englishwomen are like that," Miss Seaton affirmed. "So particular about the welfare of their family; and Mrs. Cronyn, of course, as the daughter of the Bishop of Dolchester, would overlook nothing."

"Well, I don't care whose daughter she is," declared Miss Agatha Hinkel with some warmth, "she's no lady! No lady would have kept Ruth from her luncheon two hours by the clock."

In the early hours of the next morning Miss Trench remarked:

"Do you know, Nell, I have been thinking about the twins and their fascinating mama."

Miss Seaton beamed.

"Let me confess that I, too, have considered the possibility of securing the bishop to deliver an address at commencement. That was your thought, I fancy?"

"No, Nell. The bishop seems rather far away this morning."

"It isn't far with these fast express steamers, Maidie, dear," her friend expostulated.

The principal slowly shook her head. The other waited hopefully.

"Of course," Miss Trench began, "everything may be all right, but the more I think of it—that charming personality—that exquisitely modulated voice—that perfect manner—and that—that check to cash!" She paused. "It certainly does look like—like those things one reads of in the newspapers at times."

"Maidie, how *can* you?" The horror in Miss Seaton's voice implied desecration of Westminster Abbey. "How *can* you?" she repeated, as the idea grew upon her. "The daughter of the Bishop of Dolchester, and *such* a lady! It isn't like you to be suspicious."

"No, and it isn't like the daughter of a church dignitary to tramp around in the rain. It was not a shower yesterday. *She*, at any rate, did not get caught."

"Your friend Margaretta Dalmeron still lives in Newark, I suppose? You might write to her."

"I shall do nothing of the kind—today."

For some reason both women found especial interest in the postman's calls

that morning, though they consciously shunned each other's eyes when they found that there was no communication from Mrs. William Raworth Wilberforce Cronyn. As time went on, the subject was avoided except by Miss Hinkel and Josephine Ingerton. Miss Hinkel exclaimed at frequent intervals: "I knew she was no lady from the first!" and Josephine's eagerness to greet the twins

grew greater day by day. She dogged Miss Trench's footsteps, and would not be put off.

Finally, one evening after prayers, the principal took Josephine aside and told her briefly but distinctly that the twins were *not* coming; yes, it was very sad, but they had been obliged to change their plans, and Josephine would kindly never refer to them again.

## Ann Bostwick's Studio Lunches

BY GRIFFIN BARRY

WHEN Ann Bostwick's funds fell to a certain very low level, she could see Giant Despair in the corner of her patch of a hall bedroom. She tried to cover him up by hanging certain "honorable mentions" in that corner, and later she was able to add one drawing with a blue ribbon on its edge; but when she opened her flat purse he was inside that, as grim as ever.

To make it worse, a career was not all she would leave behind when she had spent all her money—all of it, that is, except the price of a ticket to her home in a certain New England village. Even to herself she would not admit it, but there would be another wrench when she saw the last of a certain wearer of corduroy breeches, who, for all the air of him, might never have worn anything nearer creased trousers in his life. He was a Westerner, and the critics said that he painted "freer and bolder" than any other student in the big school.

Tom Graham and she had a painting-room acquaintance which extended to lunch-time, when they usually nodded shortly to each other from opposite ends of the same soda-fountain. He lunched on egg concoctions, with hot chocolate and crackers to boot; she, on malted milk.

There had been a time when Ann used to have a sustaining egg put in her thin drink; but that was in the days of her father's remittances—prodigal days, when she spent as much as twenty cents in car-fare, on a Sunday, to fill her lungs with God's fresh air as it blew across the Hudson. When the remittances ceased, instead of eggs and car-rides, she bought

baked beans and fresh paint-tubes. In fact, she kept reducing her food outlay, nickel by nickel, until sometimes she weakly wondered if after all courage doesn't depend on diet. She ought to have been told that a tumbler of malted milk isn't enough to keep the blood in your cheeks at noon, when your breakfast has been two cold squares of chocolate, following a fifteen-cent dinner the night before.

Then something strange happened. Everybody noticed that Ann perked up—especially the "mixologist" before the fountain, who had often slipped a little more than a fair ten cents' worth into her tumbler. But this was different; for now an egg appeared daily, and sometimes two, while the check she paid was the same. The mixologist—his regular customers dubbed him that—benevolently showed his gold fillings when she walked away with better color and a high step.

Ann dodged his eye and returned no thanks. She hated taking charity, even while she swallowed it. She hated it only while she was before the counter, however. She forgot everything she wanted to forget in the resulting power. It leaked from her finger-ends to the canvas for hours, on the days when she had two eggs. About this time she sold a drawing to a magazine, and in came another prize for her work in oils.

One fall day, however, the keen wind that raked Broadway helped Ann through the door bodily. The mixologist looked her coat up and down, then caught it between his fingers to feel how thin it was.

"Pretty sharp breeze, miss," he said.

"You need a fur coat—one o' them new dog-skins, now."

He stopped in the face of Tom Graham, who had come in for his lunch. Ann, sensitive about her shabbiness, choked over her egg and got out quickly.

Later—an hour after Tom Graham had left the counter—she came back with twenty nickels in her humpy, frayed black purse. It was nearly all the money she had. She talked to the mixologist with a red face.

"Here is the money for the eggs. Of course I expected to pay it as soon as I could. Very, very much obliged. I know there were just twenty, for I kept track. Perhaps you'll let me add something, just to even things up?"

The mixer plucked at his celluloid collar, wiggled his shining patent-leather shoes, and turned away.

"I didn't mean any offense about that coat," he said over his shoulder.

"Of course not. It is getting cold."

"Well, and I wasn't responsible for those eggs, either. It was the man with the velveteen pants. He paid me for 'em

in advance one day, after you went out. I was to slip in three dozen, one by one, as long as you came in here."

Ann's finances were in that critical state when the loss of a dollar makes the whole difference; so she closed "honorable mentions," blue ribbons, and wrecked hopes into a home-bound trunk that evening, and thought out a note to Tom Graham meanwhile. She lacked the nerve to go and thank him.

When she opened the door to a man's thumping, late in the evening, she even lacked the nerve—or the food—to stand up. Tom Graham was breathless after a climb of three flights, but he caught her to save a fall, and then, to save an explanation, he told her he loved her.

It was enough for Ann when he said passionately that he couldn't see her grow pinched for food any longer if he had tried, for "women of your sort don't go hungry where I come from." Then he drew hasty sketches of the mountains on his Colorado ranch all over her white paper.

They have built a studio there now.

## An Incident on the Bridge

BY BURKE JENKINS

IN the grim light of early dawn, the man peered over the low rail of the bridge and looked long into the reflection given back by the dull waters.

Sunk deep, as even this crude mirror showed, lay the tired wrinkles about the eyes—wrinkles that told their own tale of struggles against odds; of struggles in the cause of an ideal against the heavy odds of practical, material poverty; for the man was young—little more than a boy—and he was an artist.

The hour of dawn is a trying one. Ask those who have stood a like vigil. At that time even muddy waters, sluggish in the slow, seaward tide, hold their own enticing invitation of oblivion. And the man was very tired.

The sharp clatter of a pair of over-driven bays whirled the man at the bridge-rail to instinctive avoidance of the wheels. The carriage passed.

In the very second of its passing it seemed as if the faint light of morning jumped a notch toward brightness, to give the man at the rail a full vision within.

What he saw in there was the face of another man—a face wrinkled, yes; but wrinkled into telltale lines which the deep-sunk, shadowed eyes corroborated. Thin eyebrows were lifted in the inane leer of sodden debauch, with cheeks and nose bloated to the habit.

The man in there was rich; but he was evidently no artist—even in his own sorry line.

The carriage clattered on, leaving the man at the bridge-rail alone with a rising sun.

"Why," said he, "I'm better off than he is. I need only money!"

Then he squared his shoulders and took the same direction as the carriage, back into the city.

# THE ROOM BEYOND

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "HIS FATHER'S SON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. VICTOR HALL

CAROTHERS had been sitting with his head on his hand. It was a habit that was growing on him. In the last few weeks he was more and more frequently to be found in that position, pulling himself together with a jerk at the banging of a door or the entrance of his clerk. He had grown thinner, and there were whispers of nightly dissipations that left their mark the next morning in congested eyes and nervous hands. But the men who knew Carothers knew better.

The clock in the square chimed two, and he came to himself with a start. His watch, lying on the desk in front of him, was open at the back. Carothers looked guiltily at the door and snapped the watch shut. Then he took his hat and went out.

When he reached the hospital the doctor had not arrived. Carothers remembered the proverbial tardiness of the profession and cursed his own punctuality. Everywhere around him were the hush, the bare cleanliness, the dreary



"YOU HAVE SEEN HER LATELY, DOCTOR. IS—IS SHE MUCH CHANGED?"

gray, of the hospital corridors. There was something in the swept and ungarished emptiness of the place that reminded him, as he waited in the little reception-room, of the bleakness of the last two months. The place was cool, too, after the glare of the street, and Carothers shivered.

When he was asked to go up-stairs he followed mechanically. It was not the first time he had been there. He remembered that corridor to the right, where he had taken the deposition of a dying murderer. The man had killed his wife for loving another man, and then had put a bullet through his own lungs. Carothers wondered dully if it were not rather the better way. It was over quickly, for one thing. One didn't keep on and on, with a dull ache that—

"Will you wait here?" the attendant asked, opening the door into another small, bare room, a replica of the one down-stairs. "The doctor has telephoned that he will be here soon."

Carothers did not sit down. A nurse in a white gown was writing at a desk, now and then consulting a brown note-book. She was as impassive as everything else, Carothers thought.

It was a warm day, and the window was closed. Carothers raised it an inch or two, then he turned to the nurse.

"Does it make any difference if I open the window?" he asked. "Germs—or anything of that kind?"

The nurse looked up.

"Not at all," she said briskly. "Open it if you wish."

"I was to meet Dr. Hilliard." The silence had been oppressing Carothers, and he was glad of any excuse to talk. "It must be time for him."

The nurse consulted the watch in the broad band of her apron.

"He will be here very soon," she said, and went on with her writing.

Carothers paced the room, his hands in his pockets. Finally he stopped near the desk.

"I don't know how you women stand it here," he said. "I haven't been here fifteen minutes, and I feel as if the walls were closing in on me. It seems like a huge piece of machinery, with about as much feeling. They feed people into the wheels and cogs, and grind off an

arm or an appendix—I suppose I'm nervous. It's hot to-day, and this smell of drugs knocks me out."

The nurse smiled a little, but she looked keenly at Carothers's haggard, handsome face.

"We are not all pieces of the machinery," she said gently. "You'd better sit down, and I'll bring some ice-water."

When she came back, with a rustling of starched skirts, Carothers was still standing by the desk, looking at the records on it.

"This is what I mean," he said. "Here you say, 'Twenty-one slept badly; was very nervous, asking constantly for the baby; has not yet been told the baby is dead.' Let me see—not two dozen words, and—I suppose you're used to it, but there's the tragedy of a life right there."

The nurse bunched her papers and locked them in a drawer.

"It is a sad case," she said, "but visitors are not supposed to see those records."

Carothers resumed his pacing of the room. It seemed to be a sort of ante-room. Now and then a nurse bustled through, or a smooth-faced young doctor. From the other side of the door came the muffled sound of conversation, and now and then a metallic jingle that set his frayed nerves on edge. The nurse was marking zigzag lines on a black-and-white chart.

"It couldn't do any harm to tell me a little about twenty-one," he said finally, pausing beside the desk. "It—it haunts me, for some reason or other."

The nurse looked faintly annoyed at his persistence.

"It isn't really as bad as you think," she said. "It was a young baby, and she still has her husband."

"I think you overrate the value of a husband as an asset." Carothers could not keep the bitterness out of his voice. "It is only the woman who—ah, doctor, punctual as usual!"

The nurse got up as Dr. Hilliard came in. He was talking to her as he shook hands with Carothers and glanced over the brown note-book.

"Has Dr. Stevenson arrived?" he asked briskly.



"About ten minutes ago, doctor."  
 "Tell them to start, please, Miss Lyons. I'll be there in a few minutes."

## II

As the nurse went out, Hilliard looked sharply at Carothers.

The doctor had been looking over the charts with practised eyes. Now he put them down with almost unnecessary deliberation.

"Billy," he said gravely, "how long is it since you forced Alice to leave you?"



"DR. STEVENSON WANTS YOU AT ONCE. THE PATIENT IS SINKING UNDER THE ANESTHETIC"

"Pretty well used up, aren't you, Billy? Heat, and all that?"

"Especially 'all that,'" Carothers said. "But I'm not sick. If you brought me here to talk about my condition—"

"I didn't," the doctor interposed. "To tell you the truth, I'm not much interested in your condition."

Carothers did not resent the tone or the implication.

"You brought me here for something," he said wearily. "What is it? Some poor devil's will, or what?"

Carothers stopped his nervous pacing; he was very white, and his nostrils dilated nervously.

"Why?" he asked, after a minute.

"It's over a month, isn't it?"

"Two months," Carothers said sullenly. "Two months of hell!"

"I'm glad of that." The doctor was polishing his glasses and holding them to the light critically. "I'm glad it has been a bad time." Then his indignation suddenly mastered him. "My God, boy, if it has been that to you, what has it



"SHE ISN'T DYING, IS SHE? YOU CAN TELL ME THAT, ANYHOW!"

been to Alice? If you lived a thousand years, do you think you could ever atone to your wife for one week of that time?"

"We needn't go over it," Carothers said dully. "If you wish to tell me what you think of me, why not some other place than this?"

The doctor was plainly struggling to be cool.

"If it had been only your wife," he said, "the injustice would not have been so terrible; but if you couldn't think of Alice, why couldn't you think of little Marjorie?"

Carothers turned on him fiercely. "Think of her!" he snarled. "Do I ever think of anything else? Don't I sit like a blatant ass in the office staring at this and letting my business go to the devil?" He had taken his watch out, and with unsteady fingers was opening the back of the case. He looked lingeringly at the miniature inside—the mini-

ature of a baby girl, with wide, candid brown eyes. Then he held out the watch to the other man. "You have seen her lately, doctor," he said hoarsely. "Is—is she much changed? They grow so fast at that age, you know."

He was watching the doctor with wistful eyes. Hilliard looked critically at the picture.

"Yes, she's like that," he said. "She's like her mother."

Carothers groaned under his breath and went to the window. All the beaten-down, fought-out emotion of the last two months was coming back, smothering and choking him. If he could only have shrieked or stormed! But here, in this quiet place—

"You never understood, doctor," he said at last, still looking with unseeing eyes through the window. "If you had had to go home, night after night, to that quiet house—why, the very sight of the empty nursery at the head of the stairs, with the toys all standing around in stiff rows!" He stopped and choked. "I've been stopping at the club lately."

The nurse came in and said something in a low tone. Carothers was not listening; he was back in the empty house, with the rows of toys and the stillness. As the nurse went out, Carothers turned slowly.

"What's Stevenson doing here?" he said suspiciously. "This isn't any plan of yours, is it, to—"

The doctor held up a warning hand.

"Any interest I may take in your affairs is not on your account," he said. "When I see a young and innocent woman turned out of her home, or practically so"—as Carothers made a gesture of dissent—"by the man who has sworn to care for her—thrust out to the tender mercies of people who are always glad to see a beautiful woman in the dust, in the mud—by the Lord, Billy Carothers, I can't help hoping that there's some-

thing coming to you some day in the way of punishment!"

Carothers had flushed. Now he came and stood before the doctor, his chin low, his eyes a somber fire.

"What did you bring me here for? To tell me that my wife is—all that she should be? I tell you, I know better. Stevenson always loved her; he was crazy about her, poor fool! If he had married her, who knows? Perhaps he'd be where I am now!"

"That will do!" The doctor was losing control of his temper.

"They thought he'd shoot himself when Alice married me. Not he, the—oh, well, what's the use? Stevenson—it was always Stevenson, even after we were married. He came almost every day. When Marjorie was old enough, it was his toys she played with; it was his candy she sickened on. It was Uncle Stevie this, Uncle Stevie that. I fell over Uncle Stevie's dolls on the stairs. Alice read his books and brightened her rooms with his flowers. It was always Stevenson!"

"Did it ever occur to you that he came professionally?"

"Bah! I got no bills for professional visits!"

"That was a mistake, certainly," the doctor said dryly.

An orderly in a pink-striped coat came hurriedly from the room beyond and said something in a low tone. The doctor questioned him anxiously.

"I'll go in," he said, and the man hurried away.

"And then," Carothers went on, as the door closed softly, "she went to the theater one afternoon. I thought she was depressed, and it might cheer her. Poor fool that I was! I stopped at a corner to get some violets." He laughed a little, an ugly, ominous laugh. "Violets! And she went past, in a cab, with her head on Stevenson's shoulder!"

There were sounds from the other room now—a scraping of chairs and slightly raised voices. The doctor watched the door. When no one came, however, he turned to Carothers.

"You're a queer family," he said, "you Carotherses. You are money-getters, all of you. Your only intelligence is your financial intelligence. You are

all the same. Your mother died before your father would believe she was ill. Your intentions are good, I think, but you lack the finer instincts."

Carothers picked up his hat.

"Dr. Hilliard, I don't intend to allow you to quarrel with me," he said. "If you have finished this interesting dissection of myself and my family history, I will go."

"Don't! I have not finished." The doctor ran his fingers nervously through his thick gray hair. "Billy, you have never been ill, that I can remember." Carothers looked at him silently. "You have never been ill, and you have a morbid shrinking from illness in others. You needn't deny it; I know. It's a family characteristic. Did it never occur to you, that night when you refused to allow Alice to explain—did it never occur to you to imagine—the truth?"

"The truth?"

"The truth. Billy, if your stupidity was not an excuse, I think I'd shoot you. Do you think you can believe me when I tell you that for years Alice has been a sick woman? That there have been times when she could scarcely move, and yet she got up and dressed to be bright for you when you came home, tired? She knew you, you see."

"Good Lord!"

"I couldn't help her, and I turned her over to Stevenson. It's too late to be sorry for that. He did his best for her; your persistent blindness was the greatest handicap. That afternoon when you saw her with him in a cab she had fainted at the theater."

Carothers's hat had dropped from his hand and lay unnoticed on the floor. His world seemed to have slipped from under his feet suddenly, without warning. There was nothing left but a suffering woman, and the injustice of those last bitter months.

"Where is she?" He had groped for the back of a chair and was holding to it. "If she is—is ill—" Then the old doubts came back. "You are absolutely sure?" he asked. "She might tell you that, and—"

"Will you never understand?" the doctor said impatiently. "Isn't there a grain of humanity in you? I tell you—"

The door into the room beyond opened

suddenly, and Miss Lyons came in. She was startled out of her impassiveness, and her face was rather white.

"Dr. Stevenson wants you at once," she said nervously. "The patient is sinking under the anesthetic."

The doctor was at the door in an instant. Then, with his hand on the knob, he turned.

"I brought you here," he said, "because I thought you might be needed. Stevenson is operating—making his last stand to save Alice's life. If you have a prayer to say, say it now!"

### III

As the door snapped shut behind Hiliard, Carothers stood gazing at it with stupefied eyes. She was in there, then! She was failing, even now her life might be going, going, and he had shut himself out! He was on the other side of the door!

All the awful possibilities of that room beyond came to him, overwhelmed him, buried him. She was there, beyond his reach; he had always failed her, and now he was failing her again. He staggered to the door and fell against it, hiding his face in his shaking arms. Out of the blackness came the little homely things he had tried to forget—her little gaieties, the way she slept with her hand under her cheek. He remembered the night she taught Marjorie her baby-prayer. God, what kind of a fool, what kind of a beast, had he been?

After a while some one touched him on the shoulder. It was a strange nurse, with a hypodermic-tray in her arms.

"Let me pass," she said. "Hurry, please;" but still Carothers barred the door.

"How is she?" he gasped, his throat dry and rasping.

"I don't know," the nurse said evasively. "Let me pass, please."

"Not until you answer my question. Has she—has she a chance? She isn't dying, is she? You can tell me that much, anyhow!"

He had caught her by the shoulder, and she wrenched herself free angrily.

"If you don't stand aside—" she began, but Carothers was beyond reason.

"You can tell me something," he said, his face livid. "Can't you see I'm going

crazy? Oh, you're not a woman; you're a machine!"

"Every instant you keep me, you are lessening her chances," the nurse said coldly.

Carothers reeled aside, and the door shut in his face. From the room beyond there came a confusion of muffled voices, of hurried steps on a tiled floor. Now and then, too, there was a metallic jingling—Carothers knew what it meant, and with his head on the little mahogany desk he sobbed tearlessly.

After a wait that seemed ages long, a doctor came out and hurried to the telephone beside the desk.

"Where's that oxygen?" he called excitedly. "This is the worst pharmacy I ever saw! I sent for oxygen five minutes ago. Yes, for Heaven's sake, hurry!"

Carothers gripped his arm as he turned.

"How is she?" he said, struggling for composure. "She isn't—she isn't dead, is she?"

The doctor looked away. He was young, and things were bad in that next room.

"Try to think of something else," he said. "There has been a sinking spell, but she's living, and we never give up while there's life."

The relentless door closed behind him. Carothers could have beaten at it with his hands. Perhaps there was something that could be done, and they would forget to do it. Or the knife might slip—those things happened sometimes; but not with Stevenson, and Stevenson loved her. It was only another draft from the cup of despair to know how much better, more unselfishly, Stevenson had loved her.

The door into the hallway opened, but Carothers did not look up.

"Now just wait here and sit still," a woman's voice said, not very steadily. "That's a sweetheart. I'll come back."

As the door closed, Carothers glanced up. A little girl, a slender little girl with wide, candid brown eyes stood just inside the door. In her hand, clutched tight, was a tiny bunch of withered nasturtiums. Carothers looked and choked.

"Marjorie! Little Marjorie!" he said, and caught her in his empty arms.

"Muvver's sick," she said, when his

first emotion had spent itself. He had put her in a chair, and dropped on his knees in front of her, his head in the little white lap. "Muvver's sick. I brought her these flowers."

Carothers swallowed hard to find his voice.

"Yes, muvver's sick—very sick, baby girl. Maybe—maybe she's—oh, baby, baby girl, what shall we do without muvver?"

"When the lady comes back, I'm going in, and I'll

As the little prayer went on, the last of the old bitterness slipped away. With the Amen he was on his feet, catching the child up.

"We're going in, Marjorie," he panted. "We don't care for them, you and I. She belongs to us, and we're going to her. We're going to see muvver."

With the child in his arms he took two



"IF YOU WILL BE QUIET, YOU MAY GO IN—FOR ONE MINUTE"

put the flowers in her hand and go out without talking. Uncle Stevie said if I wouldn't talk, I could go in. I was sick once, and Uncle Stevie gave me bad medicine. I was mad at him. I wouldn't say 'God bless Uncle Stevie' when I said my prayers."

"If you have a prayer to say, say it now," Dr. Hilliard had said.

"Listen, baby girl," Carothers went on. "Muvver is sick, there in that next room. And perhaps, if you would say your little prayer, it would help to make her better. Say it, will you, honey?"

Marjorie slipped out of the chair and dropped on her little bare knees.

"Now I lay me," she chanted. "Hold my flowers, will you? I don't want to spoil them. 'Now I lay me down to sleep—'"

or three uncertain steps toward the closed door. Then it quietly opened, and Stevenson came out. He was very pale, and his steady eyes looked sunken. Marjorie wriggled gleefully.

"Uncle Stevie!" she cried.

But the two men faced each other in silence. Then Stevenson stood aside and motioned to the door.

"It is over, Billy," he said steadily, "and I think she will live. If you will be very quiet, you may go in there—for one minute."

"Uncle Stevie!" Marjorie gurgled, twisting to reach out her baby arms to him; but Stevenson made no sign in response.

With the child in his arms, Carothers staggered through the doorway into the Room Beyond.



# GEORGE MEREDITH, THE DEAN OF ENGLISH NOVELISTS

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

"**B**RAINS will beat grim death if we have enough of them!"

This was a saying of the old buccaneer *Kirby*, a character in one of George Meredith's novels, and it is an apt opening phrase for a sketch of the famous English novelist and his career. Brain, sheer brain, has carried him well beyond grim death so far as this world's immortality is concerned. When the twenty-second or twenty-third century sums up the tale of intellectual activity in the nineteenth, the name of George Meredith must surely be in the list. His mind is too biting, the foundation of his work too deeply rooted in human experience, his sympathies too wide, and his battle for the freedom of women too chivalrous, to admit the oblivion which will then have closed upon names now equally famous. For sheer mentality he is one of our highest; unique in that he seems apart from all the intellectual currents of his time.

When we think of the novelists of the mid-Victorian era we think of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope. As one of this company, George Meredith's name seems a negligible quantity. Yet he was the contemporary of the rest, reviewing their books and praising them, while they were probably careless of his, and certainly ignorant that their most powerful rival for lasting fame was the young man whose novels, in their green and purple dresses and orthodox three-volume bulk, lay unregarded on the shelves of Mudie's Library.

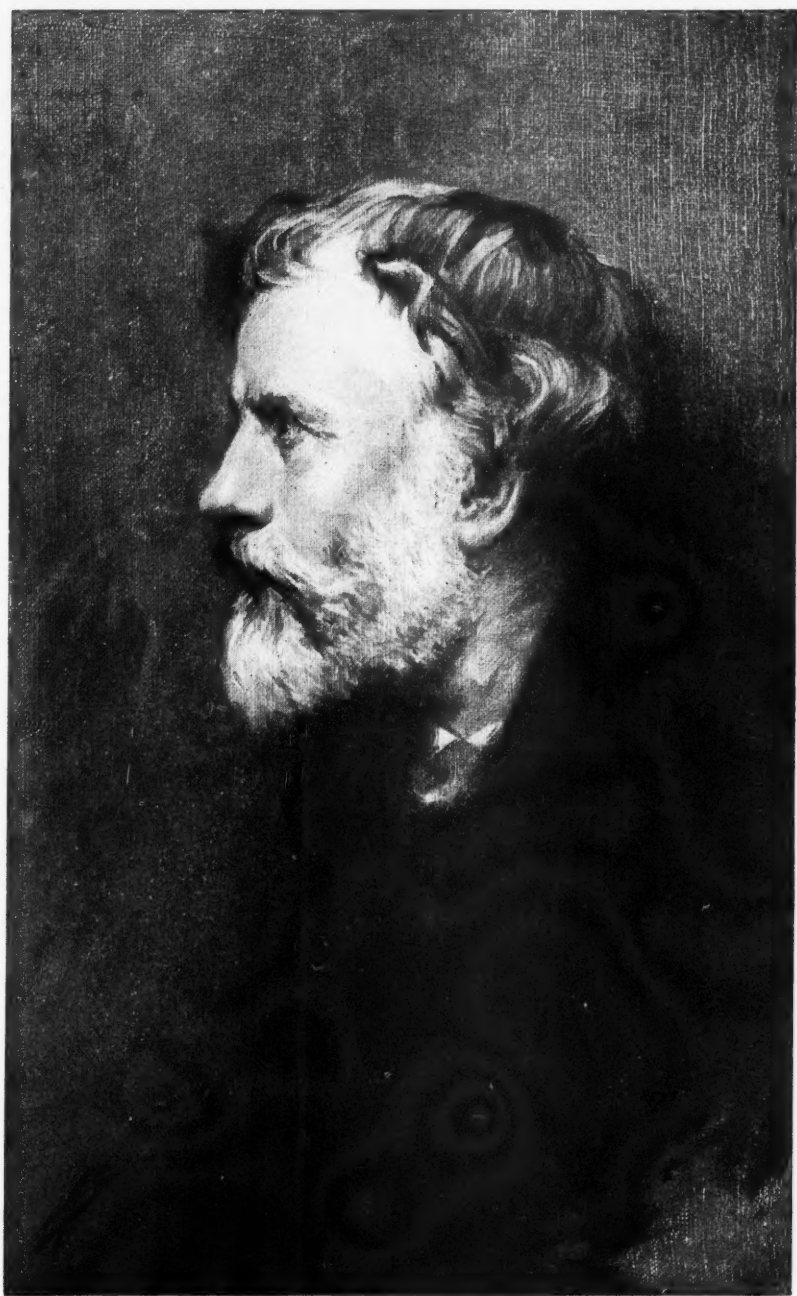
But it was even so. To-day we begin to see him in his relative size. As we draw away from this intellectual mountain-range, the peak we call George

Meredith towers and towers, and will not be hidden by mist or tempest.

Meredith's life of fourscore years now seems to have been passed in the gradual maturing and development of his mind, so little of striking incident does it reveal, but it has been filled with deep and strenuous, though quiet, toil. He was born in Hampshire in the year 1828, and is allied to the peasantry of that fruitful English county. His parents died when he was a boy, and he grew up as a ward in Chancery. His guardian sent him to Germany, and there he received his early education. Seekers after personal data in the novels will find much of it in "Harry Richmond." Reading the first quarter of the book—surely the raciest, the most graphic of narratives—they will discover what sort of a lad George Meredith was, what his surroundings were, and what impression his sojourn in Germany left on his mind.

He returned to England at fifteen, and before long began the study of law; but the legal profession did not call him strongly. Visions and dreams came between him and the pages of forms and precedents, and he saw shining a brighter law than the law of evidence. It was soon necessary, if he was to develop in his own way, to face the world alone, and for years his life in London was a brave struggle against poverty.

Encumbered with financial burdens, but determined to master his destiny, he maintained himself as best he could. It is said that he lived for one whole year upon oatmeal—a diet upon which heroes have been nurtured. Hack-work for the press and literary odd jobs of reviewing and paragraphing kept life in him, and the hard school developed his courage.



GEORGE MEREDITH, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH NOVELIST, WHO CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTIETH  
BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY ON FEBRUARY 12

*From a painting by M. Stein, after a photograph by Hollyer, London*



In 1851 he published his first book of poems, and in 1856 his fantastic prose tale, the marvelous "Shaving of Shagpat." As the years wore on, his work and his force of character began to tell, and when he was nearing the end of his third decade he was a journalist of standing, editing the *Ipswich Journal*, a weekly paper, and writing social and literary articles for the *Morning Post*. Both these sheets were Tory in their political affinities, and Mr. Meredith must have found it an irksome task to laud Disraeli and to find weak spots in the armor of Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone. But the former statesman must have attracted him, for lately he remarked that Disraeli was one of the most baffling personalities of modern England, and regretted that he could not have discovered his meaning by study at close range.

His editorial work was done from his cottage in Surrey, but he had friends and a foothold in London. As might have been foretold, his acquaintances were of the brightest. In October, 1862, Dante Gabriel Rossetti had rented No. 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and his brother, W. M. Rossetti, and several of his friends took rooms in the house. Swinburne and Meredith were of the company, but the latter made but little use of his rooms. Indeed, it is said that he never slept one night under the roof, and that the Preraphaelite cookery did not agree with his somewhat Spartan taste. In a year or less he gave up his tenancy, but it is probable that parts of "Modern Love" and "Sandra Belloni" were written there.

In 1866 he went to the scene of Italy's final struggle for independence as correspondent for the *Morning Post*. His sojourn in Venice at this time, in the very heart of the intrigues and the desperate heroism which made up the closing scene in the drama, gave him material for "Vittoria," in which novel Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and the nobles and peasants of that exalted time play their natural parts.

His marriage with the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, the author of "Headlong Hall" and "Crotchet Castle," the friend to whom Shelley addressed his fine descriptive letters from Italy, did not bring him happiness. His

wife was a brilliant creature, but wit and singular gifts do not always consort with the qualities necessary to make a home for an imaginative writer. A breach ensued, and only at her death, after twelve years of a somewhat tragic union, was the chapter closed. Later, Mr. Meredith married happily a lady of Irish birth, who died in 1886, leaving him two children.

#### "RICHARD FEVEREL," HIS MASTERPIECE

At this time, while he had not achieved fame, he was constantly gaining ground. His masterpiece, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," published in 1859, had won its way and was already an unforgettable book. Between 1859 and 1867 he had published four novels and one book of poems, and now he often regrets the difficulties which forced him to produce too rapidly for serial and even for simultaneous publication. The decade of the '70's gave us "Harry Richmond," "Beauchamp's Career," and "The Egoist." The next ten years added "The Tragic Comedians" and "Diana of the Crossways" to the list, and this generation can remember the publication of "One of Our Conquerors," "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," and "The Amazing Marriage."

The American interest in Meredith's work gave an impetus to his circulation, and now his books are with us wherever culture is. His sympathy with woman in her individual life, as well as in her sex relation, had much to do with this transatlantic cult. Here women have greater liberty than elsewhere, and it was natural that the thoughtful American woman should find in his creations echoes of her own spirit. There is no doubt that Meredith's women are freer than the women of other great novelists. They have charm, and his great characters among them have intellect as well.

"Intellect is a pearl," he writes. "A woman of intellect is as good as a Greek statue; she is divinely wrought, and she is divinely rare."

It has been his habit to write for three or four hours daily, in the morning, and his output was about twelve hundred words a day, but he allowed himself frequent holidays. His work-room is situated in a chalet separate from his cot-

tage at Box Hill, on a higher level, from which there is a long vista of the rolling meads of Surrey. The cottage itself is hidden in a garden, circled with hedges and embowered in trees, and behind it rises the sheltering hill. Here he lives simply, as he has always done, judges his wine as a connoisseur, smokes a fine Italian cigar reflectively, and is surrounded with the sort of comfort which suits him and which he suits.

#### GEORGE MEREDITH AT FOURSORE

The Meredith of our day is white-haired, and physically somewhat burdened with his years of intellectual toil and the abrasions of life. His visitors now oftener see him seated in his arm-chair than afoot and alert as of old. He is tall, well proportioned, and slender. The wonderful lines of his head at once fix the attention. They are most delicate, sensitive lines, and the head somehow seems to suggest the penetrative power of his intellect. His expression is not introspective, but rather that of a man of the world, as in the widest sense he is; and this idea gathers force when he speaks. His voice is deep, mellow, and freighted with a perfect choice of words.

What talk it is!—informed, fiery, full of dash, grave with import, the lightest thistle-down of wit, the barbed but never poisoned dart of satire, all literature put under contribution, and all experience, so that the listener needs to be worthy of the speaker to follow him in his wide circling flights. He might pour forth from his knowledge of Napoleonic literature for days, it would seem, so vast is his erudition on the subject. He has unearthed and read every known thing on this subject, and with the literary result of but a few noble odes. But then reading has always been a habit with Mr. Meredith, and his knowledge of French literature alone is amazing.

His knowledge is not exclusively literary. His fund of information regarding the arts and sciences is full, and he has stored up the results of accurate observations at first hand. A memory active and tenacious enough to retain the contributions of his many-sided interest in life is one of the gifts of his good gods.

His advisory connection with a great publishing-house has kept him in touch

with contemporary English literature, and genial and kindly is his treatment of young writers. To him the present absence of great writers is not a reason for discouragement. He says we are in the trough of a wave, that is all; the crest is rearing up its head behind. If he speaks of his own work it is but a remark that he esteems "The Shaving of Shagpat," or he seems pleased with his treatment of *Victor Radnor's* character in "One of Our Conquerors," showing the creeping progress and effect of his insanity; or he remarks that the obscurity of the opening chapter of "The Egoist" was occasioned by a single attempt on his part to write like Carlyle.

When we study this man, and think of his books, we think of a very treasure-house of human impulse, frailty, heroism, sordidness, indifference, affection, humor, and hate—in short, of human character. Character, that is the point—a great novelist of character! Meredith's aim has been to render events as consequent as a piece of logic through an exposure of character. Other novelists have rendered the progress of events by other means, and character has slipped in as it might, often with tottering and bloodless result; but Meredith has first thought of character, and triumphs by his characters.

If, after dreaming "The Shaving of Shagpat," he had invented, or rather discovered, the form of expression which was germane to his genius, he would have been absolutely one of our great originals. But he was forced to think of writing novels and poems in the conventional way. While he has great wealth of poetic ideas, clear expression, even in the simplest form of verse, he finds difficult; and while he has a supersensitive feeling for character, and a virile philosophy of life, he never completely masters the development of his story.

His age did not supply him a form for expression, as the ages of Rabelais, Cervantes, Dante, Molière, and Shakespeare supplied them; so that he does not express his time as they have done theirs, and we place him beneath them. But his endowment, differing in kind, was but little, if at all, inferior to theirs, and another age may value him still more highly than ours.



# INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

## VIII—"VANITY FAIR," BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

TO set oneself the task of writing something about "Vanity Fair" recalls Schopenhauer's famous saying: "Everything has been thought, everything has been done, everything has been written, everything has been said."

It would not be possible, for example, to discover anything in *Becky Sharp* which had escaped the observation of a host of critics long ago. From *Dobbin* and *Amelia* and *Lord Steyne*, with his buck-teeth and great jarring laugh, and old *Osborne* and the gluttonous *Jos*, down to *Kirsch*, the courier, and the frowsy German students dabbling their blond mustaches in their beer-mugs at Pumpernickel, all the people in the book have been held beneath the microscope since the time when they were first created for us, sixty years ago. There is not one of them that lacks the breath of life; but for this very reason they are too well known to need interpretation. Like old acquaintances, we have come to know them down to the very last detail. We do not dwell upon their virtues or deplore their vices. We simply accept them as they are and take them quite for granted.

Nevertheless, of the book itself there remains, perhaps, something still to say. The most curious thing about it is the circumstance that, when Thackeray set out to write it, he did not in the least suppose that he was going to produce a

masterpiece. He had been scribbling nearly all his life, often for the sheer enjoyment of self-expression, and later, after he had lost his fortune, for the money which his pen could bring him. As a college boy he had written skits in verse and prose for an undergraduate journal. Afterward, even while he imagined that he was studying art in France, he was filling voluminous notebooks with his impressions of men and things and places. At twenty-five he had gambled away a very considerable sum of money, and was thrown upon his own resources. It was then that he took to writing for the magazines and newspapers—especially for *Fraser's* and for *Punch*. He even consented to contribute to a newspaper in New York—the *Cor-sair*—for the sum of a guinea a column.

But everything he wrote was in a vein of irony or humor. He took nothing very seriously, least of all himself and his own writings. What he actually valued most was his bent for art. This is only another example of what we so often see—the ambition of a gifted man to shine in some sphere other than that for which his native genius fits him. Thackeray really thought himself an artist of the brush and pencil, and he was hurt when Dickens would not employ him as an illustrator for the early books of *Boz*. He was pleased that *Punch*

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the eighth article of a series discussing in a familiar way the best modern and classical books, some knowledge of which is absolutely indispensable to educated men and women, and to any one who would associate with intelligent people of the world. The following papers have already appeared: "The Novels of Charles Dickens" (August, 1907); "Sappho," by Alphonse Daudet (September); "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (October); Homer's "Odyssey" (November); "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë (December); "The Short Stories of Edgar Allan Poe" (January, 1908); "M. Lecoq," by Emile Gaboriau (February). Next month's article will deal with the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

would accept and publish his faulty drawings.

Finally, after having written an immense deal that is hardly worth recalling, and some other things which do deserve remembrance, he put forth, on New Year's Day in 1847, the first number of "Vanity Fair" in a yellow wrapper. He was led to begin a story to appear in parts by the great success which Dickens had won in this way. But "Vanity Fair" at first seemed likely to be an utter disappointment. When four numbers had been issued, the publishers were so assured of its failure that they proposed to discontinue it. It is probable that Thackeray himself had no great hope. Then, with the fifth number, the tide turned, and all literary London began talking of the story which in spirit and in manner was something genuinely new.

#### A MASTERPIECE OF CHANCE

Nevertheless, if it succeeded, it did so almost in its author's own despite. Thackeray had really planned it as a burlesque. If any one will compare the first edition of it with the form in which we have it now, it will be plain enough that the novel was meant to be written in a comic vein. Whole passages that were farcical were afterward eliminated.

In one of the earlier chapters, for instance, the author stops the progress of the tale to explain, with a sort of wink to the reader, that, had he chosen, he might have written the adventures of *Jos* and *Becky* and *Amelia* in one of two other manners. Thus, he says, he might have promoted all his characters to the peerage; or, on the other hand, he might have copied Bulwer-Lytton and made them lackeys and roughs and burglars. He even writes in a little scene as a specimen of what he could do in the latter *genre* had he but chosen.

But, as he went on, his "novel without a hero" took strong hold of him. He afterward confessed that he "wasn't going to write in that way when he began." He started out to perpetrate a caricature. He ended by producing a finished painting.

The reason why "Vanity Fair" succeeded at the time is to be found in its freshness of manner. The historical romance, which had been so splendidly

developed by Scott, had grown stale in the hands of G. P. R. James, Harrison Ainsworth, and a hundred lesser men. The sentimental romance pure and simple had reached the verge of mawkishness with Miss Landon and Bulwer-Lytton. The latter had also led the ranks of writers who reveled in low life and the psychology of crime. Then upon the scene came Thackeray, to give the English-speaking people a novel of manners, of social experiences, of life as men and women of the world beheld it.

Every one had become tired of "fine writing," and Thackeray gave them good writing instead—writing that was often half colloquial and still more often wholly so. Men read him with that sort of relief with which, in an earlier generation, they had passed from the rodomontade of Mrs. Radcliffe and her school to the manly, vigorous manner of Sir Walter Scott. But Thackeray pushed the easy style a stage farther. He left rhetoric alone and spoke in that level, easy tone which marks the speech of the club smoking-room rather than the library of the professional man of letters. It was sophisticated writing, but still it had the effectiveness of simplicity.

The men and the women who appear in "Vanity Fair" are also, if not themselves sophisticated, at least seen through sophisticated eyes. Thackeray called the book "a novel without a hero." It is just as truly a novel without a heroine, at least in the old sense of that word. There is, indeed, nothing heroic in any of the characters. There is not one of them who is free from vice or foily or from some petty failing. Thackeray himself declared that he meant to make "a set of people living without God in the world." He did not really do this; yet, none the less, he has created a set of people who are always far below the level at which we can unfeignedly admire them.

*Amelia*, for example, is almost worse than *Becky Sharp*. She is quite as selfish, and she has no brains. She can be maudlin over the cockney dandy who married her almost against his will, and she can weep over her little son, who is as selfish as his father was; but she cannot understand the loyal love of an honest man. She will use it unscrupulously for her own convenience, and she will

give it no reward except at the last, when she is forced to take it because she needs its strong protection. Thackeray never intended to let *Dobbin* marry *Amelia*; but he was urged to do so by his readers until at last he yielded, saying pettishly: "Well, he shall marry her; but when he has got her, he shall not find her worth the having."

What a wonderful panorama of human weakness is unrolled before our eyes in the chapters of "Vanity Fair"! Try to recall one character whom you can admire without reservation. *Dobbin*, perhaps, stands forth a finer person than the rest. In character and in mind he makes a strong appeal; yet his awkwardness and loutishness of bearing are continually harped upon. Again and again he appears to be entirely ridiculous. His foolish infatuation for *Amelia* almost makes one's blood boil, it is so utterly unjustified. For the rest, think of the miserly and clownish old baronet, *Sir Pitt Crawley*; his fox-hunting, hard-drinking parson brother; his graceless, selfish, and bewigged old sister, and his two sons, one a dissolute bully, and the other a feeble prig. Think of the smooth pander, *Wenham*, the senile old general just before Waterloo, the cowardly and gluttonous *Jos Sedley*!

It must be confessed that in this maze of living meannesses, *Becky Sharp* stands out by contrast almost a good woman. At least, she is consistent from beginning to end. If she is selfish, she is thoroughly good-natured. She is fighting for her own hand, but she does so with wit and grace, and astounding cleverness. At the last she is willing even to efface herself to help *Amelia*, although, of course, she does so only after *Amelia's* environment begins to bore her. When you close the book you rather sympathize with this free-lance of society; for she is a gallant little campaigner, and she has had to deal with persons who are worse than she, or infinitely stupid.

From Thackeray's standpoint, he was, after all, merely stripping off the false pretenses, the hypocritical masks, behind which every one must hide himself while in the confines of Vanity Fair. The picture is true to life itself, though it is not true to all of life. In this respect Thackeray is like Maupassant. Every human

being whom he draws is drawn with a pitiless realism. Each separate impression is veracious. The only false thing is the tacit assumption that all the world is peopled by such types as we discover in "Vanity Fair," and that there are none who are wholly pure-minded, generous, and noble.

Thackeray, in this book, has looked at human nature, not in the open, but rather through the baywindow of a club. His philosophy is the philosophy of the man who lives in clubs, and who listens to the talk which comes buzzing to the ear in club-room corners. It is talk made up of *risqué* stories, of hinted scandal, of cynical observation, and of worldly aphorisms. So far as it goes, it conveys the truth, but it regards only the seamy side of character. It questions motives with a sneer. It dissects and vivisects and analyzes with consummate cleverness. It strips away illusions, and pries into hidden meannesses. But it takes no account of another and a fairer world in which men are not debauchees, or card-sharps, or tuft-hunters, or snobs and social climbers, but where they believe in right and justice and in God, where they treat women with respect, and where women are deserving of respect. "Vanity Fair" displays for us a microcosm. Its art is microcosmic.

It was not unnatural that Thackeray should view life from this standpoint. He himself was essentially an inhabitant of clubs. The insanity of his wife had deprived him of a home. He had roamed about in the Bohemia of Paris and the Bohemia of London; and the club-window was the nest on which he settled down as other men repose before their firesides. Later, when many homes were open to him, he knew a world which had not forgotten God; and then we find him writing in a nobler vein, as rich in observation and richer far in a perception of what is right and true. "The Newcomes" shows far less the influence of the club *fumoir*. In "Henry Esmond" we breathe the free air of the greater world which reaches beyond Hyde Park and Piccadilly, beyond London, and even beyond England.

The comparison of Thackeray with Dickens is an old, old literary game. As it is often carried on, nothing can be

more absurd. From the standpoint of their art in a limited way, it is like comparing the Aeneid with the binomial theorem. Indeed, the two men and their works are not properly comparable at all. They cannot, so to speak, be reduced to a common denominator. Yet, in a broad way, some comparison may be instructive.

#### THACKERAY AND DICKENS

Both men were intensely English; but Thackeray was an Englishman of London, while Dickens was an Englishman of England; and his imagination, grotesque and strained as it sometimes is, reaches out beyond the sphere of the particular up into the illimitable spaces of the universal. His pathos may be at times theatrical. His humor may be often farcical. Yet, in his mightier moments, he appeals to something to which every human heart responds.

Thackeray, on the other hand, is technically the greater artist. He is the truest realist that England has produced, except, perhaps, his contemporary, Trollope. But in "Vanity Fair" his realism is a realism that is shrunk to a single corner of his country. It is not large enough and broad enough to comprehend the hearts of men and women everywhere. "Vanity Fair" is a wonderful example of urban literature. Yet unless you are a Londoner, unless you are worldly-wise, unless you have yourself a touch of cynicism in your nature, you will not greatly care for Thackeray. To prefer him to Dickens gives proof of a certain sort of cultivation. To prefer Dickens is to show yourself more broadly human.

This is why both the young and the old can always find in Dickens something that will please and touch them. And this also is why thousands upon thousands turn away from Thackeray. To enjoy Thackeray, you must have a certain *milieu*; whereas, to enjoy Dickens, you need only have the mind and heart and soul which belong to every normal human being. Thackeray is little read outside of England and among sophisticated Americans who know English life and London life. Dickens is read all over the world, in many countries and in many languages. Foreigners are often puzzled by his burlesque. They are sometimes

startled by his humor. His pathos affects them in a way far different from that in which it moves the Anglo-Saxon. Yet, none the less, they read him when they have never even heard of Thackeray; and thus they pay unconscious tribute to the sort of genius that is universal.

Here is the odd fact which proves how hard it is for mere environment to make of any man that which he was not made by nature at his birth. Thackeray, born in India, long resident in France, a visitor at Weimar, where he met Goethe—Thackeray, widely traveled in the East—was far more insular, far more local than Dickens, who, when he wrote his greatest novels, had scarcely ever been outside his native land. Thackeray could draw individual Frenchmen and Germans from life with the deft touch of a portrait-painter. He could never have given us that marvelous, impressive, overwhelming picture of France in the throes of the Revolution which Dickens spread before us in "A Tale of Two Cities."

To the last Thackeray remained the Englishman of London. He never understood the French. His judgments on them are oftentimes absurd. He set Balzac far below such second-rate French authors as Bernard and Keybaud, whom the world has long ago forgotten. He declares that he could not read Dumas "without the risk of lighting upon horrors." He is sometimes still more smug, as when in Athens he sees nothing but its shabbiness, "which beats Ireland." His smugness is equally apparent in the pages of "Vanity Fair," whenever he breaks off his marvelous portrait-painting to preach sermons, or again as where he spoils a passage of fine pathos with a sort of cynic leer, so that, as Mr. Whibley says, "he seems to snigger amid sobs."

"Vanity Fair" is one of the greatest books in English literature, but it belongs to English literature, and not to the great masterpieces which the whole world owns and to which it gives an unforced admiration. If you can breathe its atmosphere, you will read it over and over to the end of life. Otherwise, its author will be to you simply a remarkable English novelist whom Englishmen will always place in the first rank of their fiction-writers.

# LIGHT VERSE

## IN A EUROPEAN ART GALLERY

(An American Father and His Daughters)

"COME, girls! This way! We've got a lot  
To see before we're through.  
The train for Paris leaves—Great Scott!  
One catalogue will do.

"What god is this? Apollo, eh?  
The one that came from Rome.  
Come on! We see him every day—  
He's reproduced at home.

"What's this—a Rembrandt? How much bid?  
Rubens for me! I've placed  
An order for the best he did;  
He's much more to my taste.

"Come on! Hello! Correggio?  
Bully—and see that frieze!  
What name? Oh, Michelangelo!  
Great work! Now, hurry, please.

"The train for Paris leaves—what's this?  
A Raphael—he's good.  
And Tintoretto—come, we'll miss  
Our dinner. (If we should!)

"I'm tired to death! I know you are.  
Sightseeing is no joke.  
Here's Phidias—Della Robbia.  
Come on! I want to smoke.

"Let's go! No more of this for me.  
Why, I can hardly crawl!  
The train for Paris leaves at three—  
Let's say we've seen 'em all!"

*Thomas L. Masson*

## LITTLE GIRL

SWEET are the flowers that blow, little girl,  
In the wood and the garden and field;  
I have gathered them all, and I know, little girl,  
Of the beauty and sweetness they yield.  
But all of their fairness and fragrance combined,  
From the rose to the violet blue,  
Cannot equal the charm that I find, little girl,  
In the bonnie sweet features of you.  
The south wind sweeps over the hill, little girl,  
Through the red clover-blossoms it roves;

The honey-bee's drinking its fill, little girl,  
And is drunk with the nectar it loves.  
The clover yields saccharine food for the bee,

But the warm, loving touch of your lips  
Is a hundredfold sweeter to me, little girl,  
Than the nectar the honey-bee sips!

They've reckoned the breadth of the land,  
little girl,

And they know when the worlds were begun;

The mountains and plains they have spanned,  
little girl,

They have measured the heat of the sun.  
They have reckoned the ocean's depth and length,

And counted the stars in the blue,  
But no power can reckon the strength, little girl,

Of the love in my heart for you!

*Howard Dwight Smiley*

## TREASURE

THE Sultan brought from Ispahan  
A caravan of precious things—  
Rare gossamers, so finely wrought  
Their pattern seemed a woven thought  
That any moment might take wings;

Long strings of pearls and amethysts,  
And anklets quaintly carved of gold,  
And yellow sapphires, centuries old,  
And curios of alchemists—  
Elixirs made in Ispahan.

I walked within his garden, near  
The palace. Blossoms drooped with dew  
Before the breeze of morning blew,  
And crystal fountains tinkled clear—  
The night he came from Ispahan.

For all his wealth I did not care!  
The moon hung low upon the rim  
Of day—I did not envy him;  
I loved the jasmine in the air  
More than the gauds of Ispahan!

Until my heart beheld her there—  
Swathed round with moonlight, as if she  
Herself were moonlight verily,  
Upon the jasmine-scented air—  
She whom he brought from Ispahan.

A living song of Paradise,  
Perfection from the brow to chin,



With all love's sorrow crowded in  
The glowing glory of her eyes,  
That looked away toward Ispahan.

A treasure carved from head to heel  
For Love's seraglio—eloquent  
Of warm delights, as flowers of scent—  
Incarnate kisses! Yet the wheel  
Had turned her here—from Ispahan.

The Sultan is a weary man;  
He counts her as another pearl  
Upon a string. To me that girl  
Were more than all the caravan  
That he brought home from Ispahan!

*Helen Noé*

#### THE NEAR BIRD-LOVER

SWANS in the park I know by sight;  
The catbird by its cat-like call;  
The robin by his waistcoat bright;  
The chippy sparrow on the wall;  
The eagle, stuffed, on pedestal;  
The ostrich, captive in a show—  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

Owls by their hooting in the night;  
Quail by their taste—in banquet-hall;  
Partridge I know by like delight;  
The duck, so oddly comical;  
The patient hen and rooster tall;  
The parrot and the pirate crow—  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

As for canaries, they are trite.  
I know the peacock by his squall.  
(In novels English ladies write  
He struts full proudly on the mall.)  
The dove, devoted, conjugal;  
The little chickens in a row—  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

#### ENVOY

Bird-lovers, at your feet I crawl,  
For these are such a few, although  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

*Ralph Bergengren*

#### UNREQUITED LOVE

A SCIENTIST of great renown  
One day resolved to settle down;  
And so, to make complete his life,  
He sought an antiseptic wife.  
"I cannot," he remarked, "endure  
One that's not chemically pure.  
Her kisses, to be duly prized,  
Must be the kind that's sterilized.  
In her vicinity, indeed,

No germ must carry out its creed."  
He sought in vain, for try his best  
No maiden could survive the test;  
Till, restless and dissatisfied,  
He vowed that he would make a bride.

With powders and retorts he toiled,  
Made up a mixture, which he boiled,  
And while this mixture was quite warm  
He shaped a lovely angel form,  
Infused it with the vital fire,  
And then—attempted to draw nigh her.  
But thus she scorned him: "Nay, desist,  
You microbe-laden scientist!  
Come, hurry up and quickly make  
A germless lover for my sake!"  
As one at last who understands,  
The scientist held up his hands  
And cried: "Alas, too late I learn  
A septic lover should not yearn!"

*Chesterton Todd*

#### HIDE AND SEEK

"WHERE'S spring?" we ask, with long-  
drawn sigh.

"Where's spring?"

Ah, wilful baby of the year,  
Do we not know that you are near?  
In vain before your face you hold  
A veil of showers, misty-cold;  
The crocuses are indiscreet,  
Nodding and beckoning round your feet.  
We hear your whisper, sweet and low,  
In every stream of melting snow;  
Your laugh is in the southern breeze,  
And you have wakened all the trees.  
Still hiding? But the sky grows blue.  
Your merry eyes are peeping through,  
And as the veil flies, rent, away,  
To humor you, in mock dismay—  
"Where's spring? Why, here she is!" we cry.  
"Here's spring!"

*Aldis Dunbar*

#### LET ME TELL IT TO-DAY

LET me tell it to-day, for to-morrow  
I then shall be one long day older,  
Perchance not one atom the bolder,  
So why from Love's calendar borrow  
Twelve hours that may bring naught but  
sorrow?

No! Here with your head on my  
shoulder,

Let me tell it to-day!

Let me tell it to-day, for To-morrow,  
With all the delights that enfold her,  
Perchance may not dawn! Do not  
scold her,

But here, lip to lip, *mia cara*,

Let me tell it to-day!

*Clarence Urmey*

# THE STAGE

TWO MILLIONAIRES AND A CIRCUS-RIDER

**L**ET the cleverest dramatist of the day have three plays in succession go down to failure, and he will find it hard work to place a fourth."

This was what Alfred Sutro said just two years ago, when he made a flying visit to New York to be present at the first production of his "Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt." Poor man, he little recked that he would himself be in line to furnish an example in point. At that time his "Walls of Jericho" had made a very decided hit in London. It was followed by "Mollentrave on Women" and "The Perfect Lover," neither of which set the Thames afire; and Ellis Jeffreys could not save his "Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt."

It does not appear, however, that this trio of misfires had the effect that Mr. Sutro himself predicted, for in March, 1907, his next venture, "John Glayde's Honor," was produced by George Alexander at the St. James's. London received it with favor, thus crediting the author with a second success, which has just been capped by another failure, "The Barrier," written for Marie Tempest.

Meantime, James K.

Hackett, who produced "The Walls of Jericho" in America, made haste to secure "John Glayde's Honor" for himself, and submitted it to New York in Christmas week. The result was a speedy reversal of the London verdict. The critics disagreed, to be sure, some



PAULINE CHASE, THE AMERICAN WHO ACHIEVED FAME IN NEW YORK AS "THE PINK PAJAMA GIRL" IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES," AND WHO IS NOW PLAYING MAUDE ADAMS'S PART IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "PETER PAN"

*From her latest photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London*

declaring that the drama was an unusually fine piece of work; and the unsatisfactory ending appealed to them as

has shown himself a master-hand at manipulating the stage-box of tricks which one may lump under the head of



MAY DE SOUSA, AN AMERICAN GIRL WHO HAS PASSED FROM MUSICAL COMEDY IN LONDON TO THE SAME THING AT THE MOULIN ROUGE IN PARIS

*From her latest photograph by Matzene, New York*

something new and grateful in this day of dramatic sops to the prevailing taste for treacle.

It is to be admitted that Mr. Sutro

technique; but his story is a mighty unpleasant one, and he has made one fatal mistake. The sympathy of the audience goes groping about for some worthy



JULIA SANDERSON, WHO FIRST ACHIEVED FAME IN "FANTANA," AND WHO IS NOW  
LEADING WOMAN IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY FROM ENGLAND,  
"THE DAIRYMAIDS"

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*



BILLIE BURKE, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN DREW, AS TRIXIE, IN "MY WIFE"

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*





DORIS KEANE, WHO CREATED THE LEADING FEMININE PART IN "THE HYPOCRITES" IN BOTH NEW YORK AND LONDON, AND WHO IS TO HAVE THE LEADING PART IN WILLIAM GILLETTE'S NEW PLAY

*From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*

object to which it may attach itself, and thinks it has found one in the husband, the iron millionaire from America, whose wife has gone wrong in Paris. But when *John Glayde* swallows the lie that his wife tells him in the very moment he elects to forgive her for the greatest offense a woman can commit, and then

permits her to go off to a reception at the embassy, he shows himself to be a mere puppet dangling at the end of the playwright's strings.

To sum up, "*John Glayde's Honor*" fell short in New York—its run was limited to two weeks—not because of the acting, as one or two of the reviewers

insinuated, but through the unpleasant nature of the theme, and the unconvincing manner in which it was handled by the playwright. Mr. Sutro's stay in this country was of the briefest. Is it strange

his wife's infidelity was carried through with excellent judgment.

Another importation from England offered in Christmas week by an American star was "Under the Greenwood Tree,"



ALLA NAZIMOVA, WHOSE FIRST AMERICAN-MADE PLAY WAS "THE COMET"

*From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York*

that he should have been able to catch the national characteristics only in the broadest outline?

Mr. Hackett did excellent work as the much-harassed husband. His portrayal of the man's feelings when he discovers

by H. V. Esmond. In this Maxine Elliott met the same mixed reception as did Mr. Hackett with the Sutro piece, although the two plays are miles apart in theme and treatment. *Mary Hamilton*, a woman of many millions, wearies

of the adulation she receives by reason of her wealth, and resolves to become a child of nature. She buys a gipsy van and camps out in the New Forest. Of course she takes a companion—her secretary—a young woman, by the way, who has all the best lines in the piece, and who, as played by Mary Jerrold, received the kindest words from the critics. The *Hamilton* chauffeur is also on hand, except at the time when one would think he would be most wanted—at night. But, no, the exigencies of the play require him to be absent from the scene during the hours of darkness, so he is lodged at the inn in the nearest village. Here, too, a young baronet puts up—said baronet being one of *Miss Hamilton's* most persistent suitors. He has been invited to spend the week-end in the atmosphere of the van, which, as American audiences may not know, is now as firmly established a British institution for summer outings as is the house-boat.

The play moves along charmingly for two acts, and then—well, then, Mr. Esmond, who is an actor himself, evidently thought it time to have “something doing,” whether he shattered the charm of



MAXINE ELLIOTT, STARRING IN THE NEW PLAY BY H. V. ESMOND,  
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company,  
New York



MABEL TALIAFERRO, WHO AT TWENTY IS APPEARING AS A STAR IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

*From a photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York*

the piece or not. So a couple of gipsies are lugged on by their metaphorical heels, and a young squire—who comes to

order Miss Elliott off his land, but remains to accept her invitation to sup with her at nine by the moon—encounters the

vagrants to his bodily hurt. Would that one might draw the curtain over what follows! It is much more worthy of being screened from view than is the spectacle of Miss Elliott in her bathing-suit, drying her hair—obviously dry already—after an imaginary dip in the canvas pool shimmering on the back drop.

*Mary Hamilton* finds the squire—with whom she has fallen in love—lying senseless, and jumps to the conclusion that his arm is broken. She fears that when he comes to his senses he will aggravate his injury by insisting on walking home—although it is not apparent that the gentleman is an acrobat who prefers to travel on his hands rather than his feet. Accordingly, the romantic young woman doses him with morphine, so as to keep him on the stage till she can help to carry him into her van; which done, she camps out in watch-dog fashion upon the steps of the vehicle.

Naturally, audiences are inclined to jeer at all this. They are willing to swallow the love-at-first-sight business, because of the idyllic charm and rippling humor with which it is set forth; but one cannot blame them for rebelling at a pack of nonsense which seems so wholly unnecessary. Surely Mr. Esmond could have worked out his story without resorting to devices which are at the same time melodramatic and farcical—a fatal combination.

In contrast with "*Under the Greenwood Tree*," consistency and naturalness are prominent qualities of "*Polly of the Circus*," possibly the one production of Christmas week that will be with us when snow ceases to fly. The play is a simple love-story throughout. One may doubt that a clergyman would lose his heart to a circus-rider who can neither read nor write; but this is a detail, and in nowise affects the play's grip on one who enjoys variety in his theatrical fare. The "everlasting triangle" is missing here; *Polly* has no other lover, and the interest in the story is kept up simply through the conflict between her desire to lead the new and peaceful life that is offered her, and the fear that by so doing she will bring harm to her suitor.

The play was written by Margaret Mayo, wife of Edgar Selwyn, now on the

road as *Strongheart*. Frederic Thompson, of Hippodrome and Luna Park fame, has had it in preparation for a year past, as a vehicle for his wife's farewell to the stage. She is Mabel Taliaferro, the *Lovey Mary* of "Mrs. Wiggs," and before that a child-actress of considerable note, as are her sisters after her. Her mother has an agency that supplies the stage with young people as they are needed in productions.

It is rather an odd circumstance—or is it only natural, after all?—that while the circus as an institution is growing less popular year by year, the lure of it in story and verse waxes continually greater. The writer remembers, when a boy, that New York boasted a permanent circus, open all the year round. Now even Paris is giving over its circus-buildings to moving-picture exhibitions, while with us the consolidation of the small tent-shows with the big ones is gradually wiping out the sawdust troupes that formerly dotted the country over from March to November.

In "*Polly of the Circus*" we find all the dear old ring institutions of tradition and boyhood memories. We see the clown—who, in private life, is invariably a sober-sided individual with secret grief gnawing at his heart; the boss canvasman, lord and master of the tents; and the circus-proprietor himself, with a stentorian voice, and with a huge fake diamond sparkling in his shirt-front. Possibly these types never really existed, but we have grown so accustomed to seeing their counterfeit presentments that Miss Mayo has wisely kept to the established grooves. In a play, you must give the public not the real truth, but what it fondly believes to be the truth. Possibly this is why Ibsen is not as big a money-winner as Paul Armstrong, who knows, for instance, that Western cowboys are not as ignorant as he makes them with regard to the conventions of dress and deportment, but who realizes, too, that audiences would not think them true to their environment if they seemed comfortable in starched collars.

But to return to "*Polly*." One of its most delightful passages is the second act, where *Polly* wakes up in the spare bed at the minister's, and gets off a choice assortment of circus slang in a talk with her host about his calling and hers.



"It's my wheel, isn't it?" she asks, when she tries to get up to "follow the show," and a twinge of pain makes her drop back on her pillow. She has missed a hoop the night before, and a badly twisted ankle is the cause of her being carried into the nearest house, which happens to be the clergyman's. Miss Taliaferro is delightful, too, in the act which shows what eleven months of home-life have done for the girl.

After Miss Taliaferro, the best-known actor in the cast is John Findlay, who appears in the first act as the acrobatic clown, known as *Uncle Toby*. When you remember that he was the humorous waiter in "You Never Can Tell," you may imagine how well he does the pathetic scene in which he bursts into the minister's study after the accident, a coat thrown hastily over his clown's costume.

#### IBSEN AND AN IMITATOR

If Ibsen needed any vindication in the minds of his admirers, he could not have been better served than by the coincidence of the production of "Rosmersholm" by Mrs. Fiske on the same night when Mme. Nazimova appeared in "The Comet," a new play by a new writer, Owen Johnson.

That Mr. Johnson—who is a son of Robert Underwood Johnson, one of the editors of the *Century Magazine*—made a conscious attempt to work the Ibsen vein can scarcely be doubted; that he fell far short of his object is still more certain. In one respect, at least, the young American playwright started with an advantage over his great Norwegian exemplar.

"Rosmersholm," with its political motive, is of all the Ibsen dramas the most remote from ordinary interest; while the theme of "The Comet" is based on the fundamentals of human nature, and suggests many possibilities of wide appeal. Each play has but six characters, and there is scarcely a real situation in either of them; but in "Rosmersholm" the personages are delineated with the assured touch which means reality, while in "The Comet" the spectator constantly sees that the author is deliberately striving for effect. In other words, Mr. Johnson's play is full of good material clumsily handled, while in the skilful hands of

Ibsen it might have been molded into a masterpiece.

Both productions were favored with capital casts. Mrs. Fiske had for her leading man Bruce McRae, for so many seasons with Ethel Barrymore, while George Arliss disported himself in the flamboyant rôle of *Ulric Brendel*. Nazimova's chief assistant was Brandon Tynan, whose personality was admirably fitted to his part—that of a boy of twenty-one with tangled hair and emphatic but vague aspirations. Tynan has not acted since he made a great success, five years ago, starring in his own Irish drama, "Robert Emmet." He is under contract with David Belasco, who is understood to have promised to bring him out in a new play, but who has not as yet been able to find one. His manager consented to loan him to Mme. Nazimova, and in "The Comet" he does so well with a character that was half baked as it left the playwright's hands that we realize our loss in having been so long unable to see this capable actor in worthier work.

Another general favorite in Mr. Johnson's play is Dodson Mitchell, well remembered for his part in the original cast of "Candida." Mme. Nazimova herself shines less brightly in "The Comet" than in anything that she has presented here. This is, of course, largely due to the inadequacies of her rôle, which is written in dull monotone throughout.

#### BILLIE BURKE'S CAREER

One of the pleasing discoveries of the present season is Billie Burke, John Drew's leading woman in "My Wife." Although an American girl—she was born in Washington—she was an absolute stranger to the New York stage when, on the 31st of August last, she appeared as *Trixie* in the new play from the French which has proved itself one of the most popular vehicles in Mr. Drew's list.

Miss Burke—Billie is not a stage name, but one that her father gave her in childhood—was educated in Paris, and her first public appearances were made as a singer in the music-halls of the Continent. Her début in London was at the Pavilion, on Piccadilly Circus, where a Glasgow manager saw her and engaged her for *Beauty* in his Christmas panto-

mime of "Beauty and the Beast." George Edwardes, always on the lookout for promising material, secured her in 1903 for his production of "The School-girl" at the Prince of Wales's, in which she sang that hauntingly pretty air "My Little Canoe." Her London friends called her "the Gibson girl"—this being, it is needless to say, at a time when the song introduced into "The Belle of Mayfair" had not yet caused the appellation to connote an elongated waist and an up-tilted chin more suggestive of a kangaroo than of a pretty American girl, which the term implied when attached to Miss Burke.

Just previous to her engagement with Mr. Drew's company Miss Burke had been appearing in "straight comedy"—so called in contradistinction to the musical variety—in the London revival of "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." Before that she was with Charles Hawtrey at the Haymarket in another comedy, "Mr. George." Miss Burke's work in "My Wife" has been so pleasing that there is a wide-spread desire to see her in a part that will give her abilities wider scope. That she possesses versatility in no small degree is sufficiently evidenced by the work she has already accomplished in her brief career, for she is still in her early twenties. Her present environment is a good school for promotion. It is not necessary to more than mention the name of Mr. Drew's first leading woman—Maude Adams—while Miss Burke's immediate predecessor, Margaret Illington, is now featured at the head of the biggest dramatic success of the New York season—"The Thief."

#### WHERE THE BANDMASTER DOWNS THE CAPTAIN

It may be unpatriotic to say so, but it is a fact that in the making of musical comedies our English cousins take the lead over anything we turn out in America. We do well enough in comic opera—as witness a creditable record, from "Robin Hood" to "Mlle. Modiste"—but when it comes to a stringing together of light tunes that have no connection with the action, we seem to find no middle ground between dulness and horse-play. The present season is dotted thick with the failures of the native brand in

this class of goods; but Charles Frohman has found a fitting successor to "The Little Cherub" in his fresh importation of "Miss Hook of Holland," modestly styled a "Dutch musical incident," and now nearing its second year at the Prince of Wales's Theater in London.

There is absolutely no pretense about "Miss Hook." Nobody seems to work the skin off his hands or the lining out of his throat in the effort to please, but one song follows another, interspersed with some quiet humor at which you can laugh or not, as you please, content to know that presently another air with a haunting lilt to it will find you tapping the floor with your foot in rhythm with the music. There is no chief comedian—that obtrusive person who has too long demanded of the librettist that he shall have his full mead of laughs, or alleged laughs. And, oh, wondrous novelty! there is a captain of mounted artillery who is in love with the heroine, but who loses her to a modest bandmaster in the same regiment. A bandmaster who is not a travesty, but a lover and a tenor, is also a welcome variant, and the part is capably done at the Criterion by a singer whose name is a new one on the program—John McCloskey.

McCloskey, by the way, is a protégé of Charles M. Schwab, the Pittsburgh steel king, and has appeared on the stage but once before—some two seasons ago, as the only singer in the ill-fated "Mizpah." A native of Pittsburgh, he sang in the Roman Catholic cathedral there, and sometimes at benefits. It was at one of the latter that he met Schwab, who was struck by the possibilities of the young man's voice.

"What is your business?" he asked in the course of conversation.

"I am a professional politician," replied McCloskey.

"Then you could get away," smiled Schwab, adding, "if the inducement were strong enough?"

"I guess it could be arranged," assented McCloskey.

Whereupon the steel man announced that he wanted to send the tenor to Paris, to study. McCloskey remained abroad for five years, and his voice was trained by Bouhy, the well-known Paris instructor.

"Miss Hook" was written by Paul Rubens, up to a certain point, when he fell ill, and Austin Hurgon was called in to complete the libretto. Usually, Mr. Rubens does both the book and the music of his works, as in the case of "The Dairymaids" and "The Blue Moon." He is now engaged in writing for Mr. Frohman, in collaboration with Mr. Hurgon, a new musical piece with a Norwegian background, which he thinks of calling "The Norse Girl."

It may interest American readers to know that during the holidays a company of children performed "Miss Hook of Holland" at the Prince of Wales's Theater, in London, every afternoon, giving way to the grown-up company in the evening. The title-rôle over there, by the way, is sung by Isabel Jay, who is a tall woman, quite the opposite of Christie MacDonald, who has the part in New York.

#### "THE MERRY WIDOW" TRAVESTIED

It was inevitable that "The Merry Widow" should be done in burlesque, and quite appropriate that the travesty on the most popular piece of the season should fall to the Weber company. Henry W. Savage, the owner of the American rights, established a new precedent by forcing Mr. Weber to pay roundly for the privilege—as, indeed, why should he not? The Weber version is not a brief burlesque added to the regular show, but forms the whole evening's bill; and it has brought prosperity back to the little music-hall, which had fallen on evil days with "Hip, Hip, Hooray." Lulu Glaser, too, has special cause for gratitude, as the title-rôle of the burlesque not only gives her a chance to sing Lehar's fascinating music, but has afforded her a happy escape from the awful "Lola of Berlin."

Joe Weber himself plays *Disch*, janitor at the embassy, and Charles J. Ross is the *Prince Dandilo*, waiter at Maxim's. The big hit of the burlesque, however, is landed by Pete Dailey as *Caramel de Jollidog*, a journeyman lover. There are three acts, just as in the original, and the plot is followed closely. All the favorite songs—which means every lyric in the piece—are there, but all, of course, set to fresh words. In the "Women,

Women" sextet, Mr. Weber probably thinks he is getting back at Victor Herbert, with whom he lately had a falling out. When "The Merry Widow" was first produced at the New Amsterdam, comment was made on the similarity between this number and "The Mascot of the Troop" in "Mlle. Modiste," which Mr. Herbert wrote for Fritz Scheff. At Weber's, special attention is drawn to the similarity by the introduction of four girls rigged up with drums, *à la* Miss Scheff, while the band switches from Lehar's music to Herbert's, and then back again. This is kept up until the end of the number, which is, of course, sure of several encores.

But—and here is where the joke comes in on Weber—a little investigation reveals the fact that "The Merry Widow" was presented for the first time on any stage at the An der Wien Theater, Vienna, January 3, 1906, while "Mlle. Modiste" came to the Knickerbocker in New York just a week earlier. It is not easy to see how any part of Mr. Herbert's opera could have been copied from Lehar's. One can only fall back on the theory of mental telepathy, or on the suggestion that both composers may have appropriated the melody from the same original, devised by person or persons unknown, as a coroner's jury would phrase it.

We are still waiting, however, for the makers of "The Merry Widow's" book to disprove the statement that it was based upon Meilhac's comedy, "An Attaché of the Embassy." The opera is now being played in all the capitals of Europe except Paris; it is being given in French as close to the border-line of France as Brussels. These facts seem to substantiate the claim of Meilhac's heirs, who have cailed upon the laws of their country to bar "The Merry Widow" from the domains covered by French copyright.

Speaking of France, Paris is being invaded in wholesale quantities by American and English musical-comedy forces. Savage is making money at the Olympia with "The Prince of Pilsen," in which Madge Lessing is airing her French. Even the Moulin Rouge has been purged of its erstwhile high-kicking associations, and May de Sousa, also with a newly ac-

quired French accent, is doing what she can, with the assistance of Max Dearly from London, to make a go of a musical mix-up called "L'as tu Revue?"

#### A NEW PART FOR MAUDE ADAMS

After all, are our American managers so utterly commercial as they are painted? David Belasco put Warfield into a new play when the receipts from "The Music-Master" would have warranted him in continuing his star in that vehicle for several more seasons. And now Charles Frohman withdraws Maude Adams from "Peter Pan," of which it would seem that the public, grown-up as well as juvenile, can never get enough, and tries the risky experiment of launching her in a drama written in verse.

Miss Adams's new piece was translated by John Raphael from the French of Zamacois, who called it "Les Bouffons." It has been used by Sarah Bernhardt—as was also "L'Aiglon," the French play in which the popular American star first appeared in male attire. "The Jesters," as it is called in English—a literal translation of the original title—is, for the most part, a delightful entertainment. At the same time, it is far from possessing such elements of lasting popularity as either "The Little Minister" or "Peter Pan." The appeal in the theme is not so broad, being confined more to the comparatively limited public possessed of a literary sense. Viewed from this standpoint, the little piece is charming, redolent of romance, permeated with comedy, and tinged throughout with a gentle satire that enhances its spell.

The notices of "The Jesters" were not wholly commendatory. As a matter of fact, without Maude Adams the play would certainly be short-lived in a city like New York. As the young nobleman who disguises himself as a jester in order to win the affections of pretty, isolated *Solange*, Miss Adams has hung in her already crowded gallery of creations another finely finished picture. The exquisite tonal qualities of her voice have never seemed so rich and varied as in the delivery of the flowing verse. One fault, however, must be found—she speaks not quite loudly enough, and possibly somewhat too quickly. In the long passages, notably that in the contest of

the jesters, where she delivers the impromptu essay on "The Breeze," much of what she says is lost to the audience. Her impersonation, however, is delicious as a whole.

The support is, for the most part, excellent. Little Consuelo Bailey, the heroine of the brief-lived "Toymaker of Nuremberg," seems to pull a strong stroke in public favor, and certainly makes a dainty *Solange*. William Lewers, as *De Belfonte*, who pits his fine face and form against *De Chancencac's* (Maude Adams) brilliancy of wit, assuredly lived up to the physical requirements of the rôle. Frederic Eric, who last season scored so highly in rôles like *Mercutio* with Sothorn, etched in the tiny part of *Hilarius*, the melancholy fool, with an art that made it seem worthy of his abilities. There were two Germans in the roster—one, Mathilde Cottrelly, with a long experience on the English-speaking stage; the other, Gustav von Seyffertitz, making his first essay in our language. Herr von Seyffertitz blustered amusingly as the boastful yet cowardly Florentine.

Mention of Maude Adams calls attention to the portrait of Pauline Chase, who has been doing *Peter Pan* twice a day in one of Mr. Frohman's London theaters. She is, like Billie Burke, a native of Washington, and owes her introduction to the footlights to Mrs. Leslie Carter, who gave her a letter to George W. Lederer. She was fresh from a convent school, and her greatest ambition in life was to play a boy's part. Imagine her delight, then, when Mr. Lederer, thanks to Mrs. Carter's letter, assigned her to a boy's rôle in "The Rounders," a summer show at the Casino. Then came similar characters for her—all small ones—in "The Belle of New York" and "The Lady Slavey," when these pieces were revived. After this she was sent to London with Edna May in "The Girl from Up There," and, according to her own confession, had rather a miserable time of it. As a matter of fact, the only people who could have been very happy in that company were Montgomery and Stone, who made the solitary hit.

On her return to New York, however, came Miss Chase's opportunity in "The

Liberty Belles," a musical show with scenes laid in a girls' seminary, when the pink pajamas made their debut. It was an odd coincidence that she should pass from "The Liberty Belles" on this side to appear in London with Edna May again, in "The Schoolgirl." Mr. Frohman picked her from this company for his English production of "Peter Pan," in which, after two years, she was promoted to the name part. In between she did the young girl in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," and Mr. Frohman has talked of making a production of "Joan of Arc" for her especial benefit.

#### UNEDITED ARMSTRONG

No small amount of professional interest centered upon Paul Armstrong's enterprise in renting Daly's Theater in order to present his new comedy, "Society and the Bulldog," to the New York public. Two lines under the title on the program proclaimed that "the author admits his responsibility for the production, the choice of the players, and the stage direction." Thus we see that Mr. Armstrong had cut loose completely from every restraining hand. There was not even a star to lift his voice in protest against line, business, or situation. In case of success, the triumph would be all Armstrong's; in the event of failure—well, we all know now who got the blame. Possibly no play in this season of many fiascoes fell down so promptly and so deservedly as did "Society and the Bulldog." Augustin Daly might well have turned in his grave to see such a crude dramatic travesty performed on the boards he rendered famous.

It was Mr. Armstrong himself who forced the issue, on the outcome of which playwrights and managers hung with keenest interest. If Mr. Armstrong made a success of it, and, using the royalties from his "Heir to the Hoorah" and "Salomy Jane" to launch "Society and the Bulldog," could corral all the profits for himself, there was no reason why other successful playwrights could not imitate him, and thus do away with the theatrical middleman. The managers, on the other hand, foresaw a possibility of playwrights demanding exorbitant royalties, threatening otherwise to produce for themselves. The result is

a triumph for the managers, all the greater because of the germs of merit to be detected beneath the dross in the new comedy. Who knows what might have been made of it by the combined efforts of manager and stage-director in the way of suggestion and revision?

#### LONDON'S BIGGEST HIT OF THE SEASON

Despite the repulsiveness of its theme, it is easy to understand why "Irene Wycherley"—the first full-length play of a young man not yet thirty—appealed so forcibly to Lena Ashwell that it was staged within six weeks of its completion. Its story is as old as infidelity itself, and there is neither clever talk nor keen satire to help out the case. It is in constructive power that Anthony P. Wharton excels. He knows how to keep his interest cumulative. He has not been in the business long enough to be hampered by such stage traditions as those that bid the playwright to be especially careful of his "curtains," and to be sure to make the act before the last end with a bang. In the three acts of "Irene Wycherley" the last is by far the best, and its gripping power increases up to the very final minute.

Mr. Wharton is a native of Ireland, and holds the chair of applied economics at Dublin University. While spending his vacation in London, last summer, he chanced to see Miss Ashwell in a revival of "Leah Kleschna," and was so impressed by her performance that he wrote asking her permission to submit to her a little one-act play of his own. Having read this, she was struck by the strength it displayed, though it was not a thing that she could use. In returning the manuscript she suggested that Mr. Wharton might try his hand at suiting her with a full evening's drama. The result was "Irene Wycherley," which was written within five weeks, and which has been filling the Kingsway Theater, London, for more than as many months.

It was imported to New York by Viola Allen, who is temperamentally unsuited to the part. Nevertheless, the play made a striking impression at the Astor.

Would it be ungracious to remark that it is a pity Miss Ashwell did not keep the American rights for herself? She may need them some day.



# THE RUNNING OF SILVER RIVER

BY C. F. BOURKE

AUTHOR OF "THE ALABAMA FEUD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

WHEN a young and ambitious professional man like Harlow, C. E., is informed by a briefly brutal telegram that his first important piece of work has been wiped out by a stroke of misfortune that offers no remedy, he is likely to do one of two things, according to his nature and instinct.

He will either sit down with a cold feeling in the region of his stomach and passively accept the probable ruin of his professional career, or square his jaw and get into action as fast as railroad facilities and the operation of the human brain can encompass the deed—cataclysms of nature and dispensations of Providence to the contrary notwithstanding.

The latter was the course selected by Engineer Harlow, who, representing his patron, the president of the Western Reducing Company, had recently completed the construction of the reducing-plant at Silverton, the first child of his technical training.

When the plant first went into operation, Harlow looked upon his work and found it good. The great ore-crushers and distributors roared and wheezed like twelve-inch turret-guns in action; canvas-coated, red-ore-splashed men washed out the last remnants of metal, and the main artery of the plant, the Silver River, swirled athwart the mountainside to continue on its way a turbid, red-stained stream, useless for further purposes of cleanliness.

"The work is good, the plant the best, and the ever-flowing creek will keep her going till we've washed up all the pay-rock on this slope of the Rockies!"

So said Engineer Harlow to Houghton,

the manager. Surly, taciturn, and pessimistic, the manager grunted a non-committal reply, and the engineer betook himself plainsward on the overland railroad.

A few days later, while Harlow was resting in Denver, he got a telegram from Manager Houghton, announcing the coming of disaster and the permanent destruction of all the company's hopes—all within the economical limits of an unsatisfactory ten words.

The morning overland train deposited Harlow at Silverton, and twenty minutes later the engineer flung himself from a smoking buckskin pony into the presence of the tiger-snarling Houghton, who awaited his arrival in the spacious office of the Western Reducing plant. There were no polite preliminary greetings.

"What the devil's the matter with that qualified Silver River you boomed in your report? Gone dry almost overnight—stopped running like a piker—quit dead as a cut hose!"

"I know that from your telegram," Harlow replied curtly. "By the way, I presume you forgot the office has a telegraph-code?"

The sarcastic flingback missed its mark.

"Don't you bother about my telegrams, son," the manager growled. "The cat jumped the bag in New York before the crick got through drying up. Wall Street had advance information on that job."

Hardly catching the sense of the manager's words, Harlow turned to the window commanding a view of the little city of Silverton, below them. Sharply back from the side of the ore-plant he saw the melancholy dry bed of the Silver River.

A week ago the stream was singing out of the bowels of the mountain, furnishing life-blood to the big ore-plant on the hillside.

That was all that had happened in his absence. The rest was the same—the morning sun tipping the backbone of the continent; the heathery hillside; the little town flooded in golden sun-glare. The

realized what the last few days must have meant to the big manager, lacking intuition, but full of pessimistic imagination.

"It is rather discouraging," the engineer said. "I suppose it's been a pretty bad grind?"

"Grind!" Houghton's fat fist punctuated the exclamation like the fall

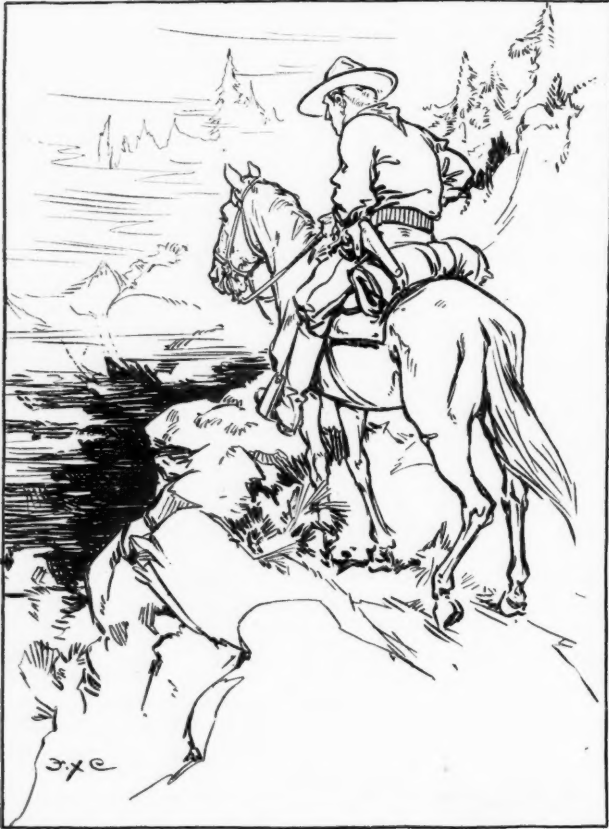
of a rock-crusher.

"Grind! It's been ashes to ashes, all right, all right! A month after we start the plant, the bottom drops out. Black Friday, too! Then Graveyard Saturday and Tombstone Sunday. Dribble, dribble, dribble; that's the way the creek went out; and all of us staring like bull-calves. Pretty soon she was shut off dead, with blind fishes from inside the mountain wrigglin' on the gravel. Then, to cap it, Western Reducing stock was thrown on the market in N'York, an' wouldn't sell for scrap-iron. Oh, my Aunt Maria! Them Raynor brothers did us up plenty and frequent when they unloaded this barn, half-finished, for fifty thousand dollars!"

"The Silver River was flowing out of the side of the mountain, five miles from here, fifty years be-

fore the Raynors staked out this property," Harlow returned. "It was a subterranean stream, coming out of the big divide, before Frémont crossed to the coast."

"Well, it ain't running any more," Houghton replied doggedly. "And them Raynors have gone off with our fifty thousand to irrigate the Yuma Valley, somewhere t'other side of the divide.



IT WAS TWILIGHT WHEN HE REACHED THE SPUR OF ROCK SHELVING ABOVE A YAWNING CAVERN

silent works shed a grotesque black shadow down toward the town, where idle men prowled in the streets—for the ore-plant was the life-blood of the little city, as the Silver River had been the life-blood of the ore-plant.

"Picturesque view, ain't it?" Houghton growled. "Nice place to go fishin', eh?"

In the brief moment of silence Harlow



HE SAW BOB RAYNOR PLUNGE HEADLONG FROM HIS SADDLE

"Them chaps know where to find water!" He put up his big hand, as Harlow picked up his hat with a sudden gleam in his eye and moved toward the door. "It's up to you to do some hustling. The N'York gang's ready to sell this plant for old junk—they got an offer through some real-estate shark—only they want your report first. Sing your swan song, so's I can get out of here and hunt another job!"

Harlow had already passed the door and flung himself on the buckskin bronco.

"I'll take a week to sing my song," he said grimly. "I'll go over that mountain, or *through* it, first. That's what none of you seem to have thought of!"

## II

THE young engineer realized that he faced a problem for which the text-books offered no solution. He rapidly rehearsed the details of disaster—the purchase of the reducing-plant, with its seemingly time-defying water-supply; the inexplicable cutting off of the subterranean stream, the artery of its life; the raid on the company's stock, and the proffered purchase of the plant for junk. There were others, apparently, who knew as well as Harlow and Houghton the importance of the part played by the Silver River in the operation of the Western Reducing Company's ore-works.

The sun was still high in the heavens when he turned the buckskin bronco's head out of Silverton, following the bed of the dried stream into the recesses of the mountain. He carried with him food and candles, and—the last thing Houghton, relenting in his surliness, had suggested—a heavy Remington navy revolver and a well-filled cartridge-belt.

It was twilight when he reached the spur of rock shelving above a yawning cavern whence, formerly, the Silver River had sprung from its unknown source in the heart of the hills. He had searched the creek's rocky sides, but had found no indications of former drought. So far as the rocks told him, the stream had simply lost its way, or had forgotten to flow along its accustomed route.

He had drawn out a match to light a candle when the sound of horses' hoofs and men's voices on the mountain trail caused him instinctively to draw the bronco within the shelter of the cavern's mouth. When the twilight riders stopped just above him, he stood breathlessly with his hand clapped on the bronco's muzzle.

"Aw, come on!" a voice said. "What's the use hanging round that hole in the mud?"

The response came, accompanied by a chuckling laugh.

"I was just wondering what that kid

Harlow said when he saw that dry stream. Lordy, we didn't wipe his eye or nothing, did we, Billy? Wonder what that Western Reducing gang would think if they was real wise to the job?"

"They'd get after our scalp four ways to once, if they was," the other man growled. "Just the same, it will be time for us to whinny when we get the transfer-papers signed, sealed, and delivered. Then they can squeal all they want, and so can the ranchers over in Yuma. Come on, Bob!"

Harlow drew his first full breath simultaneously with the sound of the men's departure. Bill and Bob Raynor! So they were the mysterious bidders for the ore-company's plant—the very men who had sold the works to the company a year before. Chance had sent to him the very men who had been in his mind all the afternoon, as connected in some way with the failure of the stream.

What he had heard swept from his mind all thought of exploring, single-handed, the bed of the lost river. His way lay now after the Raynors. He left the shelter of the cavern, following their trail cautiously as an Indian on the slot of an enemy. Over the tortuous turns of the mountain path he had no trouble in keeping the two brothers in sight, silhouetted against a starlit sky, as they toiled upward toward the backbone of the range.

Under the clear stars he watched them gain and cross the plateau that topped the range, doubling sharply to the right before they dipped behind the ridge on the other side. A second later the buckskin bronco was speeding across the open plateau. It stopped at the top of a steep slope, and far below Harlow saw the twinkling lights of a ranch-house. The night riders had disappeared, but he followed down into the hollow. There he pulled up sharply, checking a cry of surprise.

A sound of swirling water came from the right—water, where he had found only a dried-up hillside the summer before! He turned the bronco toward the sound. One hundred—two hundred yards, and the pony's feet paddled in water pouring swiftly downward. Directly over him projected the frowning front of a huge precipice, and from the

base of the cliff the water was spouting forth in a cataract. Then he saw something else—a passageway and a hand-rail leading inward on the side of the torrent, the pathway showing white on the rock.

The ranch-house was so close that he could hear the laughter and shouting of the men. He dismounted from the pony, dropping the reins over the bronco's head to hold him in his place, and entered the face of the mountain, bending his head to follow the narrow pass that skirted the rushing water. He was beginning to understand what Manager Houghton said about the Raynors' "irrigating" Yuma Valley.

"They've tapped the subterranean stream here, and they're checking against our bank-deposit!"

Under the shadow of the cliff he lighted a candle, and drew back as his foot touched the margin of a wide, shining body of water. From the base of the ledge, as far back as he could see, the water shone and rippled toward the outlet into the valley. But something to the right diverted his eyes and drew a savage oath from his lips. Across a gloomy arch a wall of rock rose above the surface of the water, stopping its course into the depths of the mountain, whither it had doubtless flowed for ages before the barricade was erected.

That the work of diverting the stream was not yet completed was evidenced by the loose blocks of stone, the crowbars, and the pickaxes strewn about the path.

Picking up a handful of clay from the margin of the underground lake, Harlow plastered his candle against the wall of the cavern. Then his quick ear caught a faint sound, as of a man's voice outside. He snatched up a crowbar that lay handy.

"Before they get me I'll leave my mark," he muttered grimly.

He set the crowbar into the interstices of the stones, exerting all his strength to lever the top blocks off. Then he heard the crack of a rifle outside the cavern, followed by the shrill whinny of the buckskin bronco.

He ran along the narrow path, tossing the candle into the water as he reached the overhanging cliff, and sprang upon the bronco's back. The buckskin slipped on the damp rock, recovering himself

with a snort. As he headed for the trail up the mountain he saw a bunch of horsemen coming from the ranch-house, and bullets began to whistle about him.

"After him, boys! Corral him before he gits up top! He's been in to the lake!"

was riding for his life; and he was carrying with him the secret of the Silver River.

At the top of the slope he gave the bronco his head across the plateau, unbuckling the holster-flap of his Remington navy revolver as he sped for the



FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE HOUSE CAME  
A SHOWER OF BULLETS

With the yelling voices behind him and the bullets whistling past his ears, Harlow lay down on the gallant little buckskin's back to ride as he had never ridden before in his life.

"He's seen the dam. Take him, boys! Don't let him get over the range alive!"

Harlow knew the trail. Besides, he

other side. A slow rage was growing in him at the treachery of the Raynors, who, not content with ruining him, were now eager to take his life.

Half-way across the plateau a horseman was only a few yards behind him. The riders were not ten yards apart when Harlow wheeled the bronco. He felt a





REGARDLESS OF FALLING TIMBERS AND CRASHING GLASS, THE ENGINEER CLUNG TO THE REMNANTS OF THE WINDOW

stinging burn in his shoulder; then the big Remington spoke, and in the flash he saw Bob Raynor plunge headlong from his saddle. When he swung the buckskin again into its course, the others were yelling after him like wolves.

### III

AN hour later, Houghton, of the Western Reducing Company, sprang to his feet at the sound of a galloping horse sliding and slithering on the gravel before the door. Harlow, revolver in hand, stumbled into the room.

"There's no time to talk—get the Winchesters!" Harlow gasped.

He fell into a chair and turned down the lamp, but not before Houghton had jerked two rifles out of a locker and spilled a box of cartridges upon the table.

"Who are we goin' to shoot up?" he asked laconically. "Hoss-thieves?"

"The Raynors—or one of 'em. I got Bob Raynor. I found the river. They'll get me, if they have to burn down the plant!"

The pursuers must have come up quietly. There was a slight scuffling before the office; then a voice rang out sharply:

"You Houghton, hand Harlow out here, or it'll be worse for both of you! You hear?"

The big manager slid up the window softly.

"Ain't receiving callers to-night," he said. "Come t'morrow, Bill."

An oath and a shot answered him, chipping the window-ledge. The manager dropped to the floor, shoving the barrel of his Winchester across the sill. A scream followed the report, and then from both sides of the house came a shower of bullets, shattering the window-panes and knocking the mortar from the ceiling of the room.

"Confound 'em," Houghton growled, "they've got behind the powder-house! I can't shoot over there!"

The besiegers had gathered about a small structure on the far side of the road, facing the office-building. Behind them the hillside sloped steeply; there was no other cover under the bright starlight except the dry bed of the river.

The horsemen had stopped firing. Harlow, leaning upon his window-sill, heard the manager's voice coming from afar off.

"What are they down on us for? What got them after you, anyhow?"

Harlow tried to get his voice, but his senses seemed to be drifting away on some boundless sea, far from the trouble and pain of life. Everything seemed dimmed and dulled except that horrible stinging wound in his shoulder. Then he screamed with agony. The manager's big hand was on his arm, brutally shaking him into consciousness.

"They're going to rush us. Wake up here! They're bunching behind the powder-house—my God, they've fired it!"

Harlow caught that. The devils from the mountain had fired the powder-house, which held enough giant-powder to blow a troop of cavalry into chin-straps.

A shout from Houghton roused him. The light was growing brighter behind the little house across the road. A man on a black horse shot away from the light, crossed the road, as Houghton fired at him, and leaped his horse over the steep bank into the bed of the river.

"Missed the brute!" Houghton growled. "It's Bill Raynor. He's going to enfilade us when we jump for it out back. There go two more! I can't hit anything in this light. Are you awake, boy? Got hurt, didn't you?"

Two or three shots entered the side window, coming from the river-bed, and Houghton pulled Harlow to the floor.

"They're all over in the river now," he growled, "except two of the brutes that's gone up under the trestles. What's it going to be, son—blow up, or run for it? What's that?"

It seemed to Harlow that he had been listening to the sound for hours. Far out in the night, a deep, dull boom came out of the darkness of the hills. Harlow crawled across the room and laid his rifle across the sill of the side window commanding the river-bed. He knew what ghostly vengeance it was that was roaring and booming closer and closer; and a moment later the men hidden in the river-bed knew, too.

"They blocked the creek on the other side of the range," he whispered, in answer to Houghton's excited questions. "Keep the devils in their own trap; they can't come out this way! Don't you hear the water? I found the dam, and got a crowbar under the keystone. It's the river coming!"

"They're afraid to come this way, an' they're making up stream to where the bank is lower," the manager cried, as a flare of fire from the burning powder-house lit up the scene like daylight.

"There's one of the brutes trying to climb the bank now," Harlow chattered, half crazed from pain and weakness. "If I thought it was Bill Raynor, I'd pot him!"

"You'll get out of this hole right now, that's what you'll do!" Houghton exclaimed. "See that fire out there? The whole place will go up in about a second. Mosey, man!"

He sprang to the rear of the office, flinging open a back door; but Harlow

did not heed either his words or his actions. A spitting, clear stream of fire spurted up from the roof of the powder-house, like the fire-spurt of a blow-pipe. Then a blast like the explosion of a twelve-inch gun rose in the midst of a great furnace of flame, lifting the whole front of the building with it. But, regardless of falling timbers and crashing glass, the engineer clung to the remnants of the window, glaring at another devouring element that was forging onward with irresistible might. He saw the white crest of the mighty wave that led the coming river, and he heard the wild shrieks of the men caught down between the banks of the torrent.

#### IV

"THOUGHT we'd never get you awake," the manager was saying. "Thought you was sure finished when that bang came. The powder blowed a hole in the ground big enough to plant Raynor and all his gang, including the cayuses. How d'ye feel?"

A shade of anxiety crossed Harlow's features.

"The Raynor crowd are dead, you say?"

"Dead, not them!" The manager grunted his disgust. "That bloomin' river came down like Niagara on a bender, but it only accounted for two or three drowned broncs. The sheriff came back from Yuma Valley this mornin', and he says the Raynors have skipped clean out o' the country. They must have been working to block up Silver River ever since they sold this plant to the Western Company. Figured on getting the plant back for nothing, an' then they'd turn on the water again. See? Nice pair of citizens!"

Harlow was lying in the back room of the wrecked office. The crushers were pounding and booming in the reducing-works, and he smiled as he listened to the fuss and flurry of the river.

"I wired N'York," Houghton said. "Guess you get most of the credit, son."

"I guess the credit goes to Providence, all right," Harlow murmured. "She did her work with fire and flood, but she always does it handsomely. I guess she knew where she wanted the Silver River to run!"

# ROMANCE AND MISS ANTWERP

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE DONAHUE," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY CHARLES M. RELYEA

MISS ANTWERP was vigorously sweeping and resweeping her little front porch—digging in the corners, scouring the boards. She was just finishing her usual morning fight with General Colorado Dust. Having valiantly driven his invading forces from their advance entrenchments within her realm, she was demoralizing their retreat and sending them headlong from her borders. The rout complete, she triumphantly shook her broom in the wake of the last stragglers—and, quite by accident, in the face of a young man.

He had halted at the terrace end of the short front walk, and was looking hesitatingly in. He may have been waiting until the affray was over. Now, seizing his opportunity, he lifted his hat and spoke.

"Excuse me. Have you a room to rent?"

He was a slim, frail-appearing young man, with a smooth, thin, boyish face, and a pair of appealing dark eyes.

"Have I—goodness, no! I don't rent rooms," replied Miss Antwerp, decisively but not unkindly.

"I asked, because I was recommended to come here by a lady up the street. She thought that perhaps you might have a room," explained the young man.

"I don't see what made her think so," said Miss Antwerp, reprovingly.

"I don't, either," acknowledged the young man, helplessly.

"Mrs. Turner, on the other side of the street in the next block south, takes roomers," directed Miss Antwerp.

"A large brick house?" inquired the young man. Miss Antwerp nodded. "I was there," he continued, with a faint smile. "She sent me here."

"Oh, yes; of course," said Miss Antwerp. "Mrs. Turner's bound to have me rent a room. She's been after me for a year about it. She's full, then?"

"N-no," faltered the young man. He looked down at the terrace; then he looked up at Miss Antwerp. "You see, I'm what they call an invalid," he told her, frankly. "I'm out here for my health; there's no use in denying it. And somehow, there doesn't seem to be much place for people who are—out here for their health. I suppose," he added, whimsically, but with a trace of bitterness, "I can put up a tent on a vacant lot; but I didn't come out here to do that."

He coughed.

"Tuberculosis?" queried Miss Antwerp.

"I started out by saying that I had a cold," said the young man. "But it doesn't go, I've found. You folks here seem able to tell a 'lunger' as far as you can see one."

"Yes; we've learned to be suspicious. We have to be," said Miss Antwerp, defensively.

"No doubt," agreed the young man, ruefully. "And, of course, I have weak lungs; that's why I'm here. But—did you come out for your health?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, mercy, no!" assured Miss Antwerp. "I've lived in Colorado nearly all my life."

"Because if you did, and looked for rooms, you'd understand, perhaps, what I'm up against," explained the young man. "I usually get about as far as the threshold, when the prospective landlady eyes me and says: 'You're an invalid, aren't you?' and I have to 'fess up that

after a fashion I am; and then she says: 'I'm very sorry, but we don't take sick people,' and the door closes in my face."

"Very likely; but with hundreds of tuberculosis patients poured in upon us, we well people have to protect ourselves, and *keep* well," returned Miss Antwerp. "Otherwise we should have our houses full of tuberculosis all the time. But there must be some place for you. There are several sanatoriums, you know."

"Those that I can afford have a waiting-list extending almost into the next generation," laughed the young man. "There are regular consumptive boarding-houses, too," he continued, sobering. "I couldn't stand them. They are ghastly! I'd rather go back East." He hesitated. He looked down, and when he looked up, about his mouth were pathetic lines, in his eyes a pathetic moisture. "I guess if the doctor had known what a time I was to have in finding quarters, he wouldn't have sent me out here. I came two weeks ago, and I've done nothing since but answer advertisements and walk the streets, and—I'm about ready to quit. It's frightful to be a suspicious character, and a stranger, and not rich, out here!"

He coughed again, and laughed.

"I suppose I ought to apologize for coughing," he volunteered.

Miss Antwerp surveyed him thoughtfully. He certainly appeared like a very nice young man; pleasant, clean, of good blood.

"You don't look to be very sick," she observed.

"I'm not," he declared. "Not so sick as to be dangerous. Any doctor, I think, will certify as to that. My trouble so far is mainly bronchial."

Miss Antwerp, with a fluttering of her resolution, surveyed him again. She was deliberating. A man—that speculative, doubtful, unessayed yet strangely attractive quantity known as Man—beneath her roof, in close proximity to her, intruding amid her maiden ways? An odd little thrill stirred Miss Antwerp's innermost virgin recesses. She did have a room that she could spare—the front room upstairs. She had lost her cat. 'Twould be nice to have something to occupy her, beyond herself. Should she? Should she? Should—

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," spoke the young man, again lifting his hat, and starting on.

His steps were tired.

"Oh—wait a moment," said Miss Antwerp, bravely. "I *have* a room. It isn't very large, but you might—"

And, astonished at her own action, she conducted him in.

## II

MISS ANTWERP was bestowing the finishing touches on the room—Mr. Redcroft's room, as it now had become by virtue of the morning's agreement. "John Stanley Redcroft," stated his card; a dignified, well-bred name, it seemed to Miss Antwerp. The card was lying, alone in its masculine superiority, on the center table, down in the parlor. To put it in the little dish wherein reposed the other cards, all of women, impressed Miss Antwerp to be something of an indelicacy; so she conscientiously kept the card apart. Occasionally, passing, she glanced at it.

Miss Antwerp stood in the center of the room, and cast a contemplative look about her. Had the room been intended for a woman occupant, Miss Antwerp would have been satisfied; but for a man—that was different.

The room certainly had a cheery, attractive atmosphere. It fronted south, and the sun was streaming in through two front windows. It had received an extra sweeping and dusting and wiping; nothing, from the closet to the moldings, had escaped. Its bed included a splendid hair mattress, and was covered with Miss Antwerp's best spread—the valence touching the floor. Mr. Redcroft did not look like a man who would wantonly rest his muddy feet on such a spread, did he? The dresser also exhibited a fresh attire, and on its pink scarf there lay a large pink pincushion. There were two chairs—a straight-back cane-seat, and an arm rocking-chair. By the rocking-chair stood a small square table.

Miss Antwerp gazed upon the table. It looked bare, uninviting. Mr. Redcroft did not say that he smoked, but he was a man. Miss Antwerp hastened down into her own room, and, returning, placed upon the table a little lacker dish. It had held her hairpins, but he would

know what it was for. She sighed; and then, mutely resigning the room to its fate, tiptoed out.

At two o'clock in the afternoon arrived Mr. Redcroft's trunk, and without apology the expressman wanted to know "whereabouts in the house it went." A maiden lady tremulously watched its progress along the front walk, through the door, and up the stairs, into the front room. The expressman drove away. The deed had been done. The sacred precincts of the cottage had received their second shock of the day. First a man had shamelessly intruded; he had retired again; but now, in their midst, behold boldly lodged a man's trunk, with man's apparel in it!

Miss Antwerp stole up, after the expressman had left, and peeped in at the trunk. Then, with a blush for her curiosity, she guiltily withdrew.

### III

MR. REDCROFT took his meals out; but the remainder of the time he spent, as a rule, in his room or upon the front porch. At the latter station, it cannot be denied, he sometimes interfered with the regular morning sweeping. This, however, as Miss Antwerp learned, could be postponed. Time was—before the advent of Man—when she would have deemed such a heresy impossible.

Mr. Redcroft was indeed ill. He was worse than Miss Antwerp had suspected. Tuberculosis is as deceptive to the observer as to the patient—and Mr. Redcroft had tuberculosis. On some days he coughed very badly, and was so weak that he had difficulty in walking to his meals. On other days he seemed much stronger; and presently the "other days" came more frequently and stayed more persistently.

Mr. Redcroft was getting better; he surely was. Rest and climate were doing their work—work which no drugs ever can perform.

Rest and climate, did I say? Why deprive Miss Antwerp of her merited laurels? From her self-elected duty, Mr. Redcroft became her solicitude, and then her pride.

Miss Antwerp was forty years old. Sometimes she looked it, sometimes she did not. For twenty years she had lived

practically alone. Her life had been single, the placid surface of its current unruffled. So far as known by the world about her, romance had passed her by. Persis Antwerp had never had a beau; Miss Antwerp never had masculine company. What the dreams of Persis Antwerp, what the dreams of Miss Antwerp, who may tell?

Romance does this to some women—it passes them by. It is as erratic as lightning. It ignores this mark, chooses that, and obeys no law of logic. Thus we note an apparently ill-assorted couple; we wonder why, we wonder what, we wonder how. But love moves in no fixed orbit. He is blind.

So, for all these years, romance had passed Miss Antwerp by, careless of her existence, and for no reason—until, suddenly, here it was. It came in the guise of charity; it remained in the guise of love.

At first Miss Antwerp ventured in this "man's room" only very circumspectly, waiting until she had witnessed its occupant depart, and then hurrying in and scurrying out. Its contents brought her some modest blushes, as the handling of articles of masculine raiment fell to her lot. A certain bracing, virile atmosphere about the place struck through to her spinster heart, and set latent chords therein to vibrating.

But, behold, speedily Miss Antwerp waxed brazen. What had been accepted as an obligation became a pleasure, and it was one of her dearest delights to fold up, hang up, and even, invading closed drawers, to tidy up. Necktie, shirt, and—yes, and trousers, grew to regard Miss Antwerp's touch with respect. No longer they snickered over her timidity, questioned her jurisdiction.

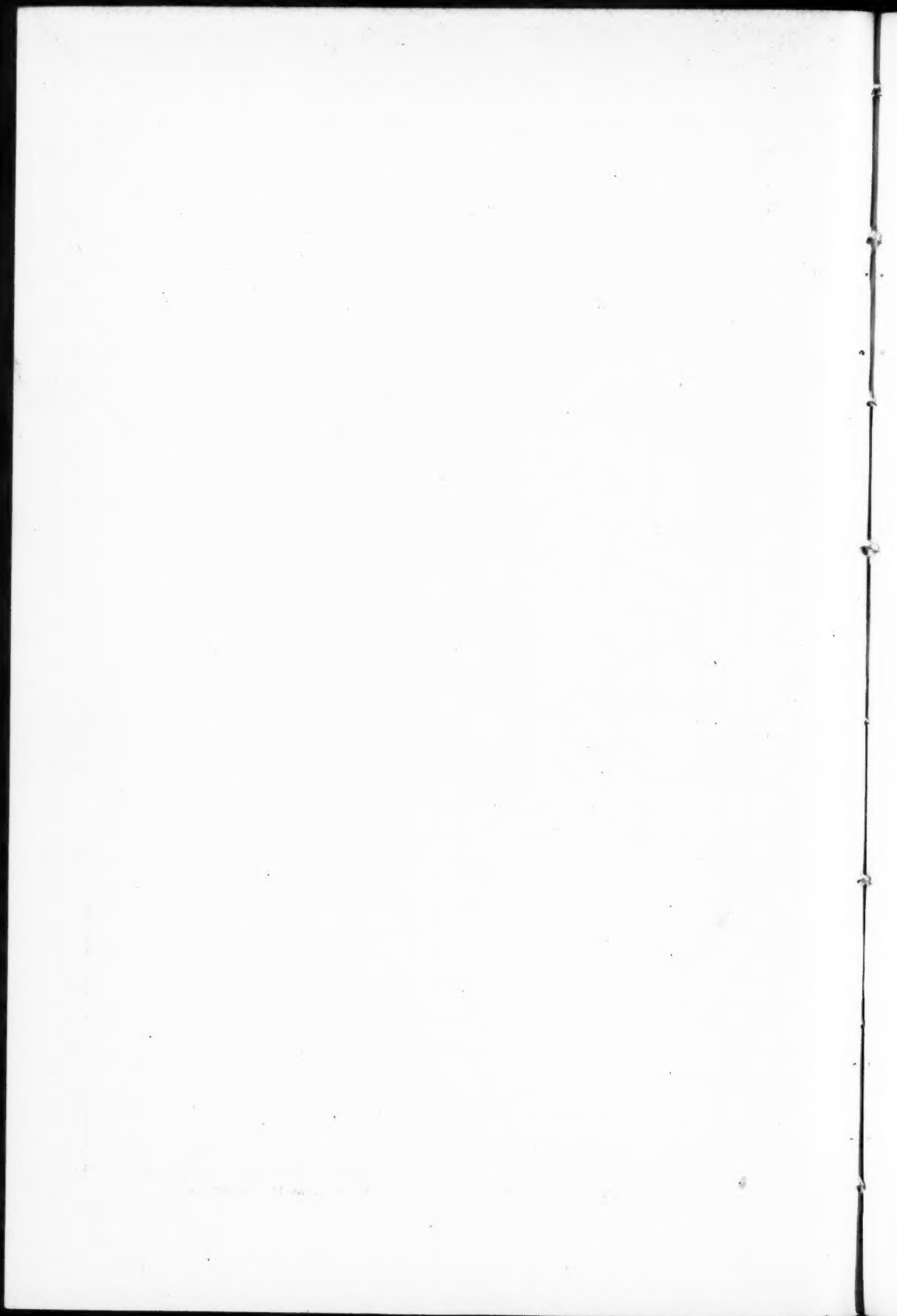
Many a spinster is only a mother unassigned, a mother-at-large. Such was Miss Antwerp, though she may not have known it herself. Being a mother-at-large is only an example of instinct—which, like water, strives to seek its level, the level of its source. Woman is not meant to live alone in the world any more than is man. The mother-at-large is still unsatisfied. The spirit is hers, but not the substance.

Now upward borne on the tide of her long-dormant emotions, Miss Ant-





"HE IS BETTER, ISN'T HE?" ASKED THE GIRL, AS IF QUICKENED  
INTO SUDDEN VAGUE ALARM



werp found herself looking ahead into her rightful kingdom. It seemed to her that she had met the prince who might lead her amid its happy vales. In her secret moments she thrilled with wifehood—and blushed thereat.

Yes, Mr. Redcroft was growing better—consistently better. His cheeks were becoming fuller, upon his countenance was a glow, in his eyes a steady brightness. Miss Antwerp noted, and gloried. She felt a sense of exultation, for she was bringing him back to life; she was gaining for him that most precious of possessions—health. All the more vigilantly she mounted guard over him, that out of the valley of the shadow naught should catch him defenseless and drag him to the entrance again.

Sleeping and waking, she was imbued with a new sense of proprietorship. With a peculiar zest she made cookies and doughnuts, and plied him with platefuls. Sometimes, when she glanced into a mirror, she found herself looking so young that she was vaguely astonished—and glanced again, only to reproach herself, conscientiously, for her vanity.

Mr. Redcroft took kindly to her ministrations. They talked but seldom, and he told her very little about himself and his affairs; but in his manner was a half-laughing deference to her wishes, in his gaze, frequently, a frank gratitude. An ordinary woman might have found in his attitude only appreciation, and have been satisfied with that; but Miss Antwerp was not an ordinary woman. This was her first romance.

First she dreamed, then she expected, then she trusted.

#### IV

JUNE; June over all the world, when love, swelling in April, budding in May, opens into full and perfect flower; June in Colorado, with a turquoise sky above, green mountains round about, and green-  
ing plains beneath—in the air the breath of pines, permeating all the golden sunshine.

Miss Antwerp and her charge were sitting on the little front porch. It was after supper, and upon the crest of the range the sun was pausing for a moment's backward look ere descending upon the farther side. Robins were

pipng their even-song. Miss Antwerp was crocheting a wash-cloth. She felt very peaceful and domestic. Mr. Redcroft was idly watching her swift-moving fingers.

"I had some good news to-day," he volunteered.

"Did you?" she said. "That was nice."

"Yes; my folks are coming out to see me. They'll be here day after to-morrow."

"Well, well!" declared Miss Antwerp, sympathetically encouraging his exhilaration.

"It's a surprise," he continued. He paused. "I've told them about you," he added.

"Yes?" murmured Miss Antwerp, weakly.

"I've told them lots. They want to see you."

Miss Antwerp's heart beat rapidly. What had he told them? What, but—It was to be a family inspection, then. Would they approve of her? Would they wish her different? Would they think her good enough for their boy? Had he raised their expectations too high? Would they be disappointed in her looks—or would they realize what she had done for him, and what she could continue to do for him?

"You must bring them up," she responded faintly.

"Of course I will," he heartily assured her.

Miss Antwerp blushed and bent over her work. To her simple mind what he had said amounted almost to a declaration. She understood. But he himself was not gazing at her, or noting her flush; he was looking off toward the mountains on the western horizon, his thoughts apparently as far away as the red rim of the sun.

#### V

It was the second morning after this, and again Miss Antwerp was sweeping the porch. Mr. Redcroft had gone out for a walk. Thinking of him, unconsciously, Miss Antwerp was crooning a little song—such a crooning as a mother bird might indulge in, beside her waiting nest. Miss Antwerp was not yet glancing along the street, for Mr. Redcroft

had been gone but a short time; so she did not see the trim girl approaching, down the thoroughfare, scanning the house-numbers, until, apprised by foot-steps turning in, she poised her broom and politely waited.

"I beg your pardon, but does Mr. Redcroft room here?"

"He does." Without knowing why, but instinctively, Miss Antwerp bristled at the question.

"May—may I see him?"

"Mr. Redcroft is not at home just now. He went out for a walk a few minutes ago."

Miss Antwerp spoke almost coldly, unnecessarily guarding the portals. The girl hesitated, and blushed.

"You're Miss Antwerp, are you not?" Her tone was pleasing, half eager, half deferential.

"Yes."

The girl blushed deeper.

"I'm Miss Lewis." Again she hesitated. "Margaret Lewis."

She seemed to think that this information was really informing; but Miss Antwerp could only reply from behind her broom, as from behind a rampart of disinterest:

"Yes?"

"May I come in and wait?"

Recalled to her innate hospitality by the pretty little appeal, Miss Antwerp blushed for herself, and answered:

"Certainly."

She led the way into her house, and ushered her impromptu guest into the sitting-room.

"I don't want to interrupt your sweeping," apologized the girl. "We arrived late last night, ahead of time—I mean, before we were expected—and so I thought I'd come up early and surprise him." By "him" she must be referring familiarly to Mr. Redcroft. "I left the others at the hotel. The trip quite tired them—they're rather old, you know; but nothing ever tires me!"

She laughed happily. She was a slender but well-rounded and wholesome girl, of that border-land 'twixt maidenhood and womanhood extending from eighteen years onward into the twenties; with brown hair, dark blue eyes, healthfully tinted skin, and a most becoming hat and tailor suit. Miss Antwerp per-

ceived herself attracted, although unwillingly, by this stranger.

"You are a sister of Mr. Redcroft?" she demanded—it was a very stupid suggestion, too.

"Oh, no." The girl colored, embarrassed; but she continued bravely: "I'm Miss Lewis. I told you, didn't I? I thought you knew—I supposed he had spoken of me. You see, we're to be married, we hope, some day."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Antwerp, abruptly sinking upon a chair, and very, very nearly dropping her broom.

"He is better, isn't he?" asked the girl, as if quickened into sudden vague alarm.

"Yes," stammered Miss Antwerp—"yes, he is better."

She was seething. She grasped her broom tightly. Surely it was not true! Mr. Redcroft—*her* Mr. Redcroft—claimed thus, by this—chit! The very idea! Preposterous, and wicked! How was she, this mere girl, entitled to him? Had *she* saved him? Had *she* fought with death for him, and won? Who was *she*, to stand off, miles and miles away, and then at the moment of victory step forward and appropriate the fruits thereof?

No! Mr. Redcroft belonged to her, to her, Persis Antwerp! Should she not take her broom and sweep out this interloper as she would sweep out anything else which had stolen in uninvited—dust, for instance?

Miss Antwerp's face must have told her thoughts, for the girl leaned forward with growing apprehension, her eyes questioning, her mouth tremulous, her gloved hands clasping and unclasping themselves.

"He has so often written of Miss Antwerp, and her kindness to him, that I took it for granted he had spoken of me to you," she faltered. "But he did not know that I was coming on with his father and mother. I was to surprise him."

"I have seen your picture among his other pictures upon his dresser, but I did not understand you were his fiancée. I presumed that you were a relative," said Miss Antwerp, austerely.

It impressed her as sacrilege to have even a fiancée's photograph lying about, thus exposed to semi-public gaze.

"He *is* better?" appealed the girl, anxiously.

Why not tell her "no"? A wild idea occurred to Miss Antwerp that then, perhaps, this unwelcome claimant would go away. Would she?

"Maybe I ought not to wait. I must be bothering you," hazarded the girl, rising, puzzled by the silence. "As long as I know that he *is* better—" She stepped forward, and halted. Suddenly, with a rush of tears to her eyes, she came right up to Miss Antwerp, who also arose hastily. "But he *is* better—isn't he? Are you keeping anything from me? What is it? Doesn't he care for me any more? You can tell me; you needn't be afraid. I can bear it, if only I know that he's better. I won't wait to see him, if he doesn't want to see me. Indeed, I won't!" She laid her hand imploringly upon Miss Antwerp's arm. "I—I'll try not to mind; I'll try not to mind *anything*, if he's better, and getting well. That will be enough to make me happy, and I'll go away!"

The voice broke, with a pitiful, pleading little break. 'Twas a cry from the unselfishness of womankind; 'twas the self-abnegation of woman's love, and Miss Antwerp's heart recognized not a rival, but a sister. They were one together, for one was their yearning, one their satisfaction. She laid her free hand over the slender fingers that still pressed upon her arm.

"Yes, he *is* better; he's much, much better," she said. "He is going to be well."

"I'm so glad! Oh, I'm so glad! And he owes it to you—we all owe it to you!"

They clung, mutually sobbing in mutual thankfulness, for a moment. Miss Antwerp's ears caught the note of a distant whistle, and abruptly she lifted her head.

"I believe he's coming," she announced. "There—run out quick, and you'll meet him. Hurry!"

With a motherly little push she directed the other into the hall. The girl sped out; Miss Antwerp ascended the stairs.

After a decent interval she came down again—there was the unfinished sweeping, you know. Mr. Redcroft and the girl were sitting on the porch settee, holding each other's hands, talking very fast, and gazing very fondly and perhaps very foolishly into each other's eyes. But Miss Antwerp boldly invaded, for she still had her sense of proprietorship. He was still her boy—her Mr. Redcroft, wasn't he? She had saved him; she had done that, and although she had saved him for another the thought was both proud and sweet.

Thus romance at last had touched Miss Antwerp's threshold—to pass on. Her romance must be the romance of somebody else. Yet she found herself not unhappy.

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#### THE OPEN HEART

With bow and arrow forth I went  
In search of forest game;  
But neither sound, nor sight, nor scent  
Aroused my arm or aim.

With rod and reel I tracked the streams;  
The denizens were shy,  
And unfulfilled were all my dreams,  
My basket light and dry.

With trusty trap afar I fared,  
With greatest care 'twas set;  
I waited long, but naught I snared  
Save something called Regret.

But when an empty cage I hung  
Upon a redwood bough,  
Four little birds flew in and sung—  
Hark! They are singing now!

Clarence Urmy



# THE PRIMA DONNA\*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF  
THE KING," "FAIR MARGARET," ETC.

## XXIII

THE "Elisir d' Amore" was received with enthusiasm, but the tenor had it all his own way, as Lushington had foretold, and when Pompeo Stromboli sang "*Una furtiva lacrima*" the incomparable Cordova was for once eclipsed in the eyes of a hitherto faithful public. Covent Garden surrendered unconditionally. Metaphorically speaking, it rolled over on its back, with its four paws in the air, like a small dog that has got the worst of a fight and throws himself on the bigger dog's mercy.

Margaret was applauded, but more or less as a matter of course. There was no electric thrill in the clapping of hands; she got the formal applause which is regularly given to the sovereign, but not the enthusiasm which is bestowed spontaneously on the conqueror. When she buttered her face and got the paint off she was a little pale, and her eyes were not kind. It was the first time that she had not carried everything before her since she had begun her astonishing career, and in her first disappointment she had not philosophy enough to console herself with the consideration that it would have been infinitely worse to be thrown into the shade by another lyric soprano, instead of by the most popular lyric tenor on the stage.

She was also uncomfortably aware that Lushington had predicted what had happened, and she was informed that he had not even taken the trouble to come to the first performance of the opera. Logotheti, who knew everything about his old rival, had told her that Lushing-

ton was in Paris that week, and was going on to see his mother in Provence.

The prima donna was put out with herself and with everybody, after the manner of great artists when a performance has not gone exactly as they had hoped. The critics said the next morning that Mme. de Cordova had been in good voice, and had sung with excellent taste and judgment, but that was all; as if any decent soprano might not do as well! They wrote as if she might have been expected to show neither judgment nor taste, and as if she were threatened with a cold. Then they went on to praise Pompeo Stromboli with the very words they usually applied to her. His voice was full, rich, tender, vibrating, flexible, soft, powerful, stirring, natural, cultivated, superb, phenomenal, and perfectly fresh.

The critics had a severe attack of *ad-jektivitis*. Paul Griggs had first applied the name to that inflammation of language to which many young writers are subject when cutting their literary milk-teeth, and from which musical critics are never quite immune.

Margaret could no longer help reading what was written about her; that was one of the signs of the change that had come over her, and she disliked it, and sometimes despised herself for it, though she was quite unable to resist the impulse. The appetite for flattery which comes of living on it may be innocent, but it is never harmless. Dante consigned the flatterers to Inferno, and more particularly to a very nasty place there; but he does not say much about the flattered, perhaps because they suffer

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enough when they find out the truth, or lose the gift for which they have been overpraised.

The prima donna was in a detestably uncomfortable state of mind on the day after the performance of the revived opera. Her dual nature was hopelessly mixed. Cordova was in a rage with Stromboli, Schreiermeyer, Baci-Roventi, and the whole company, not to mention Signor Bambinelli, the conductor, the whole orchestra, and the dead composer of the "Elisir d' Amore"; but Margaret Donne was ashamed of herself for caring, and for being spoilt, and for bearing poor Lushington a grudge because he had foretold a result that was only to be expected with such a tenor as Stromboli. She despised herself for wickedly wishing that the latter had cracked on the final high note and had made himself ridiculous. But he had not cracked at all; in imagination she could hear the note still, tremendous, round, and persistently drawn out, as if it came out of a tenor trombone and had all the world's lungs behind it.

In her mortification Cordova was ready to give up lyric opera and study Wagner, in order to annihilate Pompeo Stromboli, who did not even venture *Lohengrin*. Schreiermeyer had unkindly told him that if he arrayed his figure in polished armor he would look like a silver teapot; and Stromboli was very sensitive to ridicule. Even if he had possessed a dramatic voice, he could never have bounded about the stage in pink tights and the exiguous skin of an unknown wild animal as *Siegfried*, and in the flower scene of "Parsifal" he would have looked like *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." But Cordova could have made herself into a stately *Brunhilde*, a wild and lovely *Kundry*, or a fair and fateful *Isolde*, with the very least amount of artificial aid that theatrical illusion admits.

Margaret Donne, disgusted with Cordova, said that her voice was about as well adapted for one of those parts as a sick girl's might be for giving orders at sea in a storm. Cordova could not deny this, and fell back upon the idea of having an opera written for her expressly to show off her voice, with a crescendo trill in every scene and a high D at the

end; and Margaret Donne, who loved music for its own sake, was more disgusted than ever, and took up a book in order to get rid of her professional self, and tried so hard to read that she almost gave herself a headache.

Pompeo Stromboli was really the most sweet-tempered creature in the world, and called during the afternoon with the idea of apologizing for having eclipsed her, but was told that she was resting and would see no one. Fräulein Otilie Braun also came, and Margaret would probably have seen her, but had not given any special orders, so the kindly little person trotted off and Margaret knew nothing of her coming.

The day wore on quickly. When she wanted to go out it at once began to rain furiously, and at last, in sheer impatience at everything, she telephoned to Logotheti, asking him to come and dine alone with her if he felt that he could put up with her temper, which, she explained, was atrocious. She heard the Greek laugh gaily at the other end of the wire.

"Will you come?" she asked, impatient that anybody should be in a good humor when she was not.

"I'll come now, if you'll let me," he answered readily.

"No. Come to dinner at half past eight." She waited a moment, and then went on. "I've sent down word that I'm not at home for any one, and I don't like to make you the only exception."

"Oh, I see," answered Logotheti's voice. "But I've always wanted to be the only exception. I say, does half past eight mean a quarter past nine?"

"No. It means a quarter past eight, if you like. Good-by!"

She cut off the communication abruptly, being a little afraid that if she let him go on chattering any longer she might yield and allow him to come at once. In her solitude she was intensely bored by her own bad temper, and was nearer to making him the "only exception" than she had often been of late. She said to herself that he always amused her, but in her heart she was conscious that he was the only man in the world who knew how to flatter her back into a good temper, and would take the trouble to do so. It was better than

nothing to look forward to a pleasant evening, and she went back to her novel and her cup of tea already half reconciled with life.

It rained almost without stopping. At times it poured, which really does not happen often in much-abused London; but even heavy rain is not so depressing in spring as it is in winter, and when the prima donna raised her eyes from her book and looked out of the big window she was not thinking of the dreariness outside, but of what she should wear in the evening.

To tell the truth, she did not often trouble herself much about that matter when she was not going to sing, and all singers and actresses who habitually play "costume parts" are conscious of looking upon stage-dressing and ordinary dressing from totally different points of view. By far the larger number of them have their stage clothes made by a theatrical tailor, and only an occasional eccentric celebrity goes to Worth or Doucet to be dressed for a *Juliet*, a *Tosca*, or a *Doña Sol*.

Margaret looked at the rain and decided that Logotheti should not find her in a tea-gown, not because it would look too intimate, but because tea-gowns suggest weariness, the state of being misunderstood, and a craving for sympathy. A woman who is going to surrender to fate puts on a tea-gown, but a well-fitting body indicates strength of character and virtuous firmness.

I remember a smart, elderly Frenchwoman who always bestowed unusual care on every detail of her dress, visible and invisible, before going to church. Her niece was in the room one Sunday while she was dressing for church, and asked why she took so much trouble.

"My dear," was the answer, "Satan is everywhere, and one can never know what may happen."

Margaret was very fond of warm grays, and fawn tints, and dove-color, and she had lately got a very pretty dress that was exactly to her taste. It was made of a newly invented thin material of pure silk, which had no sheen and cast no reflections of light, and was slightly elastic, so that it fitted as no ordinary silk or velvet ever could. Alphonsine called the gown a "legend,"

but a celebrated painter who had lately seen it said it was an "Indian twilight," which might mean anything, as Paul Griggs explained, because there is no twilight to speak of in India. The dressmaker who had made it called the color "fawn's stomach," which was less poetical, and the fabric, "veil of nun in love," which showed little respect for monastic institutions. As for the way in which the dress was made, it is folly to rush into competition with tailors and dressmakers, who know what they are talking about, and are able to say things which nobody can understand.

The plain fact is that the prima donna began to dress early, out of sheer boredom, had her thick brown hair done in the most becoming way in spite of its natural waves, which happened to be unfashionable just then, and she put on the new gown with all the care and consideration which so noble a creation deserved.

"*Madame* is adorable," observed Alphonsine. "*Madame* is a dream. *Madame* has only to lift her little finger and kings will fall into ecstasy before her."

"That would be very amusing," said Margaret, looking at herself in the glass, and less angry with the world than she had been. "I have never seen a king in ecstasy."

"The fault is *madame's*," returned Alphonsine, possibly with truth.

When Margaret went into the drawing-room Logotheti was already there, and she felt a thrill of pleasure when his expression changed at sight of her. It is not easy to affect the pleased surprise which the sudden appearance of something beautiful brings into the face of a man who is not expecting anything unusual.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed the Greek. "Let me look at you!"

And instead of coming forward to take her hand, he stepped back in order not to lose anything of the wonderful effect by being too near. Margaret stood still and smiled in the peculiar way which is a woman's equivalent for a cat's purring. Then, to Logotheti's still greater delight, she slowly turned herself round to be admired, like a statue on a pivoted pedestal, quite regardless of a secret con-

sciousness that Margaret Donne would not have done such a thing for him, and probably not for any other man.

"You're really too utterly stunning!" he cried.

In moments of enthusiasm he sometimes out-Englished Englishmen.

"I'm glad you like it," Margaret said.

"This is the first time I've worn it."

"If you put it on for me, thank you! If not, thank you for putting it on! I'm not asking, either. I should think you would wear it if you were alone, for the mere pleasure of feeling like a goddess."

"You're very nice!"

She was satisfied, and for a moment she forgot Pompeo Stromboli, the "Elisir d' Amore," the public, and the critics. It was particularly "nice" of him, too, not to insist upon being told that she had put on the new creation solely for his benefit. Next to not assuming rashly that a woman means anything of the sort expressly for him, it is wise of a man to know when she really does, without being told. At least, so Margaret thought just then; but it is true that she wanted him to amuse her and was willing to be pleased.

She executed the graceful swaying movement which only a well-made woman can make just before sitting down for the first time in a perfectly new gown. It is a slightly serpentine motion; and as there is nothing to show that Eve did not meet the serpent again after she had taken to clothes, she may have learned the trick from him. There is certainly something diabolical about it when it is well done.

Logotheti's almond-shaped eyes watched her quietly, and he stood motionless till she was established on her chair. Then he seated himself at a little distance.

"I hope I was not rude," he said in artful apology, "but it's not often that one's breath is taken away by what one sees. Horrid weather all day, wasn't it? Have you been out at all?"

"No. I've been moping. I told you that I was in a bad humor, but I don't want to talk about it now that I feel better. What have you been doing? Tell me all sorts of amusing things—where you have been, whom you have seen, and what people said to you."

"That might be rather dull," observed the Greek.

"I don't believe it. You are always in the thick of everything that's happening."

"We have agreed to-day to lend Russia some more money. But that doesn't interest you, does it? There's to be a European conference about the Malay pirates, but there's nothing very funny in that. It would be more amusing to hear the pirates' view of Europeans. Let me see. Some one has discovered a conspiracy in Italy against Austria, and there is another in Austria against the Italians. They are the same old plots that were discovered six months ago, but people had forgotten about them, so they are as good as new. Then there is the sad case of that Greek."

"What Greek? I've not heard about that. What has happened to him?"

"Oh, nothing much. It's only a love-story—the same old thing."

"Tell me."

"Not now, for we shall have to go to dinner just when I get to the most thrilling part of it, I'm sure." Logotheti laughed. "And besides," he added, "the man isn't dead yet, though he's not expected to live. I'll tell you about your friend Mr. Feist, instead. He has been very ill, too."

"I would much rather know about the Greek love-story," Margaret objected. "I never heard of Mr. Feist."

She had quite forgotten the man's existence, but Logotheti recalled to her memory the circumstances under which they had met, and Feist's unhealthy face with its absurdly youthful look, and what he had said about having been at the opera in New York on the night of the explosion.

"Why do you tell me all this?" Margaret asked. "He was a disgusting-looking man, and I never wish to see him again. Tell me about the Greek. When we go to dinner you can finish the story in French. We spoke French the first time we met, at Mme. Bonanni's. Do you remember?"

"Yes, of course I do. But I was telling you about Mr. Feist—"

"Dinner is ready," Margaret said, rising as the servant opened the door.

To her surprise the man came forward.

He said that just as he was going to announce dinner Countess Leven had telephoned that she was dining out, and would afterward stop on her way to the play in the hope of seeing Margaret for a moment. She had seemed to be in a hurry, and had closed the communication before the butler could answer. And dinner was served, he added.

Margaret nodded carelessly, and the two went into the dining-room. Lady Maud could not possibly come before half past nine, and there was plenty of time to decide whether she should be admitted or not.

"Mr. Feist has been very ill," Logotheti said as they sat down to table under the pleasant light, "and I have been taking care of him, after a fashion."

Margaret raised her eyebrows a little, for she was beginning to be annoyed at his persistency, and was not much pleased at the prospect of Lady Maud's visit.

"How very odd!" she said, rather coldly. "I cannot imagine anything more disagreeable."

"It has been very unpleasant," Logotheti answered, "but he seemed to have no particular friends here, and he was all alone at a hotel, and really very ill. So I volunteered."

"I've no objection to being moderately sorry for a young man who falls ill at a hotel and has no friends," Margaret said, "but are you going in for nursing? Is that your latest hobby? It's a long way from art, and even from finance."

"Isn't it?"

"Yes. I'm beginning to be curious!"

"I thought you would be before long," Logotheti answered coolly, but suddenly speaking French. "One of the most delightful things in life is to have one's curiosity roused and then satisfied by very slow degrees!"

"Not too slow, please. The interest might not last to the end."

"Oh, yes, it will, for Mr. Feist plays a part in your life."

"About as distant as Voltaire's Chinese mandarin, I fancy," Margaret suggested.

"Nearer than that, though I did not guess it when I went to see him. In the first place, it was owing to you that I went to see him the first time."

"Nonsense!"

"Not at all. Everything that happens to me is connected with you in some way. I came to see you late in the afternoon, on one of your off days not long ago, hoping that you would ask me to dine, but you were across the river at Lord Creedmore's. I met old Griggs at your door, and as we walked away he told me that Mr. Feist had fallen down in a fit at a club the night before, and had been sent home in a cab to the Carlton. As I had nothing to do worth doing, I went to see him. If you had been at home, I should never have gone. That is what I mean when I say that you were the cause of my going to see him."

"In the same way, if you had been killed by a motor-car as you went away from my door, I should have been the cause of your death!"

"You will be in any case," laughed Logotheti, "but that's a detail! I found Mr. Feist in a very bad way."

"What was the matter with him?" asked Margaret.

"He was committing suicide," answered the Greek, with the utmost calm.

"If I were in Constantinople I should tell you that this turbot is extremely good, but as we are in London I suppose it would be very bad manners to say so, wouldn't it? So I am thinking it."

"Take the fish for granted, and tell me more about Mr. Feist."

"I found him standing before the glass with a razor in his hand and quite near his throat. When he saw me he tried to laugh and said he was just going to shave; I asked him if he generally shaved without soap and water, and he burst into tears."

"That's rather dreadful," observed Margaret. "What did you do?"

"I saved his life, but I don't think he's very grateful yet. Perhaps he may be by and by. When he stopped sobbing he tried to kill me for hindering his destruction, but I had got the razor in my pocket, and his revolver missed fire. That was lucky, for he managed to stick the muzzle against my chest and pull the trigger just as I got him down. I wished I had brought old Griggs with me, for they say he can bend a good horseshoe double, even now, and the fellow had the strength of a lunatic in him. It was



rather lively for a few seconds, and then he broke down again, and was as limp as a rag, and trembled with fright, as if he saw queer things in the room."

"You sent for a doctor then?"

"My own, and we took care of him together that night. You may laugh at the idea of my having a doctor, as I never was ill in my life. I have him to dine with me now and then, because he is such good company, and is the best judge of a statue or a picture I know. The habit of taking the human body to pieces teaches you a great deal about the shape of it, you see. In the morning we moved Mr. Feist from the hotel to a small private hospital where cases of that sort are treated. Of course he was perfectly helpless, so we packed his belongings and papers."

"It was really very kind of you to act the Good Samaritan to a stranger," Margaret said, but her tone showed that she was disappointed at the tame ending of the story.

"No," Logotheti answered. "I was never consciously kind, as you call it. It's not a Greek characteristic to love one's neighbor as one's self. Teutons, Anglo-Saxons, Latins, and, most of all, Asiatics, are charitable, but the old Greeks were not. I don't believe you'll find an instance of a charitable act in all Greek history, drama, and biography! If you did find one, I should only say that the exception proves the rule. Charity was left out of us at the beginning, and we never could understand it, except as a foreign sentiment imported with Christianity from Asia. We have had every other virtue, including hospitality. In the 'Iliad' a man declines to kill his enemy on the ground that their people had dined together, which is going rather far; but it is not recorded that any ancient Greek, even Socrates himself, ever felt pity or did an act of spontaneous kindness. I don't believe any one has said that, but it's perfectly true."

"Then why did you take all that trouble for Mr. Feist?"

"I don't know. People who always know why they do things are great bores. It was probably a caprice that took me to see him, and then it did not occur to me to let him cut his throat, so I took away his razor; and, finally, I tele-

phoned for my doctor, because my mis-spent life has brought me into contact with Western civilization. But when we began to pack Mr. Feist's papers I became interested in him."

"Do you mean to say that you read his letters?" Margaret inquired.

"Why not? If I had let him kill himself somebody would have read them, as he had not taken the trouble to destroy them."

"That's a singular point of view."

"So was Mr. Feist's, as it turned out. I found enough to convince me that he is the writer of all those articles about Van Torp, including the ones in which you are mentioned. The odd thing about it is that I found a very friendly invitation from Van Torp himself, begging Mr. Feist to go down to Derbyshire and stop a week with him."

Margaret leaned back in her chair and looked at her guest in quiet surprise.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"Is it possible that Mr. Van Torp has got up this campaign against himself in order to play some trick on the Stock Exchange?"

Logotheti smiled and shook his head.

"That's not the way such things are usually managed," he answered. "A hundred years ago a publisher paid a critic to attack a book in order to make it succeed; but in finance abuse doesn't contribute to our success, which is always a question of credit. All these scurrilous articles have set the public very much against Van Torp, from Paris to San Francisco, and this man Feist is responsible for them. He is either insane, or he has some grudge against Van Torp, or else—what is most probable—he has been somebody's instrument."

"What did you find among his papers?" Margaret asked, quite forgetting her vicarious scruples about reading a sick man's letters.

"A complete set of the articles that have appeared, all neatly filed, and a great many notes for more, besides a lot of stuff written in cipher. It must be a diary, for the dates are written out in full and give the days of the week."

"I wonder whether there was anything about the explosion," said Margaret thoughtfully. "He said he was there, did he not?"

"Yes. Do you remember the day?"

"It was a Wednesday, I'm sure, and it was after the middle of March. My maid can tell us, for she writes down the date and the opera in a little book each time I sing. It's sometimes very convenient. But it's too late now, of course, and, besides, you could not have read the cipher."

"That's an easy matter," Logotheti answered. "All ciphers can be read by experts, if there is no hurry, except the mechanical ones that are written through holes in a square plate which you turn round till the sheet is full. Hardly any one uses those now, because when the square is raised the letters don't form words, and the cable companies will only transmit real words in some known language, or groups of figures. The diary is written hastily, too, not at all as if it were copied from the sheet on which the perforated plate would have had to be used; and besides, the plate itself would be among his things, for he could not read his own notes without it."

"All that doesn't help us, as you have not the diary, but I should really be curious to know what he had to say about the accident, since some of the articles hint that Mr. Van Torp made it happen."

"My doctor and I took the liberty of confiscating the papers, and we set a very good man to work on the cipher at once. So your curiosity shall be satisfied. I said it should, didn't I? And you are not so dreadfully bored, after all, are you? Do say that I'm very nice."

"I won't!" Margaret answered with a little laugh. "I'll only admit that I'm not bored. But wasn't it rather a high-handed proceeding to carry off Mr. Feist like that, and to seize his papers?"

"Do you call it high-handed to keep a man from cutting his throat?"

"But the letters—"

"I really don't know. I had not time to ask a lawyer's opinion, and so I had to be satisfied with my doctor's."

"Are you going to tell Mr. Van Torp what you've done?"

"I don't know. Why should I? You may, if you like."

Logotheti was eating a very large and excellent truffle, and after each short sentence he cut off a tiny slice and put it into his mouth. The prima donna had

already finished hers, and watched him thoughtfully.

"I'm not likely to see him," she said. "At least, I hope not."

"My interest in Mr. Feist," answered Logotheti, "begins and ends with what concerns you. Beyond that I don't care a straw what happens to Mr. Van Torp, or to any one else. To all intents and purposes I have got the author of the stories locked up, for a man who has consented to undergo treatment for dipsomania in a private hospital, by the advice of his friends and under the care of a doctor with a great reputation, is as really in prison as if he were in jail. Legally, he can get out; but in real fact nobody will lift a hand to release him, because he is shut up for his own good and for the good of the public, just as much as if he were a criminal. Feist may have friends or relations in America, and they may come and claim him; but as there seems to be nobody in London who cares what becomes of him, it pleases me to keep him in confinement, because I mean to prevent any further mention of your name in connection with the Van Torp scandals."

His eyes rested on Margaret as he spoke, and lingered afterward with a look that did not escape her. She had seen him swayed by passion more than once, and almost mad for her, and she had been frightened though she had dominated him. What she saw in his face now was not that; it was more like affection, faithful and lasting, and it touched her English nature much more than any show of passion could.

"Thank you," she said quietly.

#### XXIV

THEY did not talk much more while they finished the short dinner, but when they were going back to the drawing-room Margaret took his arm, in foreign fashion, which she had never done before when they were alone.

Then he stood before the mantelpiece and watched her in silence as she moved about the room; for she was one of those women who always find half a dozen little things to do as soon as they get back from dinner, and go from place to place, moving a reading-lamp half an inch farther from

the edge of a table, shutting a book that has been left open on another, tearing up a letter that lies on the writing-desk, and slightly changing the angle at which a chair stands. It is an odd little mania, and the more people there are in the room the less the mistress of the house yields to it, and the more uncomfortable she feels at being hindered from "tidying up the room," as she probably calls it.

Logotheti watched Margaret with keen pleasure as every step and little movement showed her figure in a slightly different attitude and light, indiscreetly molded in the perfection of her matchless gown. In less than two minutes she had finished her trip around the room and was standing beside him, her elbows resting on the mantelpiece, while she moved a beautiful Tanagra a little to one side and then to the other, trying, for the twentieth time, how it looked best.

"There is no denying it," Logotheti said at last, with profound conviction. "I do not care a straw what becomes of any living creature but you."

She did not turn her head, and her fingers still touched the Tanagra, but he saw the rare blush spread up the cheek that was turned to him; and because she stopped moving the statuette about and looked at it intently, he guessed that she was not coloring from annoyance at what he had said. She blushed so very seldom now that it might mean much more than in the old days at Versailles.

"I did not think it would last so long," she said gently, after a little while.

"What faith can one expect of a Greek?"

He laughed, too wise in woman's ways to be serious too long just then. But she shook her head and turned to him with the smile he loved.

"I thought it was something different," she said. "I was mistaken. I believed you had only lost your head for a while, and would soon run after some one else. That's all."

"And the loss is permanent. That's all!" He laughed again as he repeated her words. "You thought it was 'something different'—do you know that you are two people in one?"

She looked a little surprised.

"Indeed I do!" she answered, rather sadly. "Have you found it out?"

"Yes. You are Margaret Donne and you are Cordova. I admire Cordova immensely, I am extremely fond of Margaret, and I'm in love with both. Oh, yes! I'm quite frank about it, and it's very unlucky, for whichever one of your two selves I meet I'm just as much in love as ever! Absurd, isn't it?"

"It's flattering, at all events."

"If you ever took it into your handsome head to marry me—please, I'm only saying 'if'—the absurdity would be rather reassuring, wouldn't it? When a man is in love with two women at the same time, it really is a little unlikely that he should fall in love with a third."

"Mr. Griggs says that marriage is a drama, which only succeeds if people preserve the unities."

"Griggs is always trying to coax the jinn back into the bottle, like the fisherman in the 'Arabian Nights,'" answered Logotheti. "He has read Kant till he believes that the greatest things in the world can be squeezed into a formula of ten words, or nailed up among the Categories like a dead owl over a stable-door. My intelligence, such as it is, abhors definitions."

"So do I. I never understand them."

"Besides, you can only define what you know from past experience and can reflect upon coolly, and that is not my position, nor yours either."

Margaret nodded, but said nothing and sat down.

"Do you want to smoke?" she asked.

"You may, if you like. I don't mind a cigarette."

"No, thank you."

"But I assure you I don't mind it in the least. It never hurts my throat."

"Thanks, but I really don't want to."

"I'm sure you do. Please—"

"Why do you insist? You know I never smoke when you are in the room."

"I don't like to be the object of little sacrifices that make people uncomfortable."

"I'm not uncomfortable, but if you have any big sacrifice to suggest, I promise to offer it at once."

"Unconditionally?" Margaret smiled.

"Anything I ask?"

"Yes. Do you want my statue?"

"The 'Aphrodite'? Would you give her to me?"

"Yes. May I telegraph to have her packed and brought here from Paris?"

He was already at the writing-table, looking for a telegraph-blank. Margaret watched his face, for she knew that he valued the wonderful statue far beyond all his treasures, both for its own sake and because he had nearly lost his life in carrying it off from Samos, as has been told elsewhere.

As Margaret said nothing, he began to write the message. She really had not had any idea of testing his willingness to part, at her slightest word, with the thing he valued most, and was taken by surprise; but it was impossible not to be pleased when she saw that he was in earnest. In her present mood, too, it restored her sense of power, which had been rudely shaken by the attitude of the public on the previous evening.

It took some minutes to compose the message.

"It's only to save time by having the box ready," he said, as he rose with the bit of paper in his hand. "Of course, I shall see the statue packed myself and come over with it."

She saw his face clearly in the light as he came toward her, and there was no mistaking the unaffected satisfaction it expressed. He held out the telegram for her to read, but she would not take it, and she looked up quietly and earnestly as he stood beside her.

"Do you remember Delorges?" she asked. "How the lady tossed her glove among the lions and bade him fetch it, if he loved her, and how he went in and got it—and then threw it in her face? I feel like her?"

Logotheti looked at her blankly.

"Do you mean to say you won't take the statue?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"No, indeed! I was taken by surprise when you went to the writing-table."

"You did not believe I was in earnest? Don't you see that I'm disappointed now?" His voice changed a little. "Don't you understand that if the world were mine I should want to give it all to you?"

"And don't you understand that the wish may be quite as much to me as the deed? That sounds commonplace, I

know. I would say it better if I could."

She folded her hands on her knee, and looked at them thoughtfully while he sat down beside her.

"You say it well enough," he answered after a little pause. "The trouble lies there. The wish is all you will ever take. I have submitted to that; but if you ever change your mind, please remember that I have not changed mine. For two years I've done everything I can do to make you marry me, whether you would or not, and you've forgiven me for trying to carry you off against your will, and for several other things, but you are no nearer to caring for me ever so little than you were the first day we met. You 'like' me! That's the worst of it!"

"I'm not so sure of that," Margaret answered, raising her eyes for a moment and then looking at her hands again.

He turned his head slowly, but there was a startled look in his eyes.

"Do you feel as if you could hate me a little, for a change?" he asked.

"No."

"There's only one other thing," he said in a low voice.

"Perhaps," Margaret answered in an even lower tone than his. "I'm not quite sure to-day."

Logotheti had known her long, and he now resisted the strong impulse to reach out and take the hand she would surely have let him hold in his for a moment. She was not disappointed because he neither spoke nor moved, nor took any sudden advantage of her rather timid admission, for his silence made her trust him more than any passionate speech or impulsive action could have done.

"I dare say I am wrong to tell you even that much," she went on presently, "but I do so want to play fair. I've always despised women who cannot make up their minds whether they care for a man or not. But you have found out my secret; I am two people in one, and there are days when each makes the other dreadfully uncomfortable. You understand."

"And it's the Cordova that neither likes me nor hates me just at this moment," suggested Logotheti. "Margaret Donne sometimes hates me and some-

times likes me, and on some days she can be quite indifferent, too. Is that it?"

"Yes. That's it."

"The only question is, which of you is to be mistress of the house," said Logotheti, smiling. "and whether it is to be always the same one, or if there is to be a perpetual hide-and-seek between them."

"*Box and Cox*," suggested Margaret, glad of the chance to say something frivolous just then.

"I should say Hera and Aphrodite," answered the Greek, "if it did not look like comparing myself to Adonis."

"It sounds better than *Box and Cox*, but I have forgotten my mythology."

"Hera and Aphrodite agreed that each should keep Adonis one-third of the year, and that he should have the odd four months to himself. Now that you are the Cordova, if you could come to some such understanding about me with Miss Donne, it would be very satisfactory. But I am afraid Margaret does not want even a third of me!"

Logotheti felt that it was rather ponderous fun, but he was in such an anxious state that his usually ready wit did not serve him very well. For the first time since he had known her, Margaret had confessed that she might possibly fall in love with him; and after what had passed between them, he knew that the smallest mistake on his part would now be fatal to the realization of such a possibility.

He was not afraid of being dull, or of boring her, but he was afraid of wakening against him the wary watchfulness of that side of her nature which he called Margaret Donne, as distinguished from Cordova, of the "English girl" side, of the potential old maid that is dormant in every young northern woman until the day she marries, and wakes to torment her like a biblical devil if she does not. There is no miser like a reformed spendthrift, and no ascetic will go to such extremes of self-mortification as a converted libertine; in the same way, there are no such portentously virginal old maids as those who might have been the most womanly wives. The opposite is certainly true also, for the variety *hemiparthenos*, studied after nature by Marcel Prévost, generally makes an utter failure of matrimony, and becomes, in fact, little better than a half-wife.

Logotheti took it as a good sign that Margaret laughed at what he said. He was in the rather absurd position of wishing to leave her while she was in her present humor, lest anything should disturb it and destroy his advantage; yet, after what had just passed, it was next to impossible not to talk of her, or of himself. He had exceptionally good nerves, he was generally cool to a fault, and he had the daring that makes great financiers. But what looked like the most important crisis of his life had presented itself unexpectedly within a few minutes. A success which he reckoned far beyond all other successes was almost within his grasp, and he felt that he was unprepared. For the first time he did not know what to say to a woman.

Happily for him, Margaret helped him unexpectedly.

"I shall have to see Lady Maud," she said; "and you must either go when she comes or leave with her. I'm sorry, but you understand, don't you?"

"Of course. I'll go a moment after she comes. When am I to see you again? To-morrow? You are not to sing again this week, are you?"

"No," the prima donna answered vaguely, "I believe not."

She was thinking of something else. She was wondering whether Logotheti would wish her to give up the stage, if by any possibility she ever married him, and her thoughts led her on quickly to the consideration of what that would mean, and to asking herself what sort of sacrifice it would really mean to her. For the recollection of the "*Elisir d'Amore*" awoke and began to rankle again just then.

Logotheti did not press her for an answer, but watched her cautiously while her eyes were turned away from him. At that moment he felt like a tamer who has just succeeded in making a tiger give its paw for the first time, and has not the smallest idea whether the creature will do it again or bite off his head.

She, on her side, being at the moment altogether the artist, was thinking that it would be pleasant to enjoy a few more triumphs, to make the tour of Europe with a company of her own—which is always the prima donna's dream, as it is the actress's—and to leave the stage at twen-



ty-five in a blaze of glory, rather than to risk one more performance of the opera she now hated.

She knew quite well that it was not at all an impossibility. To please her, and with the expectation of marrying her in six months, Logotheti would cheerfully pay the large forfeit that would be due to Schreiermeyer if she broke her London engagement at the height of the season, and the Greek financier would produce all the ready money necessary for getting together an opera company. The rest would be child's play, she was sure, and she would make a triumphant progress through the capitals of Europe, which should be remembered for half a century.

After that, said the prima donna to herself, she would repay her friend all the money he had lent her, and would then decide at her leisure whether she would marry him or not. For one moment her cynicism would have surprised even Schreiermeyer; the next, the prima donna herself was ashamed of it, quite independently of what her better self might have thought.

Besides, it was certainly not for his money that her old inclination for Logotheti had begun to grow again. She could say so truly enough, and when she felt sure of it she turned her eyes to see his face.

She did not admire him for his looks, either. So far as appearance was concerned, she preferred Lushington, with his smooth hair and fair complexion. Logotheti was a handsome and showy Oriental, that was all; and she knew instinctively that the type must be common in the East. What attracted her was probably his daring masculineness, which contrasted so strongly with Lushington's quiet and rather bashful manliness. The Englishman would die for a cause and make no noise about it, which would be heroic; but the Greek would run away with a woman he loved, at the risk of breaking his neck, which was romantic in the extreme.

It is not easy to be a romantic character in the eyes of a lady who lives on the stage and by it and constantly gives utterance to the most dramatic sentiments at a pitch an octave higher than any one else; but Logotheti had suc-

ceeded. There never was a woman yet to whom that sort of thing has not appealed once; for one moment she has felt everything whirling with her as if the center of gravity had gone mad and the Ten Commandments might drop out of the solid family Bible and get lost. That recollection is probably the only secret of a virtuously colorless existence, but she hides it, like a treasure or a crime, until she is an old and widowed woman; and one day, at last, she tells her grown-up granddaughter, with a far-away smile, that there was once a man whose eyes and voice stirred her strongly, and for whom she might have quite lost her head. But she never saw him again, and that is the end of the little story; and the tall girl in her first season thinks it rather dull.

But it was not likely that the chronicle of Cordova's youth should come to such an abrupt conclusion. The man who moved her now had been near her too often, the sound of his voice was too easily recalled, and, since his rival's defection, he was too necessary to her; and, besides, he was as obstinate as Christopher Columbus.

"Let me see," she said thoughtfully. "There's a rehearsal to-morrow morning. That means a late luncheon. Come at two o'clock, and if it's fine we can go for a little walk. Will you?"

"Of course. Thank you."

He had hardly spoken the words when a servant opened the door and Lady Maud came in. She had not dropped the opera-cloak she wore over her black velvet gown; she was rather pale, and the look in her eyes told that something was wrong, but her serenity did not seem otherwise affected. She kissed Margaret and gave her hand to Logotheti.

"We dined early to go to the play," she said, "and as there's a curtain-raiser, I thought I might as well take a hansom and join them later."

She seated herself beside Margaret on one of those little sofas that are measured to hold two women when the fashions are moderate, and are wide enough for a woman and one man whatever happens. Indeed they must be, since otherwise no one would tolerate them in a drawing-room. When two women install themselves in one and a man is present, it means that he is to go away, because

they are either going to make confidences or are going to fight.

Logotheti thought it would be simpler and more tactful to go at once, since Lady Maud was in a hurry, having stopped on her way to the play, presumably in the hope of seeing Margaret alone. To his surprise she asked him to stay; but as he thought she might be doing this out of mere civility, he said he had an engagement.

"Will it keep for ten minutes?" asked Lady Maud gravely.

"Engagements of that sort are very convenient. They will keep any length of time."

Logotheti sat down again, smiling, but he wondered what Lady Maud was going to say, and why she wished him to remain.

"It will save a note," she said, by way of explanation. "My father and I want you to come to Craythew for the weekend after this," she continued, turning to Margaret. "We are asking several people, so it won't be too awfully dull, I hope. Will you come?"

"With pleasure," answered the singer.

"And you, too?" Lady Maud looked at Logotheti.

"Delighted—most kind of you," he replied, somewhat surprised by the invitation, for he had never met Lord and Lady Creedmore. "May I take you down in my motor?" he spoke to Margaret. "I think I can do it under four hours. I'm my own chauffeur, you know."

"Yes, I know," Margaret answered with a rather malicious smile. "No, thank you!"

"Does he often kill?" inquired Lady Maud coolly.

"I should be more afraid of a runaway," Margaret said.

"Get that new German brake," suggested Lady Maud, not understanding at all. "It's quite the best I've seen. Come on Friday, if you can. You don't mind meeting Mr. Van Torp, do you? He is our neighbor, you remember."

The question was addressed to Margaret, who made a slight movement and unconsciously glanced at Logotheti before she answered.

"Not at all," she said.

"There's a reason for asking him when there are other people. I'm not

divorced, after all—you had not heard? It will be in the *Times* to-morrow morning. The Patriarch of Constantinople turns out to be a very sensible sort of person."

"He's my uncle," observed Logotheti.

"Is he? But that wouldn't account for it, would it? He refused to believe what my husband called the evidence, and dismissed the suit. As the trouble was all about Mr. Van Torp, my father wants people to see him at Craythew. That's the story in a nutshell, and if any of you like me you'll be nice to him."

She leaned back in her corner of the little sofa and looked first at one and then at the other in an inquiring way, but as if she were fairly sure of the answer.

"Every one likes you," said Logotheti quietly, "and every one will be nice to him."

"Of course," chimed in Margaret.

She could say nothing else, though her dislike of the American millionaire almost destroyed the anticipated pleasure of her visit to Derbyshire.

"I thought it just as well to explain," said Lady Maud.

She was still pale, and in spite of her perfect outward coolness and self-reliance her eyes would have betrayed her anxiety if she had not managed them with the unconscious skill of a woman of the world who has something very important to hide. Logotheti broke the short silence that followed her last speech.

"I think you ought to know something I have been telling Miss Donne," he said simply. "I've found the man who wrote all those articles, and I've locked him up."

Lady Maud leaned forward so suddenly that her loosened opera-cloak slipped down behind her, leaving her neck and shoulders bare. Her eyes were wide open in her surprise, the pupils very dark.

"Where?" she asked breathlessly.

"Where is he? In prison?"

"In a more convenient and accessible place," answered the Greek.

He had known Lady Maud some time, but he had never seen her in the least disturbed, or surprised, or otherwise moved by anything. It was true that he had only met her in society.

He told the story of Mr. Feist, as Margaret had heard it during dinner, and Lady Maud did not move, even to lean back in her seat again, till he had finished. She scarcely seemed to breathe, and Logotheti felt her steady gaze on him and would have sworn that through all those minutes she did not even wink. When he ceased speaking, she drew a long breath and sank back to her former attitude; but he saw that her white neck heaved suddenly again and again, and her delicate nostrils quivered once or twice. For a little while there was silence in the room. Then Lady Maud rose to go.

"I must be going, too," said Logotheti.

Margaret was a little sorry that she had given him such precise instructions, but did not contradict herself by asking him to stay longer. She promised Lady Maud again to be at Craythew on Friday of the next week if possible, and certainly on Saturday, and Lady Maud and Logotheti went out together.

"Get in with me," she said quietly, as he helped her into her hansom.

He obeyed, and as he sat down she told the cabman to take her to the Hay-

market Theater. Logotheti expected her to speak, for he was quite sure that she had not taken him with her without a purpose; the more so, as she had not even asked him where he was going.

Three or four minutes passed before he heard her voice asking him a question, very low, as if she feared to be overheard.

"Is there any way of making that man tell the truth against his will? You have lived in the East, and you must know about such things."

Logotheti turned his almond-shaped eyes slowly toward her, but he could not see her face well, for it was not very light, even in the broad West End street. Lady Maud was white; that was all he could make out. But he understood what she meant.

"There is a way," he answered slowly and almost sternly. "Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Van Torp is going to be accused of murder. That man knows who did it. Will you help me?"

It seemed an age before the answer to her whispered question came.

"Yes."

*(To be continued)*

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#### THE FINAL THROW

At the hazard table the players sat,  
Unknown to fame,  
In old Pompeii, dust-covered town—  
At a dicing-game,  
When swift from the mountain's burning side  
The storm swept down,  
And the ashes buried them as they sat  
In that long-lost town.

And so they waited through endless years  
With heads bent low,  
While countless nations rose and fell,  
For the final throw;  
Till the light of the day burst on the scene,  
And they fell to dust;  
For so Death finished their game of chance,  
As old Death must.

We, too, sit at our dicing-game,  
While over all  
Fate drops its ashy cloud of years  
In deathly pall.  
And so we wait through endless years  
With heads bent low  
Till Death shall finish our game of chance  
With the final throw!

*Horace Adams Rhoads*

